A MYRROVR for Magiſtrates,

wherein may be ſeene by examples paſſed in this realme, with howe greuous plagues, vyces are puniſhed in great pryn-ces and magiſtrates, and how fraple and vnſtable worldly proſperity is founde, where Fortune ſeemeth moſte highly to fauour.

Newly corrected and augmented. Anno 1571.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Imprinted at London by Thomas Marſhe dwellynge in Fleetſtreete, neare vnto S. Dūſtanes Churche.



Loue and Lyue.

TO AL THE NOBILITY, and all other in office, God graunt wyldome and all thinges needefull for the preſeruation of their Eſtates Amen.

PLATO *amonge many of his notable ſentences concerning the gouernmēt of a common weale hath this:* Wel is that realme gouerned, in which the ambitious deſyre not to beare office. Whereby you may perceiue (right honourable) what offyces are, where they bee duely executed: not gainfull ſpoyles for ỹ gredy to hunt for, but painfull toyls for the heedye to be charged with. You maye perceiue alſo by this ſentence, there is nothing more neceſſary in a cōmon weal then that magiſtrates be diligent and truſty in their charges. And ſure in what ſo euer realme ſuche prouiſion is made, that officers be forced to do their duties: there is it as harde a matter to get an officer, as it is in other places to repulſe & ſhift of, thoſe that with flattery, brybes, and other ſhifts, ſue & preace for offices. For the ambitious (that is to ſaye prollers for power or gayne) ſeeke not for offices to helpe other, for which cauſe officers are ordayned: but with the vndoing of other, to enrich themſelues. And therfore bar them once of this bayte, & force them to do their dueties, then will they geeue more to be ryd from their charges, than they did at ỹ firſt to come by thē: For they ſeeke onely their priuate profite. And therfore wher

the ambitious ſeeke no office: there no doubt, offices are duelye miniſtred. And where offices are duely miniſtred, it cannot be choſen, but the people are good, whereof muſt neues followe a good common weale. For if the magiſtrates be good, the people cannot be yll. Thus the goodnes or badnes of any Realme lyeth in the goodnes or badnes of the rulers. And therfore not without greate cauſe do the holy Apoſtles ſo earneſtlye charge vs to pray for the magiſtrates: For in deede the wealth and quyet of euery common weale, the diſorder alſo and miſeries of ꝑ ſame, come ſpecially through them. I neede not go eyther to the Romaines or Grekes for the proofe hereof, neyther yet to ꝑ Iewes, or other nations: whoſe common weales haue alwaye flouriſhed whyle their Magiſtrates were good, and decayed and ran to ruyne, when vicious men had the gouernment.

Our countrey ſtories (yf we reade and marke them) will ſhow vs examples ynow, would God we had not ſene mo than ynow. I purpoſe not to ſtand here vpon the particulers, becauſe they be in parte ſet forth in the tragedies folowing. Yet by the way this I note (wiſhinge all other to do the lyke) namely, that as good gouernours haue neuer lacked their deſerued prayſes: ſo haue not the bad eſcaped infamy, beſydes ſuche plagues as are horrible to heare of. For God (the ordeyner of offices) although he ſuffer them for puniſhmēt of the people to be often occupied of ſuch, as are rather ſpoylers and Iudaſſes, than toylers or Iuſtices (whom the ſcriptures call Hypocrites) yet ſuffreth he them not to ſcape vnpuniſhed, becauſe they diſhonour him. For it is Gods owne office, yea his chief office which they bear and abuſe. For as Iuſtice is the chief vertue, ſo is ꝑ miniſtracion thereof, the chiefeſt office: and therfore hath God eſtablyſhed it with the chiefeſt name, honouring and calling Kinges, and all officers vnder them by his own name: Gods. Ye be all Gods, as many as haue in your charge any miniſtratiō of iuſtice. What a fowle ſhame were it for any nowe to take vppon them the name and office of God, and in their doinges to ſhewe

them

thẽm ſelues deuils: God can not of Iuſtice, but plague ſuche ſhameleſſe preſumption and hypocryſy, and that with ſhameful death, diſeaſes, or infamy. How he hath plagued euell rulers from tyme to tyme, in other nacions, you may ſee gathered in Bochas boke intituled The fall of Princes, trãſlated into engliſh by Lydgate a Monke of the Abbey of Bury in Suff. Howe he hath delt w̃ ſome of our coũtrymẽ your aũceſtours, for ſũdry dyces not yet leſte, this booke named, A Mirrour for Magiſtrates, can ſhewe: which therfore I humbly offer vnto your honours, beſechinge you to accepte it fauourablye. Forhere, as in a mirror or looking glaſſe, you ſhal ſe if any vice be foũd how the lyke hath bene puniſhed in other heretofore, wherby admoniſhed, I truſt it wil be a good occaſiõ to moue mẽ to ẏ ſoner amendment. This is the chief end why thys booke is ſet forth, which god graũt it may attain The worke was begõ & part of it prẏntedin Quene Maries tyme but ſtaid by ſuch as thẽ were chiefe in office, neuertheles, through the meanes of ẏ right honorable Henry Lord Stafford, ẏ firſt part was lycenſed, & imprẏnted ẏ firſt yeare of the raygne of this our moſte noble & vertuous Queene, & dedicated to your honours with this prẏface. Since whiche tyme, although I wanted ſuche helpe as before, yet the ſayde good Lorde Stafford hath not ceaſed to call vpon me, to publyſhe ſo muche thereof as I hadde gotten at other mens hands, ſo that through his Lordſhips earneſt meanes, I haue now alſo ſet forth another parte, conteyning as much as I coulde obteyne at the handes of my frendes. Whiche in the name of all the authors, I humbly dedicate vnto your honours, inſtantly wiſhing, that it may ſo lyke and delyte youre myndes, that your chearfull receiuing therof, may encourage worthy wits to enterprẏſe and performe the reſt. Whiche as ſoone as I maye procure, I entende through Gods leaue, and your fauourable allowaunce, to publiſh with all expedition. In the meane whyle my Lordes and Gods, (for ſo I may call you) I moſte humbly beſeche your honours fauourably to ac-

cepte this fiue worke, and diligently to reade and conſider it. And although you ſhall fynde in it, that ſome haue for their vertue bene enuied and brought vnto miſerie: yet ceaſe not you to be vertuous, but do your office to ꝯ vttermoſt. Embrace vertue and ſuppreſſe the contrary, both in your ſelues and other, ſo ſhall God whoſe officers you are eyther, ſo mainteyne you, that no mallice ſhall preuaile, or if yt do, it ſhall be for your good, and to youre eternall glory both here and in heauen whiche I beſeche God you may both ſeke and attain Amen.

Yours moſt humble
VV. B.

A TABLE
of the contentes of this booke.

1. The fall of sir Robert Tresilian & his felowes. Folio. 1.
2. The infortunate end of the two Mortimers. Fol. 4.
3. The murder of Thomas of Woodstocke Duke of Glocester. Fol. 8.
4. The Lorde Mowbrey made Duke of Norfolke by K. Rycharde the. 2. and by him banished and miserably died in exile. Fol. 12.
5. King Richard the 2. miserably murdred. Fol. 16.
6. How Owen Glēdour tooke on him to be prince of Wales, was chased to the moutaines, where he miserablye dyed for lacke of foode. Fol. 19.
7. Henry Percy Earle of Northumberland for his traytrous attempt put to death. Fol. 25.
8. Richarde Plantagenet Earle of Cambridge put to death at Southampton. Fol. 28.
9. Thomas Montague earle of Salisbury, chaunceably slayn at Orliaunce with a piece of ordinaūce. Fol. 30.
10. King James the firste cruellye murdred by hys owne subiects. Fol. 39.
11. Lord William De la pole Duke of Suffolke, worthelye banished and beheaded. Fol. 40.
12. Jacke Cade worthely punished for treasō. Fol. 44.
13. The tragedy of Edmund Duke of Somerset, slaine in ꝑ firste battaile at S. Albanes. Fol. 48.
14. Richard Plantagenet D. of Yorke, slaine throughe his ouer rashe boldenesse, and his sonne the earle of Rutlande for want of valyauncie. Fol. 48.
15. The Lorde Cliffor de for his abhominable cruelty came to a sodaine death. Fol. 58.

16. The

16. The infamous end of the Lord Tiptoft Earle of Worcester. Fol. 60.
17. Richard Neuill Earle of Warwicke, & his brother John Lord Marquise Montacute slaine at Barnet. Fol 65.
18. The vertuous King, Henry the sixt cruelly murdred in the Tower of London, Fol. 68.
19. How George Plantagenet Duke of Clarence, brother to K. Edwarde the fowerth, was cruellye drowned in a vessell of malmesy. Fol. 72
20. Alamentaciõ vpon ỳ death of K. Edward the 4. Fol. 80.
21. Sir Anthony Woodville Lord Riuers, with his nephewe Lorde Richard Gray and others causles imprisoned and cruelly beheaded at Pomfret. Fol. 81.
22. The Lord Hastings betrayed by his counsailour Catesby, and murdred in the tower of London. Fol. 93.
23. Maister Sackeuils Induction. Fol. 103
The Tragedy, of H. Duke of Buckingham. Fol. 113.
24. Collingbourne cruelly executed for making a foolish ryme Fol. 128.
25. Kynge Richard the third slaine at Bolworth. Fol. 144
26 The fall of the blacke Smyth, and fatall ende of the Lorde Awdeley. Fol. 151.
27. The complaint of Shores wyfe, one of the Concubynes of King Edward the fowerth. Fol. 161.
28. The vnworthy death of ỳ worthy Duke Hũfrey of Glocester, protectour of England, contriued by false practises. Fol. 199.
29. The penance & exile of ỳ Lady Elyanor Cobham Duches of Glocester, for witchcraft and sorcery.

FINIS.

A BRIEFE MEMORI-all of Sundrie vnfortunate Englishmen.

VVillyam Baldwin to the Reader.

WHen the Printer had purposed with himselfe to prynt Lidgates translation of Bochas, of the fall of Prynces, & had made prynte thereto, many both honorable and worshipfull: hee was counsailed by dyuers of them to procure to haue the storye continued from wher as Bochas left, vnto this present tyme, chiefly of such as Fortune had dalyed with here in thys Iland: which myght be as a Myrrour for mē of all estates & degres aswell Nobles as other to behold ỳ slipperye deceptes of the wauering Lady, and the due rewarde of all kynde of vices. Whyche aduise lyked him so well, that hee requyred me to take paynes therein: but because it was a matter passinge my wyt and skill, and more thankelesse than gainfull to meddle in, I refused vtterly to vndertake it, except I might haue the helpe of such, as in wit were apt, in learninge allowed, and in iudgemente and estimation able to wield & furnish so waighty an enterprise, thinkinge so to shifte my handes. But he earneste & dilygent in his assayres, procured Athlas to

vnder his shoulder: for shortly after diuers learned mē (whose many gifts nede few prayses) consēted to take vpon them part of the trauaile. And when certaine of them to the nomber of seuen, were through a general assent at an appointed time and place, gathered to gether to deuise thereupon, I resorted vnto them, bearing with me the boke of Bochas, trāslated by Dan Lidgate, for the better obseruatiō of his order: which although we liked wel, yet would it not cōueniētly serue, seyng that both Bochas and Lidgate were deade, neither were there any aliue ỹ medled with like argumente, to whome the vnfortunate mighte make their mone. To make therefore a state mete for the matter, they al agreed that I shoulde vsurpe Bochas rome, and the wretched Princes complain vnto me: & toke vpō themselues, euery man for his parte to be sundry personages, & in their behalfes to bewaile vnto me their greuous chaunces, heuy destenies, and wofull misfortunes. This done, we opened such bookes of Cronicles as we had there present, and Maister Ferrers, after he had founde where bochas lefte, which was aboute the ende of kinge Edwarde the thirdes raygne, to beginne the matter, saide thus.

I meruaile what Bochas meanethe to forgette among his miserable Princes, such as were of oure nacion, whose number is as greate as their aduētures wonderfull: For to let passe all, both Britōs, Danes, and Sarons, & to com to the last conquest, what a sort are they, and som euen in his own time or not

or not much before. As for Example William Rufus the second King of Englād after the Conquest, eyther by malice or misaduenture slaine in the new Forest, as he was in hunting there, by Walter Tirrell with the shotte of an Arrow. Robert Duke of Normandy eldest sonne to William Conqueror deprīued of his inheritance of Englande, by the sayed Williā Rufus his secōd brother, and after by Henry his yongest brother hauing both his eyes put oute, miserablye imprisoned in Cardiffe Castel, where as hee dyed. Lykewise the moste lamentable case of Williā, Richard, & Mary, children of the said Henry: drowned vpon the sea. And King Richard the first slaine with a quarrell in his cheife prosperity, Also king John his brother (as som say) poysoned. Are not their Hystoryes rufull, & of rare example? But as it shold apeare, Bochas being an Italiā, minded most ẏ Romain & Italike story, or els perhaps he wāted the knowledge of ours. It were therefore a goodly and notable matter, to search and discourse oure whole story from the fyrst beginning of the inhabyting of the Isle. But seing the printers minde is to haue vs followe where Lidgate left, we will leaue that great labour to other that may entend it, and (as one being bold first to breake ẏ yse) I wil begin at the time of Richarde the second, a time as vnfortunate as the ruler therein. And for asmuch frende Baldwin, as it shalbe your charge to note and pen orderlye the whole processe: I will so far as my memorye and Judgement serueth, somewhat further

you in the truth of the story. And therfore omitting the ruffle made by Jacke Strawe and his meiney, with the murder of many notable mē which therby happened, (for Jacke as ye knowe was but a poore prince) I will begin with a notable example, whiche within a while after ensued. And although ỳ persō at whō I begin, was no king nor prince: yet sithens hee had a princely office, I wyll take vppon me the miserable person of syr Robert Tresilian chiefe Justice of England, and of other whiche suffered with him: therby to warne al of his aucthority & profession, to take heede of wronge Judgementes, misconstruinge of Lawes, or wresting the same to serue the Princes turnes, which rightfully brought them to a miserable end, which they may iustly lament in maner ensuinge.

The

Robert Treſilian,

The fall of Robert Treſilian chiefe Iuſtice of England, and other his felowes, for myſconſtruing the lawes, and expoũding them to ſerue the Princes affections. Anno. 1388.

IN the rufull regiſter of miſchiefe and miſhap,
Baldwin we beſeech the with our names to begin,
whom vnfrendely Fortune did traine vnto a trap,
When we thought our ſtate moſte ſtable to haue bin:
So lightly leſe they all, which all do wene to winne:
Learne by vs ye Laweyers and Iudges of the Land,
Vpright and vncorrupt in dome alway to ſtande.

And printe ye this preſydent to remaine for euer.
Enrolle and recorde it in Tables made of Braſſe,
Engraue it in Marble that may be razed neuer,
Where Iudges of the Lawe may ſee, as in a Glaſſe,
What guerdon is for guyle, and what our wages was,
Who for our Princes pleaſure corrupt with meede and awe
Wittingly and wretchedly did wreſt the ſence of Lawe.

A chaunge more new or ſtraunge, when was there euer ſeene
Thē Iudges from the Bench, to come doune to the Barre
And counſaylours that were, moſt nigh to King and Quene
Exiled their countrey, from Court and counſaile farre,
But ſuch is Fortunes play, which can both make and marre,
Exaltinge to moſt highe, that was before moſte Lowe
And turning tayle agayne, the lofty doune to throwe.

And

And ſuch as late afore, could ſtoutly ſpeake and pleade
Both in court and countrye, careleſſe of the tryall
Stand muet as Mummers without aduice or reade
All to ſeke of chikting, by trauerſe or deniall
Which haue ſeene the daye, when for a golden Riall
By fineſſe and conning, could haue made black ſeme white
And moſte extorted wronge, to haue appered righte.

Whilſt thus on bench aboue, we had the higheſt place,
Our reaſons were to ſtrong, for any to confute,
But when at barre beneth, we came to pleade our caſe
Our wits were in the wane, our pleading verie brute,
Hard it is for priſoners, with Judges to diſpute
When all men againſt one, and none for one ſhall ſpeake
Who wenes himſelfe moſte wiſe, ſhall happely be to weake.

To you therefore that ſit, theſe few wordes will I ſay,
That no man ſyts ſo ſure, but he may haply ſtand,
Wherfore whilſt you haue place, and beare the ſwinge & ſway
By fauour without rygor, let pointes of Lawe be ſkand:
Pitty the poore priſoner that holdeth vp his hand,
Ne lade him not with lawe, who leaſt of law hath knowen,
Remember ere ye dye, the caſe may be your owne

Beholde me vnfortunate forman of this flocke,
Treſſilian, ſometime chiefe Juſtice of this Lande,
A Gentleman by byrth, no ſtaine was in my ſtocke,
Locketon, Holte, and Belknap, with other of my bande,
Which the Lawe and Juſtice had wholy in our hande,
Under the ſeconde Richard a Prince of greate eſtate,
To whome and vs alſo, blinde Fortune gaue the mate.

In the common Lawes our skill was so profounde,
Our credite and aucthority suche and so estemed,
That what we concluded, was taken for a grounde,
Allowed was for Lawe, what so to vs best semed,
Lyfe, Death, Landes, Goods, and all by vs was demed,
Whereby with easy paine, greate gaine we did in fet,
And euery thing was fisch, that came vnto our net.

At Sessions and at Sises, we bare the stroke and swaye,
In patentes and commission, of Quorum alway chiefe:
So that to whether syde, soeuer we did waye,
Were it by right or wrong, it past without repriefe,
The true man we let hang somewhiles to saue a thiefe,
Of Golde and of Siluer, our handes were neuer emptye
Offices, Fermes, and Fees, fell to vs in greate plentye.

But what thinge may suffise vnto the gredy man?
The more he hath in holde, the more he doth desire,
Happy and twise happy is hee, that wisely can
Content himselfe with that, which reason doth requyre,
And mopleth for no more then for his needefull hyre:
But greedynes of minde doth seldome kepe the syse,
To whome ynough and more doth neuer well suffise.

For like as dropsy pacients drincke and still be drye,
Whose vnstaunched thirst no lyquor can alaye,
And drincke they neuer so muche, yet thirst they by and by
So catchers and snatchers toyle both night and day,
Not needy but greedy, styll prolling for theyr praye,
O endeles thirst of Golde, corrupter of all Lawes,
What mischiefe is on moulde whereof thou art not cause.

Thou

Thou madeſt vs forgette the faith of our profeſſion,
When Sergeants we were ſworn to ſerue the common Law,
Which was that in no point we ſhoulde make digreſſion
From approued principles in ſentence nor in ſawe:
But we vnhappy wyghtes without all dreade and awe
Of the Iudge eternall, for worldes vaine promotion,
More to man then God did beare our hole deuotion.

The Lawes we did interprete and ſtatutes of the Lande,
Not truly by the texte, but newly by a gloſe:
And words that were moſt plaine, whē they by vs were ſkand,
We tourned by conſtruction to a welſhmans hoſe,
Wherby many a one both life and land did loſe:
Yet this we made our meane to mount aloft on mules.
And ſeruing times and turnes, peruerted Lawes and rules.

Thus climing and contending alway to the toppe,
From hye vnto higher, and than to be moſte hye,
The bonny dewe of Fortune ſo fall on vs did droppe,
That of King Richardes counſaile we came to be moſt nye:
Whoſe fauour to attaine we were full fine and ſlye
Alway to his profite, wh ere any thinge might ſounde,
That way (all were it wrong) the Laws we did expound.

So working Lawe like waxe, the ſubiecte was not ſure
Of life, land, nor goodes, but at the Princes will.
Which cauſed his kingdome the ſhorter time to dure,
For claiming power abſolute both to ſaue and ſpill,
The Prince therby preſumed his people for to pyll:
And ſet his luſtes for Lawe, and will had reaſons place,
No more but hange and drawe, there was no better grace.

Thus

Thus the King outleaping, the limits of his lawe
Not raigning but raginge, as youth did him entise,
Wise and worthy persons from Court did dayly drawe.
Sage counsaile set at naught, proud bauntours were in price,
And roysters bare the rule, which wasted all in vice,
Of ryot and excesse, grewe scarsitye and lacke,
Of lacking came taxinge, and so went welth to wracke.

The Barons of the Lande not bearinge this abuse,
Conspiringe with the Commons assembled by assent,
And seing neyther reason, nor treatye could induce,
The Kinge in any thing his rigour to relent,
Maugre his mighte they called a Parliament,
Franke and free for all men without checke to debate:
As well for weale publike, as for the Princes state.

In this high assembly, great thynges were proponed
Touching the Princes state, his regalye and Crowne,
By reason that the King, which much was to be moned,
Without regarde at all of honour or renowne.
Mysledde by yll aduise, had tournd all vpsydowne.
For suerty of whose state, them thought it did behoue
His counsaylours corrupt, by reason to remoue.

Among whome, Robert Ueer, called Duke of Irelande
With Michell Delapole of Suffolke newe made earle,
Of Yorke also the Archbishop, dispatcht were out of hand,
With Brembre of London a full vncurteous churle
Some learned in the Lawe in exile they did hurle:
But I poore Tresilian because I was the chiefe,
Was dampned to the Galowes most vily as a thiefe.

Lo the fine of falſhood, the ſtipend of corruption,
The fee of dowble fraude, the fruites it doth procure
Ye Iudges vpon earth, let our iuſte punition,
Teach you to ſhake of bribes and kepe your handes pure.
Riches and promotion be vaine thinges and vnſure,
The fauour of a prince is an vntruſty ſtaye,
But Iuſtice hath a fee, that ſhall remaine alwaye.

What glory can be greater before God or man,
Then by pathes of Iuſtice in iudgement to proceede:
So duely and ſo truely the Lawes alway to ſkan,
That right may take his place without reward or meede,
Set aparte all flattery and vaine worldly dreade:
Set God before your eyes, the iuſte Iudge ſupreme,
Remember well your reckening, at the day extreme.

Abandon all affray, be ſoothfaſt in your ſawes,
Be conſtant and careleſſe of mortall mens diſpleaſure,
With eys ſhut & handes cloſe, you ſhould pronounce ȳ Lawes,
Eſteme not worldly goods, thinke there is a treaſure
More worth then Gold or ſtone a thouſand times in valure,
Repoſed for al ſuche as righteouſnes enſue,
Wherof you can not fayle, the promiſe made is true.

If Iudges in our dayes, would ponder well in minde,
The fatall fall of vs, for wreſting Lawe and right,
Such ſtatutes as touch life ſhould not be thus defende
By ſences conſtrained, againſt true meaning quite,
As well they might affirme the blacke for to be white,
Wherefore we wiſh they would, our act and end compare,
And wayeng well the caſe, they will we truſt beware.

FINIS. G. F.

when

When maister Ferrers had finished this tragedye, whiche semed not vnfit for the persons touched in the same. An other which in the meane time had staied vpon sir Roger Mortimer, whose miserable ende (as it shoulde appeare,) was somwhat before ỳ others, saied as followeth. Although it be not greatly appertinent to our purpose, yet in my iudgement I think it would do wel to obserue the times of men, & as they be more auncient, so to place them: for I finde that before these, (of whome mãster Ferrers here hath spoken) there were two Mortimers, the one in Edwarde the iii. tyme, out of our date, an other slaine in Irelande in Richarde the secondes time, a yeare before the falle of these Iustices: whose hystory sith it is notable & ỳerãple fruitfull, it were not good to ouerpasse it And therefore by your lycence and agremente, I wyll take vpon me the personage of the laste, who full of woundes mangled, withe a pale countenaunce, and grisly looke, may make his mone to Baldwyn as followeth.

Roger Mortimer.

How the two Rogers, surnamed Mortimers, for their sundry vices ended their liues vnfortunately the one. An. 1329. the other. 1387.

AMong the riders of the rolling wheele,
That loſt their holdes, Baldwin forget not me,
Whoſe fatal thred falſe Fortune neuer would reele,
Ere it were twiſted by the ſiſters three.
All folke be fraple, their bliſſes brittle be:
For proofe wherof although none other were,
Suffiſe may I, ſyr Roger Mortimer.

Not he that was in Edwardes dayes the thyrde,
Whom Fortune brought to boote and eft to bale,
With loue of whome, the King ſo much ſhe ſturde,
That none but he was heard in any tale:
And whiles ſhe ſmooth, blew on this pleaſant gale,
He was created Earle of March alas,
Whens enuy ſprang which his deſtruction was

For welth breedth wrath, in ſuch as welth do want,
And pryde with folly in ſuch as it poſſeſſe,
Among a thouſand ſhall you fynde one ſkant,
That can in welth his lofty hart repreſſe,
Which in this Earle due proofe did plaine expreſſe,
For where as he was ſomewhat haut before,
His high degree hath made him now much more.

For

For now alone he ruleth as him lust,
Ne recketh for reade, saue of King Edwards mother:
Which forced enuy foulder out the rust,
That in mens harts before did ly and smother.
The Peers, the people, as well the one as other,
Against him made so hanious a complaint,
That for a traytour he was taken and attaint.

Than all such faultes as were forgot afore,
They shower afresh, and somwhat to them ad:
For cruell enuy hath eloquence in store,
Whan fortune bids, to worse thinges meanely bad,
Fyue hainous crimes against him sone were had,
Fyrst that he caused the King to yeeld the Scot,
To make a peace, townes that were from him got:

And therewithall the Charter called Ragman,
That of the Scots he had hyred muny gayne,
That through his meanes syr Edward of Carnaruan,
In Barkely Castell most traiterously was slaine:
That with his Princes mother he had layne,
And finally with polling at his pleasure,
Had robd the Kyng and commons of theyr treasure.

For these things lo which erst were out of minde,
He was condempned, and hanged at the last,
In whome dame Fortune fully shewed hyr kinde,
For whom she heaues she hurleth down as fast:
If men to come, would learne by other past,
This coosin of mine might cause them set aside,
High climing, bryding, murdering, lust, and pryde.

The Fynall cause why I this processe tell,
Is that I may be knowen from this other,
My like in name, vnlike me though he fell,
Which was I thinke my graundsier or his brother:
To count my kin, dame Philip was my mother,
Deare doughter and heyre of douty Lionell.
The second sonne of a Kinge who did excell.

My father hight sir Edmund Mortimer,
True Earle of march, whence I was after Earle,
By iust discent these two my parents were,
Of which the one of Knighthood bare the ferll
Of womanhoode the other was the pearle:
Through theyr desert so called of euery wight,
Tyll death them tooke, and left me in their right.

For why the attaynder of my elder Roger,
(Whose shamefull death I toulde you but of late)
Was founde to be vniuste, and passed ouer,
Agaynst the lawe, by those that bare him hate:
For where by Lawe the lowest of free estate,
Should personally be hard ere iudgement passe,
They barred him this, where through distroyed he was.

Wherefore by doome of court in Parliament,
When we had proued our cosen ordered thus,
The King, the Lordes, and Commons of assent,
His lawles death vnlawfull did discus:
And both to bloode and good restored vs.
A president most worthy, shewed, and lefte
Lordes lines to saue that lawles might be refte

While Fortune thus did forder me a mayne
King Richards grace the second of that name,
(Whose dissolute lyfe did some abridge his raine)
Made me his mate in earnest and in game:
The Lordes themselues so well allowed the same,
That through my titles duly comming dowme,
I was made heyre apparaunt to the Crowne.

Who then but I was euery where esteemed?
Well was the man that might with me acquaynt,
Whome I allowed, as Lordes the people demed
To whatsoeuer folly had me bent,
To like it well the people did assent:
To me as prince attended greate and small,
I hoopt a day would come to pay for all.

But seldome ioy continueth trouble doyde,
In greatest charge cares greatest do ensue,
The most possessiare euer most anoyed,
In largest seas fore tempestes lightly byue,
The freshest coulours soonest fade the hue,
In thickest place is made the depest wounde,
True proofe whereof my selfe to some haue founde.

For whiles fayr Fortune luld me in her lap,
And gaue me giftes more than I did requyre,
The subtile queen behinde me set a trap,
Wherby to dash and lay all in the myre:
The Irishe men agaynst me did conspyre,
My landes of Vlster fro me to haue reft,
Which heritage my mother had me left.

And whiles I there, to set all thinges in stay,
(Dmyt my toyles and troble thither warde)
Among mine owne, with my retinue lay,
The wylder men whom little I did regarde,
And had therefore the rechles mans rewarde:
When leaste I thought, set on me in such number,
That fro my corps my life they rent asunder.

Nought might anayle my courage nor my force,
Nor strength of men which were alas to fewe:
The cruell folke assaulted so my horse,
That all my helpes in peces they to hewe,
Our bloode distayned the grounde as drops of dewe,
Nought might preuaile to flye nor yet to yeelde,
For whome they take they murder in the fielde.

They knowe no law of Armes nor none will learne,
They make not war (as other do) a play,
The Lord, the boy, the Gallowglas, the Kerne
Yeeld or not yeeld, whom so they take they slay,
They saue no prisoners, for raunsome nor for pay:
Theyr thyckest boote they count theyr bodyes heade,
Theyr ende of war to se theyr enemy deade.

Amongest these men or rather sauage beastes,
I lost my life, by cruell murder slaine.
And therfore Baldwin note thou well my geastes,
And warne all Princes rashnes to refraine:
Byd them beware theyr enemyes when they faine
Nor yet presume vnequally to striue,
Had I thus done, I had beneman alyue.

But

But I diſpiſed the naked Iriſh men,
And for they flew, I feared them the leſſe:
I thought one man ynough to match with ten,
And through this careleſſe vnaduiſednes,
I was diſtroyed, and all my men I geſſe,
At vnwares aſſaulted by our foen,
Which were in nomber fourty to vs one.

Se here the ſtaye of fortunate eſtate,
The vaine aſſurance of this brittle life,
For I but yong, proclaimed prince of late,
Right fortunate in children and in wife,
Loſt all at once by ſtroke of blody knife:
Wherby aſſurde let men themſelues aſſure,
That welth, and life, are doubtful to endure.

FINIS. Ca.

After this Tragedye was ended mayſter Ferrers ſaide, ſeing it is beſte to place eche perſon in his order, Baldwin take you the Chronycles and marke them as they com: for there are many worthy to be noted, though not treated of. Firſt the Lord Murrey a Scottiſheman, who tooke

tooke his deaths wound through a stroke lent him by the Earle of Notyngha, whom he chalenged at the tylt. But to omit him, and also the fat Pryor of Tiptre, presſed to death with throng of people vpon Londō bridge at the Quenes entry, I wil come to the Duke of Glocester the kings vncle, a man myndynge the common welth, and yet at length miserably made awaye. In whose person yf yee will geeue eare, ye shall heare what I thinke mete to be saied.

Howe

How ſir Thomas of VVoodſtocke Duke of Gloceſter, vncle to King Richard the ſecond, was vnlawfully murdered. Anno. 1397.

VVHoſe ſtate ſtabliſht is, in ſeming moſt ſure,
And ſo far from daunger of Fortunes blaſtes,
As by the compaſſe of mans coniecture,
No braſen piller may be fyxt more faſt:
Yet wanting the ſtay of prudent forecaſt,
Whan froward Fortune liſt for to frowne,
May in a moment turne vpſyde downe.

In proofe whereof, O Baldwin, take payne,
To harken a while to Thomas of Woodſtocke,
Addreſt in preſence his fate to complayne,
In the forlorne hope of Engliſh flocke:
Extract by diſcent from the royall ſtocke,
Sonne to Kinge Edward, third of that name,
And ſeconde to none in glory and fame.

This noble father to mainteyn my ſtate,
With Buckingham Earldome did me indowe,
Both Nature and Fortune to me were grate,
Denying me nothing which they might allowe:
Their ſundry graces in me did ſo flowe,
As bewty, ſtrength, high fauour and fame.
Who may of God more with then the ſame?

Brothers

Thomas Duke,

Brothers we were to the nomber of seuen,
I being the syxt, and yongest but one:
A more royall race was not vnder Heauen,
Mo stoute or more stately of stomacke and person,
Princes all perelesse in ech condition:
Namely syr Edward, called the blacke Prince,
When had England the lyke before or euer since?

But what of all this, any man to assure,
In state vncarefull of Fortunes variaunce?
Syth dayly and hourely we see it in vre,
That where most cause is of affiaunce,
Euen there is found most weake assurance,
Let none trust Fortune, but follow Reason:
For often we see in trust is treason.

This prouerbe in proofe ouer true I tried,
Finding high treason in place of high trust.
And most fault of faith where I most affyed:
Being by them that should haue been iust,
Trayterously entrapt, ere I coulde mistrust,
Ah wretched world what it is to trust thee,
Let them that will learne now harken to mee.

After king Edwarde the thirdes decease,
Succeded my Nephewe Richard to raigne,
Who for his glory and honours encrease,
With princely wages did me entertaine,
Agaynst the Frenchmen to be his Chiefteine:
So passing the seas with royall puissaunce,
With God and S. George I inuaded Fraunce.

Wasting

Wasting the countrey with sword and with fyre,
Ouerturning townes, high castels and towers,
Like Mars god of warre, enflamed with ire,
I forced the frenchmen tabandon their bowers:
Where euer we matcht I wan at all bowers,
In such wise visiting both Citty and village,
That alway my souldiers were laden with pyllage.

With honour and triumph was my returne,
Was none more ioyous than yong King Richarde:
Who minding more highly my state to adourne,
With Glocester Dukedome did me rewarde:
And after in mariage I was prefarde,
To a daughter of Bohun an Earle honorable.
By whome I was of England high Constable.

Thus hoysted so high on fortunes wheele,
As one on a stage attending a playe,
Seeth not on which syde the scaffold doth reele,
Tyll timber and poales and all flie away:
So fared it by me, for day by daye,
As honour encreased I loked still hier,
Not seing the daunger of my fond desier.

For Fortunes floode thus running with full streame,
And I a Duke discended of great Kinges,
Constable of Englande, chiefe officer in the Realme,
Abused with esperaunce in these vaine thinges,
I went without feete, and flewe without winges:
Presuming so far vpon my high estate.
That dreade set apart, my prince I would mate.

For

For where as all Kings haue counsail of their choyse,
To whome they refer the rule of their Land,
With certain familiers in whome to reioyce,
For pleasure or profite, as the case shall stand,
I not bearing this, would neues take in hand,
Maugre his will, those persons to disgrace,
And such as I thought fyt to settle in their place.

But as an olde booke sayeth, who so will assaye
About the Cats necke to hang on any bell,
Had fyrst neede to cut the Cats clawes away
Least if the cat be curst, and not tamed well,
She haply with her nayles may clawe him to the fell:
So putting on the bell about the Cats necke,
By being to busie I caught a cruell checke.

Reade well the sentence of the Rat of renoune,
which Pierce the plowman describes in his dreame,
And who so hath wit the sence to expoune,
Shall finde that to bridell the prince of a Reame,
Is euen (as who saieth) to striue with the streame:
Note this all subiects, and construe it well,
And busie not your brains about the Cats bell.

But in that ye be Lieges learne to obay,
Submitting your willes to your Princes Lawes,
It sitteth not a subiect to haue his own waye,
Remember this prouerbe of the Cats clawes:
For Princes like Lyons haue long and large pawes
That reache at Random, and whome they once twitch,
They clawe to the boone before the skin itch.

But to my purpose, I being once bent,
Towardes the atchieuing of my attempt ate,
Fower bould Barons were of mine assent,
By oth and allyaunce fastly confederate:
First Henry of Derby an Earle of estate,
Richard of Arundell, and Thomas of warwicke.
With Nowbray the Marshall, a man most warlicke.

At Ratecote bridge assembled our bande,
The Commons in clusters came to vs that daye
To daunt Robert Uere, then Duke of Irelande,
By whome King Ryeharde was ruled alway:
We put him to flighe, and brake his aray,
Then maugree the King, his leaue or assent,
By Constables power we cald a Parliament.

Where not in Roabes, but with Bastardes brighe,
We came for to parle of the Publike weale,
Confirming our quarrell with maine and with mighe,
With swordes and no words we tried our appeale,
In steede of Reason declaring our Zeale,
And whom so we knewe, with the King in good grace
We playnlye deprined, of power and of place.

Some with short processe were banisht the Land,
Some executed with cappitall paine,
Wherof who so list, the whole to vnderstand,
In the Parliament roll it appeareth plaine,
And furder how stoutly we vid the King straine,
The rule of his Realme wholy to resigne,
To the order of those, whome we vyd assigne.

But

But note the sequele of suche presumption,
After we had these miracles wrought,
The Kinge inflamed with indignation,
That to such bondage he shoulde be brought,
Suppressing the ire of his inwarde thought:
Studied nought els but how that he might
Be highly reuenged of this high dispight.

Aggreued was also this latter offence,
With former matter his ire to renue:
For once at Windsore I brought to his presence,
The Mayor of London with all his retynue,
To aske a reckoning of the Realmes reuenue:
And the souldiours of Brest by me were made bolde
Their wages to claime when the town was solde.

These greefes remembred with all the remnaunt,
Hourded in his harte hate out of measure,
Yet openly in shewe made he no semblaunt,
By woord or by deede to beare displeasure:
But loue dayes dissembled do neuer endure,
And who so trusteth a foe reconcylde,
Is for the most part alwayes beguilde.

For as fyer ill quencht will vp at a starte,
And sores not well salued do breake out of newe,
So hatred hidden in an irefull harte,
Where it hath had long season to brewe,
Upon euery occasion doth easely renewe:
Not fayling at last, if it be not let,
To paye large vsury besides the due det.

Euen

Euen so it fared by this Frendshyp fayned,
Outwardly sounde, and inwardly rotten:
For whan the Kinges fauour in seming was gayned:
All olde displeasures forgeuen and forgotten,
Euen than at a sodeine the shaft was shotten,
Which pearced my hart boyde of mistrust.
Alas that a Prince should be so vniust.

For lying at Plashey my selfe to repose,
By reason of sickenesse which held me full sore:
The King espying me apart from those.
With whome I confedered in band before,
Thought it not meete, to tract the time more
But glad to take me at such auauntage,
Came to salute me with friendly visage.

Who hauing a band bound to his bent,
By coulour of kindenesse to visit his Came,
Tooke tyme to accomplish his cruell entent:
And in a small vessell down by the streme,
Conueyed me to Calais out of the realme,
Where without processe or dome of my peares,
Not nature but murder abridged my yeares.

This act was odyous to God and to man,
Yet prygour to cloake in habit of reason,
By crafty compasse deuise they can,
Articles nine of right haynous treason:
But doome after death is sure out of season,
For who euer sawe so straunge a president,
As execution done before iudgement.

Thus hate harboured in depth of minde
By sought occasion burst out of newe,
And cruelty abused the law of kinde,
Whan that the Nephue the vncle slewe,
Alas King Richard, sore maist thou rue:
Which by this fact prepardst the waye,
Of thy hard destenye to hasten the daye.

For bloud axeth bloud as guerdon dewe,
And vengeaunce for vengeaunce is iust rewarde:
O righteous god thy Iudgementes are true,
For looke what measure we other awarde,
The same for vs agayne is prepard:
Take hede ye princes, by examples past,
Bloud will haue bloud, eyther fyrst or last.

FINIS. G. F.

WHē maister Ferrers had ended this frutfulll tragedy, because no man was ready wō any other, I, hauing perused the story which came next, saide: because you shal not say my masters but that I wyll somewhat do my parte, I will vnder your correction declare the tragedy of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Northefolke, the chiefe worker of the Duke of Glocesters destruction: who to admonish all counsaylours to beware of flattering princes or fallsely enuyinge or accusing their Peregalles, may lament his vices in maner following. How

How the Lord Mowbray promoted by King Richarde the ſecond, to the ſtate of a Duke, was by him banished the Realme, the yeare of Chriſte. 1398. and after died miſerably in exile.

1398
22 R. ſecu.

THough ſorrowe and ſhame abaſh me to reherſe,
My lothſome life and death of due deſerued,
Yet that the paynes thereof may other pearce,
To leaue the like, leaſt they be likewyſe ſerued,
Ah Baldwin marke, and ſee how that I ſwerued:
Diſſembling, Enuy, and Flattery, bane that be
Of all theyr hoſtes, haue ſhewed their power on me.

I blame not Fortune though ſhe did her parte,
And true it is ſhe can do litle harme,
She gyueth goodes, ſhe hampreth not the harte,
A minde well bent, is ſafe from euery charme:
Vice, onely vice, with her ſtout ſtrengthleſſe arme,
Doth cauſe the hart from good to yll encline,
Which I alas, do fynde to true by mine.

For where by byrth I came of noble race,
The Mowbreys heyre, a famouſe houſe and olde,
Fortune I thanke, gaue me ſo good a grace,
That of my pryncе I had what ſo I wolde:
Yet neyther was, to other greatly holde,
For I through flatterye abuſed his wanton youth,
And his fond truſt augmented my vntruth.

He made me kynſt the Earle of Notingham,
And Marſhall of the realme, in which eſtate
The Peeres and people ioyntly to me came,
With ſore complaint, againſt them that of late
Made officers, had brought the King in hate,
By making ſale of Juſtice, right, and Lawe,
And liuing naught: without all dreede or awe.

I gaue them ayde theſe euyls to redreſſe,
And went to London with an army ſtrong,
And cauſed the King, againſt his will oppreſſe
By cruell death, all ſuch as led him wrong:
The Lord chiefe Juſtice ſuffered theſe among,
So did the Steward of his houſehold head,
The Chauncellour ſcapt, for he aforehand fled.

Theſe wicked men thus from the king remoued,
Who beſt vs pleaſed ſucceded in theyr place:
For which both King and Commons much vs loued,
But chiefely I with all ſtoode high in grace,
The king enſued my reede in euery caſe,
Whence ſelfe loue bred: for glory maketh proude,
And pride ay looketh alone to be allowde.

Wherefore to thend I might alone enioye
The Kinges good will, I made his luſt my lawe:
And where of late I laboured to diſtroy,
Such flattering folke, as therto ſtode in awe,
Now learned I among the reſt to clawe:
For pride is ſuch, if it be kindely caught,
As hopeth good, and ſtirreth vp euerry naught.

Pryde

Pryde prickech men to flatter for the pray,
To oppresse and poll for mayntenaunce of the same,
To malice such as match vnethes it may:
And to be briefe, pryde doth the hart enflame,
To fyer what mischiefe any fraud may frame,
And euer at length the euyls by it wrought
Confound the worker, and bring him vnto nought.

Beholde in me due proofe of euery part:
For pryde fyrst forced me my Prince to flatter
So much, that what so euer pleased his harte
Were it neuer so euill, I thought a lawfull matter,
Which causd the Lordes a fresh agaynst him clatter:
Because he had his houldes beyond sea solde,
And seene his souldiers of theyr wages polde.

Though all these ills were doen by mine assent,
Yet such was lucke that ech man demed no:
For see the Duke of Glocester for me sent,
With other Lordes, whose hartes did blede for wo,
To see the Realme so fast to ruin go.
In fault whereof, they saide the two Dukes were,
The one of Yorke, the other of Lancaster.

On whose remoue fro being about the King
We all agreed, and sware a solemne oth,
And whilst the rest prouided for this thing,
I flatterer I, to wyn the prayse of troth,
Wretch that I was brake fayth and promise both:
For I bewrayed the King, theyr whole intent,
For which vnwares they all were tane and shent.

Thus was the warder of the common weale,
The Duke of Glocester gyltlesse made away,
With other mo, more wretch I so to deale,
Who through vntruth theyr trust did yll betray:
Yet by this meanes obtayned I my pray,
Of King and Dukes I found for this such fauour,
As made me Duke of Northfolke for my labour.

But see how pride and enuy ioyntly run,
Because my Prince did more than me prefer,
Sir Henry Bolenbroke, the eldest sonne
Of Iohn of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster,
Proud I that would alone be blasing starre,
Enuyed this Duke, for nought saue that the shyne,
Of his desertes dyd glister more than myne:

To the end therfore his light should be the lesse,
I sly sought all shyftes to put it out:
But as the poyze that would the palme tree presse,
Doth cause the bowes spreue larger round about,
So spite and enuy causeth glory sproute.
And aye the more the top is ouertrode,
The deper doth the sound roote spreue abroade:

For when this Henry Duke of Herefordе sawe,
What spoyle the King made of the noble blood,
And that without all Iustice, cause, or lawe:
To suffer him so, he thought not sure nor good.
Wherfore to me twofaced in one hoode,
As touching this, he fully brake his minde,
As to his frende that should remedy fynde.

But

But I, althoughe I knewe my Prince dyd yll,
So that my hart abhorred fore the same,
Yet my schiefe so through malice led my will,
To bring this Duke from honour vnto shame,
And toward my selfe, my soueraygne to enflame:
That I bewrayed his wordes vnto the King,
Not as a reade, but as a most haynous thyng.

Thus where my duty bounde me to haue tolde
My Prince his fault, and wild him to refrayne,
Through flattery loe, I dyd hys yll vpholde,
Which turnd at length both hym and me to payne:
Wo, wo to Kinges whose counsaylours do fayne,
Wo, wo to Realmes where such are put in truste,
As leaue the Lawe, to serue the Princes luste.

And wo to him that by his flattering rede,
Mayntenys a Prince in any kinde of vice:
Wo worth hym eke for enuy, pride, or mede,
That my sreporte any honest enterprise,
Because I beast in all these poyntes was nice,
The plagues of all together on me lyght,
And due for ill, ill doers doth acquite.

For when the Duke was charged with my plaine,
He flat denyed that any part was true,
And claymde by armes to answere his attayne,
And I by vse that warly feates well knewe,
To his desyre incontinently drewe:
Wherwith the King did seme right well content,
As one that past not much with whome it went.

At tyme and place appoynted we appeard,
At all poyntes armd to proue our quarels iuſt,
And whan our frendes on ech part had vs cheard,
And that the Haroldes had vs do our luſt,
With ſpeare in reſt we tooke a courſe to iuſt:
But ere our horſes had run halfe theyr way,
A ſhout was made the King commaunded ſtay.

And for to auoyde the ſheding of our blood,
With ſhame and death which one muſt needes haue had,
The Kyng through counſayle of the Lordes thought good
To banyſh both, which iudgement ſtrait was rad:
No meruayle than though both were wroth and ſad
But chiefly I that was exild for aye
By enmy ſtraungd but for a ten yeares day.

The date expyred, whan by this doulfull dome,
I ſhould depart to lyue in banniſht band,
On payne of death to England not to come,
I went my way: the Kyng ſeaſd in his hande
Myneffices, my honours, goods and land,
To pay the due as openly he tould,
Of myghty ſummes, which I had from him polde.

See Baldwin ſee, the ſalary of ſinne,
Marke with what mede vyle vices are rewarded
Through pride and enuy I loſe both kith and kinne,
And for my flattering playnt ſo well regarded,
Exile and ſlaunder are iuſtly me awarded:
My wyfe and heyre lacke landes and lawfull right,
And me theyr Lord made dame Dianais Knyght.

At thele

If these mishaps at home be not ynoughe,
Adioyne to them my sorrowes in exile:
I went to Almayne fyrst, a land right roughe,
In which I found such churlish folke and vile,
As made me loeth my lyfe ech other while:
There lo, I learned what it is to be a gest
Abroade, and what to liue at home in rest.

Mowbray for Almaine

For they esteme no one man more than ethe,
They vse as well the lackey as the Lorde,
And like theyr maners churlish in theyr spech,
Theyr lodging hard, theyr bourd to be abhord:
Their pleityd garmentes herewith well accord,
All iagde and frounst, with dyuers coulours deckt,
They swere, they curse, and drincke tyll they be fleckt.

They hate all such, as these theyr maners hate,
Which reason would, no wyseman should allowe,
With these I dwelt, lamenting myne estate,
Tyll at the length they had got knowledge, howe
I was exilde, because I did auow
A false complaynt agaynst my trusty freende:
For which they namd me traytour styll vnhende,

Mowbray to Venice

That what for shame and what for werines
I stale fro thence, and went to Venise towne,
Where as I found more ease and frendlines,
But greater greefe: for now the great renowne,
Of Bolenbroke whome I would haue put downe,
Was wart so greate in Brittayne and in Fraunce,
That Venise through, ech man did him auaunce.

Bolenbroke Duke Rich. 2. & Lancast. impri. Thus

Thus lo his glory grewe through greate dispite,
And I therby increased in defame:
Thus enuy euer doth her most acquite
With trouble, anguish, sorrowe, smart, and shame,
But sets the vertues of her foe inflame:
Lyke water waues, which clense the muddy stone,
And soyles themselues by beating thereupon.

Or eare I had soiourned there a yeare,
Straunge tidinges came he was to England gone,
Had tane the Kyng, and that which touched him neare,
Enprisoned him with other of his fone,
And made him yeelde him vp his Crowne and throne:
When I these thinges for true by search had tryed,
Griefe griped me so, I pined away and dyed.

Note here the ende of pryde, se Flatteries fyne;
Marke the reward of enuy and false complaynt,
And warne all people from them to decline,
Lest likely fault do finde the like attaynt.
Let this my life to them be a restraynt,
By others harmes who listeth take no hede:
Shall by his own learne other better rede.

FINIS. T. Ch.

THis tragicall example was of all the companye well liked, howbeit a doubt was found therin, and that by meanes of the diuersitie of ỳ chronicles: for wher as Hall whose Chronicle in this worke, we chiefely followed, maketh Mowbray appellant & Bolinbroke defendant, Fabian reporteth the matter quite contrary, and that by record of the parliamẽt

rolle,

rolle, wherin it is playne that Bolinbroke was appellant and Mowbrey defendant. Wherfore what so euer shalbe saide here in the person of Mowbray, (who being a most noble prince had to much wrong to be so causeles defamed after his death) imagin ẏ same to be spoken against his accuser. Which matter sith it is more hard to decise, than nedeful to our purpose, whiche minde onely to disswade frō vices & exalt vertue, we refer to such as may com by ẏ records of ẏ acts of the parliamente, contented in the mean while with maister Halles iudgemēt, which maketh best for our forshewed purpose. This doubt thus let passe. I woulde (sayde master Ferrers) saye somwhat for king Richard, after whose depriuing, his brother & diuers other made a maske, myndinge by king Henries destruction to haue restored hym, whiche maskers matter so runneth in this, that I doubt which ought to go before, but seing no mā is redy to say ought in their behalfe, I will geue (who so listeth) leasure to thinke therupō, and in ẏ meane time to further youre enterprise, I will in king Richards behalfe recount such part of his story, as I think most necessary. And therfore imagin Baldwin ẏ you see the corps of thys Prince all to be mangled, with diewe woundes, lyeng pale & wan all naked vpon the cold stones in Paules church, the people standinge round about hym, and makynge his cōplainte in maner as followeth.

How

K. Richard the ii.

Howe Kinge Richard the ſeconde was
for his euell gouernaunce depoſed
from his ſeate, in the yeare.
1399. and myſerably
murdered in priſon
the yere folowing.

HAppy is the Prince, that hath in welth the grace
To followe vertue, keping vices vnder,
But wo to him whoſe will hath wilsomes place:
For who ſo renteth ryght and lawe aſunder,
On him at length all the world ſhall wonder,
Hygh byrth, choyſe fortune, force, nor princely mace,
Can warrant Kyng or Keyſer fro the caſe,
Shame ſueth ſinne, as rayne drops do the thunder.
Let Princes therfore vertuous lyfe embrace,
That wylfull pleaſures cauſe them not to blunder.

Behould my hap, ſee how the ſeely rout
On me do gaſe, and eth to other ſay:
See where he lyeth, but late that was ſo ſtout,
Loe howe the power, the pride, and rich aray,
Of myghtie rulers lightly fade away.
The King which erſt kept all the Realme in doute,
The veriеſt raſcall now dare checke and loute:
What mould be Kinges made of, but earian clay?
Beholde his woundes how blew they be about,
Which while he liued, thought neuer to decay.

We thinke I heare the people thus deuise
Wherfore Baldwin, syth thou wilt nowe declare
Howe Princes fell, to make the liuing wise,
My lawlesse life, in no point see thou spare,
But paynt it out, that rulers may beware
Good counsayle, Lawe, or vertue to dispise.
For Realmes haue rules, and rulers haue a syse,
Which if they breake, thus much to say I dare.
That eythers griefes the other shall agrise
Tyll one be lost, the other brought to care.

I was a King, who ruled all by lust
Forcyng but light, of Justice, right, or Lawe,
Putting always flatterers false in trust,
Ensuing such, as could my vices clawe:
By faithfull counsaile passing not an hawe,
As pleasure pricte, so needes obay I must:
Hauing delite to feede and serue the gust,
Three meales a day could scarse content my mawe,
We liked least to Torney or to Just.
To Venus sporte my fansy did me drawe.

Which to maintaine, my people were sore polde
With Fines, Fiftenes, and loanes by way of prest,
Blanke Charters, Othes, and shyftes not knowen of olde,
For which the commons, did me sore detest.
I also sould the noble towne of Brest,
My fault wherein because mine vncle tolde,
(For Princes actes, may no wise be controld)
I found the meanes his bowels to vnbrest,
The worthy Peeres, which his cause did vphold,
With long exile, or cruell death oppest.

None

None ayde I lackt, in any wickee deede,
For gaping Gulles whome I promoted had
Would furder all in hope of higher mede,
There can no King ymagin ought so bad,
But shall fynde some that will performe it glad:
For sicknes seldome doth so swiftly hyede,
As humours yll, do growe the griefe to feede.
Thus Kinges estates of all be worst bestad,
Abusde in welth, abandoned at nede,
And nearest harme when they be least adrad.

My lyfe and death the truth of this hath tryde:
For while I fought in Ireland with my foes,
Myne uncle Edmunde whome I left to guide
My realme at home, rebelliously arose,
Percyes to helpe, which plied my depose:
And cald fro Fraunce, Earle Bolenbroke whome I
Exiled had for ten yeares there to lye:
Who cruelly did put to death all those,
That in mine ayde durst looke but once awry,
Whose number was, but slender I suppose.

For comming backe this soden stur to staye,
The Earle of Worcester whome I trusted moste,
(Whiles I in Wales at Flint my Castle laye,
Both to refresh and multiply myne oste)
There in my hall, in sight of least and moste,
His staffe did breake, which was my household stay,
Bad ech make shyft, and rode him selfe away.
See Princes, see the strength whereof we boste,
Whome most we trust, at nede do us betraye:
Through whose false fayth my land and life I loste.

My

My Stuard falſe, thus being fled and gone,
My ſeruauntes flye ſhranke of on euery ſyde,
Then caught I was, and led vnto my foen,
Who for theyr Prince, no pallace did prouide,
But priſon ſtrong, where henry puft with pride,
cauſd me reſigne, my Kingly ſtate and throne,
And ſo forſaken and left as poſt alone,
Theſe holowe frendes, by Henry ſoone eſpyed,
Became ſuſpect and fayth was geuen to none,
Which cauſed them from faith agayne to flyde,

And ſtrayt conſpierd, theyr newe King to put downe,
And to that end a ſolemp oth they ſwore,
To render me my royall ſeate and crowne,
Whereof themſelues, depriued me before,
But late medcynes can helpe no ſothbynde ſore:
When ſwelling floodes hath ouer flowen the towne
To late it is, to ſaue them that ſhall drowne,
Tyll ſayles be ſpred, a ſhyp may kepe the ſhore,
No ankerholde can kepe the veſſell downe,
With ſtreme and ſtere perforce it will be bore.

For though the Peers ſet Henry in his ſtate,
Yet could they not diſplace him thence agayne:
And where they eaſely, depriued me of late,
They could reſtore me, by no manner payne.
Thinges hardly mend, but may be mard amayne.
And whan a man is fallen in froward fate,
Still miſchiefes light, one on anothers pate:
And meanes well ment all miſhaps to reſtrayne
Ware wretched mones, wherby his ioyes abate.
Due proofe whereof, in this appeared playne.

For

For whan the King did knowe that for my cause,
His Lords in maske, would kill him on a night,
To dash all doutes he tooke no further pause:
But Pierce of Exton a cruell murdering knight,
To Pomfret Castell, sent hym armed bright,
Who causeleſſe kild me there against all lawes,
Thus lawles life to laweles death ey drawes.
Wherfore bid Kinges be rulde and rule by right.
Who worketh his will, and shunneth wisdomes sawes,
In snares of woo, ere he beware shall lyght.

FINIS. G. F.

When he had ended this so woefull a Tragedy, and to all princes a right worthy instructiō, we pauſed: hauing paſſed through a miſerable time ful of piteous tragedys. And ſeing ỳ reygne of Henry the fourth enſued, a man more ware and proſperous in his doyngs, although not vntroubled with warres both of outforthe and inwarde enemies, we began to ſerche what Peeres were fallen therein, whereof the nomber was not ſmall: & yet becauſe their examples were not much to be noted for oure purpoſe, we paſſed ouer all the Maskers of whome kinge Richardes brother was chiefe: whiche were all ſlaine and put to deathe for their trayterous attempte. And fyndinge Owen Glendoure nerte, one of Fortunes owne whelpes,

and

and the Percies his confederates, I thought them vnmeete to be ouerpassed, and therefore sayde thus to the sylent company: what my maisters is euery man at once in a browne study: hath no man affection to any of these stories? you minde so much some other bellyae, that these do not moue you: and to say the truthe, there is no special cause why they should. How be it Owen Glendour, because hee was one of Fortunes owne darlinges, and affected to be Prince of wales, although to his owne mischiefe and destruction, rather then he should be forgotten, I will take vpon me by your fauour to saye somewhat in his persone: which Owen cõming out of the wylde mountaines of Wales like the image of death in all pointes (his hart onely excepted) as a ghost forpined with extreme famine, colde, & hunger, may lament his great misfortune after this manner.

Owen Glendour.

Howe Owen Glendour seduced by false prophecies, tooke vpon him to be Prince of VVales, and was by Henry prince of Englande chased to the mountaynes, vvhere he miserably died for lacke of foode. Anno. 1401.

I Pray thee Baldwin sith thou doest entend,
To shew the fall of such as climbe to hye,
Remember me, whose miserable end
May teach a man his vicious life to flye
Oh Fortune, Fortune, out on thee I crye.
My liuely corps thou hast made leane and slender,
For lacke of foode, whose name was Owen Glendour,

A Welshman borne, and of the Troyan blood,
But ill brought vp, whereby full well I fynde,
That neyther byrth nor linage make vs good,
Though it be true that Cat will after kynde
Flesh gendreth flesh, but not the soule or mynde,
They gender not, but foully do degender,
When men to vice from vertue them surrender.

Eche thing by nature tendeth to the same
Whereof it came, and is disposed like:
Doune sincks the mold, vp mounts the fiery flame,
With horne the hart, with hoofe ꝑ horse doth strike,
The Wolfe doth spoile, the suttle Fox doth pike,
And to conclude, no fish, flesh, foule or plant
Of their true dame, the propertie doth want.

But

But as for men, syth seuerally they haue
A mynde whose maners are by learning made,
Good bringing vp alonly doth them saue
In honest actes, which with their parentes fade,
So that true gentry standeth in the trade
Of vertuous life, not in the fleshly line:
For bloud is brute, but Gentry is diuine.

Experience doth cause me thus to say,
And that the rather for my countrey men,
Which daunt and boast themselues aboue the daye,
If they may straine their stocke fro worthy men:
Which let be true, are they the better than?
Nay far the worse, if so they be not good,
For why they staine the bewty of their bood.

How would we mocke the burden bearing mule,
If he would brag he were an horses sunne,
To presse his pride (might nothing els him rule)
His boastes to proue no more but bid him rum:
The horse for swiftnes hath his glory wonne.
The mule could neuer the more aspyer,
Though he should proue that Pegas was his sier.

Ech man may crake of that which was his owne,
Our parentes vertues, are theirs and no whit ours:
Who therfore will of noble byth be knowen,
Ought shyne in vertue like his auncestours,
Gentry consisteth not in landes and towers:
He is a churle though all the worlde were his,
Yea Arthurs heyre if that he line amisse.

For vertuous life a Gentleman doth make
Of her possessour all be he poore as Job,
Yea though no name of elders he can take:
For proofe take Merlin fathered by an Hob.
But who so sets his mynde to spoyle and rob,
Although he come by due discent from Brute,
He is a churle, ungentle, vile, and brute,

Well, thus did I for want of better wyt,
Because my parents naughtely brought me vp:
For Gentlemen (they sayde) was nought so fyt
As to attaste by bould attemptes the cup,
Of conquests wyne, whereof I thought to sup:
And therefore bent my selfe to rob and ryue,
And whome I coulde of landes and goods depriue.

For Henry the fourth dyd then vsurpe the Crowne.
Despoyled the Kyng, with Mortimer the heyre:
For which his subiects sought to put him downe,
And I whyle Fortune offered me so fayre,
Dyd what I might his honour to appayre:
And tooke on me to be the Prince of Wales,
Entitste thereto by prophecies and tales.

For whiche, suche Ioleas wayte vpon the spoyle.
From euery part of Wales vnto me drew:
For loytering youth vntaught in any toyle
Are redy aye all mischiefe to ensue.
Through helpe of these so greate my glory grewe.
That I defyed my King through lofty harte,
And made sharpe warre on all that tooke his parte.

All

See lucke, I tooke Lord Raynold Gray of Rythen.
And him enforst my daughter to espouse,
And so vnraunsomed I held him still and sythen,
In Wigmore land through battayle rigorous,
I caught the right heyre of the crowned house:
The Earle of March sir Edmond Mortimer,
And in a dungeon kept him prisonner.

Than all the marches longing vnto Wales,
By Syuerne west I did inuade and burne:
Destroyed the townes in mountaines and in vales,
And rich in spoyles had homeward safe returne:
Was none so bould durst once agaynst me spurne,
Thus prosperously doth Fortune forwarde call,
Those whome she mindes to geue the sorest fall.

Whan fame had brought these tidinges to the King,
(Although the Scots than vexed him right sore)
A mighty army agaynst me he did bring:
Whereof the French king being warned afore,
Who mortall hate agaynst king Henry bore,
To greue our so he quickly to me sent,
Twelue thousand Frenchmen armed to war and bent.

A part of them led by the Earle of marche
Lord Iames of Burbon, a valiant tried knighte,
With held by wyndes to Wales ward forth to march,
Tooke land at Plymmouth priuely on a nighte:
And whan he had done all that he durst or might,
After that a meyney of his men were slaine
He stole to ship and sailed home againe.

Twelue thousand moe in Milford did ariue,
And came to me then lieng at Denbigh
With armed Welshmen thousandes double fyue,
With whome we went to Worcester well nigh.
And there encampt vs on a mount on high,
To abide the King who shortly after came
And pitched his field, on a hill hard by the same.

There eyght daies long our hoastes lay face to face,
And neyther durst others power assaile:
But they so stopt the Passages the space,
That vitailes could not come to our auayle,
Where through constrained our hartes began to fayle:
So that the frenchmen shranke away by night,
And I with mine to the mountaines tooke our flight:

The King pursued greatly to his cost,
From hilles to woods, from woods to valleis plaine:
And by the way his men and stuffe he lost.
And whan he saw he gayned nought but paine,
He blewe retreate and gat him home againe:
Then with my power I boldly came abrode,
Taken in my countrey for a very God.

Immediatly after fell a Joly Jarre
Betwene the King, and Percies worthy bluds,
Which grew at last vnto a deadly warre:
For like as drops engender mighty fluds,
And litle seedes spryt forth great leaues and buds,
Euen so small striues, if they be suffered run,
Breede wrath and war, and death or they be don.

The

The King would haue the raunſome of ſuch Scots,
As theſe the percies tane had in the field:
But ſe how ſtrongly lucre knits her knots,
The King will haue, the Percies will not yield,
Deſire of goods ſome craues, but graunteth ſeeld:
Oh curſed goods deſire of you hath wrought
All wickednes, that hath or can be thought.

The Percies deemed it meeterſt for the King,
To haue redemed theyr colin Mortimer,
Who in his quarrell all his power did bring,
To fight with me, that tooke him priſoner,
Than of theyr pray to rob his ſouldier:
And therfore willed him ſee ſome meane were found,
To quite forth him whom I kept vily bound.

Becauſe the King miſliked their requeſt.
They came them ſelues and did accord with mee,
Complayning how the kingdome was oppreſt
By Henries rule, wherefore we did agree
To put him downe, and part the realme in three:
The North part theirs, Wales wholy to be mine,
The reſt, to reſt to therle of Marches line.

And for to ſet vs hereon more agog,
A Prophet came (a vengeance take them all)
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
Whome Merline doth a Mouldwarp euer call,
Accurſt of God that muſt be brought in thrall
By a Wolfe, a Dragon, and a Lion ſtrong,
Which ſhould deuide, his kingdome them among.

This crafty dreamer made vs three such beastes,
To thinke we were the foresaide beastes in deede.
And for that cause our badges and our creastes,
We searched out which scarsely well agreed:
Howbeit the Harolds redy at such a neede,
Drewe doune such illues from olde auncestors,
As proued these enlignes to be surely ours.

Ye crafty Welshmen, wherfore do ye mocke,
The Noble men thus with your fayned rymes?
Ye Noble men why fly ye not the flocke,
Of such as haue seduced so many times?
False Propheties are plagues for diuers crimes,
Which God doth let the deuilish sort deuise,
To trouble such as are not godly wise.

And that appeared by vs three beastes in deede.
Through false perswasion highly borne in hand,
That in our feate we coulde not chuse but spede,
To kill the King and to enioy his land:
For which exploit we bound our selues in band,
To stand contented ech man with his parte,
So fully fully assured our foolysh hart.

But such they say as fishe before the net,
Shall seldom surfet of the pray they take,
Of thinges to come the haps be so vnset,
That none but fooles may warrant of them make:
The full assured, successe doth oft forsake.
For Fortune findeth none so fyt to flout,
As surelyby sots which cast no kinde of doubt.

Hath

How sayest thou Henry Hotspur, do I ly:
For thou right manly gauest the King a feelde,
And there wast slaine because thou wouldst not flye:
Syr Thomas Percy thine vncle fayst to yeeld,
Did cast his head a wonder sene but seeld,
From Shrewsbury towne to the top of London bridge.
Lo thus fonde hope, did both theyr lyues abridge.

Whan King Henry this victory had wonne,
Destroyed the Percyes, put theyr power to flyght,
He did appoynt prince Henry his eldest sonne:
With all his power to mete me if he myght:
But I discomfyt, through my partners fight,
Had not the hart to mete him face to face,
But fled away and he pursued the chase.

Now Baldwin marke, for I calde prince of Wales,
And made beleue I should be he in deede,
Was made to flye among the hilles and dales,
Where all my men forsooke me at my neede.
Who trusteth loyterers seeld hath lucky speede:
And whan the capitains courage doth him fayle,
His souldiers hartes a litle thing may quayle.

And so Prince Henry chased me, that lo
I found no place wherein I might abyde:
For as the dogges pursue the sely Doe,
The brache behinde, the hounes on euery syde,
So traste they me among the mountaynes wide:
Whereby I founde, I was the hartlesse hare,
And not the beast Coignophete did declare.

And

And at the laſt: like as the litle roch,
Muſt eyther be eat, or leap vpon the ſhore
When as the hungary pickerell doth approch,
And there fynde death which it eſcapt before:
So double death aſſaulted me ſo ſore
That eyther I muſt vnto my enmy yeeld,
Or ſtarue for hungar in the barrayn feeld.

Here ſhame and payne awhile were at a ſtrife
Payn bad me yeeld, ſhame bad me rather faſt:
The one bad ſpare, the other bad ſpend my life,
But ſhame (ſhame haue it) ouercame at laſt.
Than hunger gnew, that doth the ſtone wall braſt,
And made me eate both grauell, durt and mud,
And laſt of all, my dung, my fleſh, and blud.

This was mine ende to horrible to heare,
Yet good ynough for a life that was ſo yll,
Wherby O Baldwin warne all men to beare
Their youth ſuch loue, to bring them vp in ſkill.
Byd princes flye Colprophets lying byll:
And not preſume to clime aboue theyr ſtates,
For they be faultes that foyle men, not theyr fates.

FINIS.

Whan

When starued Owen had ended his hungry exhortatiō, it was well inough liked, how beit one found a doubt worth the mouing. and that concerning this title, Earle of March: for as it appereth, ther wer 3. mē of 3. diuers natiōs together in one time entituled by that honour: Firste syr Edmund Mortimer, whom Owen kept in prysō, an Englishman: the second the Lorde George of Dunbar a valiaunt Scot, banished out of his countrey, and well esteemed of Henry the fowerth: the third Lorde James of Bourbon a Frenchman, sent by the french king to helpe Owen Glendour. These three men had this tytle all at once, whiche caused him to aske how it was true that euery one of these cōulde be Earle of Marche: whereto was aunswered, that euerey countrey hath Marches belonging vnto them, & those so large, that they were Earldomes and the Lords therof intitulyd therby: so ỳ lord Edmūd Mortimer was Earle of March in England, Lord James of Burbon of ỳ marches of Fraunce, and Lord George of Dunbar Earle of the Marches in Scotland. For otherwise neyther could haue interest in others title. This doubt thus dissolued, maister Ferrers said: if no man haue affection to the Percies, let vs passe the times both of Henry the fourth and the fyft, and come to Henrye the first in whose time Fortune (as she doth in ỳ mynority of princes) bare a great stroke among the nobles. And yet in Henry the fourths time are examples which I would wishe Baldwin that you should not

not forget, as the conspiracye made by the Bysshop of Yorke, and the Lorde Mowbray, sonne of him whom you late treated of: pricked forwarde by the Earle of Northumberland, father to sir Henry Hotspur, who fled himselfe, but his parteners were apprehended & put to death, with Bainton and Blinkinsops, which could not se theyr duty to their king, but tooke part with Percy that banished Rebell. As he was proceding, he was desired to stay by one which had pondered the storie of the Percies, who briefely saide. To thende Baldwin that you maye know what to say of the Percies whose story is not all out of memorye (and it is an notable story) I wyll take vpon me the person of the Lorde Henry Percy Erle of Northumberlād, father of syr Henry Hotspur, in whose behalfe this may be saide as followeth.

Howe Henry Percy Earle of Northumberland, was for his couetous and trayterous attempt put to death at Yorke. Anno. 1407.

MOrall Seneca true fynde I thy saying,
That neyther kin, riches, strength, or fauour
Are free from Fortune, but are ay decaying:
No worldly welth is ought saue doubtfull labours.
Mans lyfe in earth is like vnto a tabour,
Whiche nowe to myrth doth mildly men prouoke
And strayght to war, with a more sturdye stroke.

All this full true I Percy finde by proofe,
Which whilom was Earle of Northumberland:
And therfore Baldwin for my Piers behoofe,
To note mens falles sith thou hast tane in hand,
I would thou should my state well vnderstand:
For fewe Kinges were more than I renouned,
Whome double Fortune lifted vp and louted.

As for my kinne their nobleneſſe is knowen,
My valiaunt acts were folly for to prayſe,
Wher through the Scots so oft wer ouerthrowē,
That who but I was doubted in my dayes:
And that king Richard found at all aſſayes,
For neuer Scots rebelled in his raigne,
But through my force were eyther caught or ſlayne.

Also

A brother I had was Earle of Worcester,
Alwayes in office and fauour with the King.
And by my wyle dame Elinor Mortimer,
A sonne I had which so the Scots did sting,
That being yong, and but a very syting,
Henry Hotspur they gaue him vnto name,
And though I saye it, he did deserue the same.

We three triumphed in king Richardes tyme,
Tyll Fortune ought both hym and vs a spite:
But chiefly me, whome clerely from any cryme,
My king did banyshe from his fauour quite,
Proclayming me a trayterous knight:
Where through false flaunder forced me to be
That which before I did moste deadly flee.

Let men beware how they true folke defame,
Or threaten on them the blame of vices nought,
For infamy breedeth wrath, wreke followeth shame:
Eke open flaunder often times hath brought
That to effect, that erst was neuer thought
To be misdemed men suffer in a sort.
But none can beare the griefe of misreport.

Because my kyng did shame me wrongfully,
I hated him and in dede became his foe:
And whyle he did at war in Ireland lye,
I did conspire to turne his weale to woe:
And through the duke of Yorke and other moe,
All royall power from him we quickly tooke
And gaue the same to Henry Bolenbroke.

Meythe

Neythey did we this onely for this cause,
But to say truth, force dzaue vs to the same:
For he despising God and all his lawes,
Slew whome he would, made sinne a very game,
And seing neither age nor counsaile could him tame,
We thought it well done for the kyngdomes sake,
To leaue his rule that did all rule forsake.

But when syr Henry had attaynd his place,
He straighte became in all pointes worse than he,
Destroied the piers, & slew king Richardes grace,
Against his othe made to the Lordes and me:
And sekyng quarels howe to disagre,
He shamelesly required me and my sonne
To yeld him Scots which we in field had wonne.

Wy Nephue also Edmund Mortimer
The very heyr apparant to the crowne,
Whom Owen Glendour held as prysoner,
Vilely bound in dungeon depe cast downe,
He would not raunsome but did felly frown,
Against my brother and me which for him spake,
And hym proclaymed traytour for our sake.

This foule despite did cause vs to conspire
To put hym downe as we did Richard erst,
And that we might this matter set on fire
From Owens iayle, our cosin we remeerst,
And vnto Glendour all our griefes reherst,
Who made a bond with Mortimer and me,
To myne the King and part the realme in thre.

But

But when kyng Henry heard of this deuise,
Toward Owen Glendour he sped hym very quicke,
Mynding by force to stop hur enterprise:
And as the deuill would, than fell I sicke,
Howbeit my brother and sonne more politike
Than prosperous, with an hoast from Scotland brought,
Encountred him at Shewesbury where they fought.

The one was tane and kild, the other slayne,
And shortly after was Owen put to flight:
By meanes whereof I forced was to fayne,
That I knewe nothing of the former fyght.
Fraude oft auayles more than doth sturdy myght:
For by my fayning I brought him in beliefe,
I knewe not that wherin my part was chiefe.

And while the king thus tooke me for his frende,
I sought all meanes my former wrong to wreake,
Which that I might bring to the soner end,
To the bishop of Yorke I did the matter breake,
And to Therle Marshall likewyse did I speake.
Whose father was through Henries cause exiled,
The bishops brother with trayterous death defiled.

These strayt assented to do what they could,
So did the Lord Hastinges and Lorde Fauconbridge:
Which altogether promised they would,
Set all their power the kynges dayes to abridge.
But se the spite, before the byrdes were flydge
The kyng had wood and seasoned on the nest
Whereby alas my frendes were all oppest.

The

The bloody tyrant brought them all to ende
Excepted me, which into Scotland scapt,
To George of Dunbar therle of March, my frend,
Who in my cause all that he could ey scrapt:
And when I had for greater succour gapt,
Both at the Frenchmen and the Flemings hand,
And could get none I tooke such as I fand.

And with the help of George my very frend.
I did inuade Northumberland full bold,
Wheras the folke drew to me styll on end,
Bent to death my party to vphold:
Through help of these, full many a fort and hold,
The which the King right manfully had mand,
I easely wonne, and seised in my hand.

Not so content (for vengeance draue me on)
I entred Yorkshyre there to waste and spoile,
But ere I had far in the countrey gone
The shiryffe therof, Rafe Rokesby did assoyle
My troubled hoast of much part of our toyle
For he assaulting freshly tooke through power,
Me and Lord Bardolph both at Bramham moore.

And thence conueyed vs to the town of York,
Untill he knew what was the Kings entent:
There loe Lord Bardolph kinder than the Storke,
Did lose his head, which was to London sent,
With whome for frendship mine in like case went,
Thys was my hap my fortune or my faute,
This life I led and thus I came to naught.

Wherefore good Baldwin will the Piers take hede,
Of slaunder, mallice, and conspiracy,
Of couetise, whence all the rest procede:
For couetise ioynt with contumacy,
Doth cause all mischiefe in mens hartes to brede.
And therfore this to Esperance my woord.
Who causeth bloodshed shall not escape the swoord.

FINIS.

BVt that this was ended, I had founde out the story of Richarde Earle of Cambridge: & because it contained matter in it, thoughe not very notable, yet for the better vnderstanding of the rest, I thought it mete to touch it, and therfore said as followeth: you haue said well of ỳ Percies & fauourably: For in dede as it should appeare, the chiefe cause of their conspiracy against king Hẽrye, was for Edmund Mortimer their cousins sake whome the kinge very maliciously proclaymed to haue yelded him selfe to Owen coulourably, whan as in dede he was taken forcibly against his wyll & very cruelly ordered in prison. And seinge we are in hand with Mortimers matter, I will take vppon me the person of Richard Plantagenet earle of Cãbridge, who for his sake like wise dyed. And therefore

fore I let passe Edmund Holland Earle of Kent, whome Henry the fourth made admirall to skoure the Seas, because ꝑ Britons were abrode: which Earle (as many thinges happen in war) was slain with an arrow at ꝑ assault of Briack: shortly after whose death this king dyed, & his son Henrye ꝑ fyft of that name, succeded in his place.

In the beginning of this Henry the fyfts raigne dyed this Richard, & with him Henrye the Lorde Scrope and other in whose behalfe this may be saide.

Richard Plantagenet,

How Richard Plantagenet Earle of Cambridge entending the Kings Destruction, was put to death at Southamton. Anno. Dom. 1415.

HAste maketh waste, hath commonly ben sayde,
And secrete mischiefe seeld hath lucky spede:
A murdering minde with proper poyze is wayd,
All this is true, I finde it in my crede.
And therfore Balwin warne all states take heede,
How they conspire any other to betrappe,
Least mischiefe ment light in the miners lappe.

For I Lord Richard heyre Plantagenet,
Was Earle of Cambridge and right fortunate,
If I had had the grace my wit to set,
To haue content me with mine own estate:
But O false honours, breders of debate,
The loue of you oure lewd hartes doth allure,
To lese our selues by seking you vnsure.

Because my brother Edmund Mortimer,
Whose eldest sister was my wedded wife,
I meane that Edmunde that was prisoner
In Wales so long through Owens bustie strife,
Because I say that after Edmundes life,
His rightes and titles must by law be mine,
For he ne had, nor could encrease his line.

Because

Because the right of realme and crowne was ours,
I serched meanes to help him thereunto:
And where the Henries held it by their powrs,
I sought a shyft their tenures to vndo,
Which being force, sith force or sleight must do,
I voyde of might, because their powr was strong,
Set privy sleights against their open wrong.

But sith the death of most part of my kin
Dyd dash my hope, through out the fathers dayes
I let it slip, and thought it best begin,
When as the sonne should dred least such assaies:
For force through spede, sleight spedeth through delayes,
And feeld doth treason time so fitly fynde
As when all dangers most be out of minde.

Wherefore while Henry of that name the fifte,
Prepard his army to go conquer Fraunce,
Lord Scroope and I thought to attempt a drifte,
To put him downe my brother to auaunce:
But were it Gods will, my luche, or his good chaunce,
The King wist wholy whereabout we went
The night before to shipward he him bent.

Then were we straight as traytours apprehended,
Our purpose spied, the cause therof was hid,
And therfore loe a false cause we pretended,
Where through my brother was fro daunger rid:
We said for hier of French Kings coyne, we did
Behight to kill the King: and thus with shame
We staind our selues, to saue our frende fro blame.

When we had thus confest so foule a treason,
That we deserued, we suffered by the law.
See Baldwin see, and note as it is reason
How wicked dedes to wofull endes do draw,
All force doth fayle no craft is worth a strawe,
To attayne thinges lost and therfore let them go,
For myght ruleth right, and will though truth say no.

FINIS.

When stout Richarde had stoutely sayde his minde, belyke saide one, this Richard was but a litle man, or els litle fauoured of writers, for our chronicles speake very litle of him. But seing we be com now to king Henries voyage into Fraunce, we cannot lacke valiaunt men to speke of for among so many as were led & sent by the kinge out of this Realme thyther, it can not be chosen but some, and that a greate somme, were slain among them: wherfore to speke of them all, I thincke not nedefull. And therfore to let passe Edward Duke of Yorke, and the Earle of Suffolke, slain both at the battaile of Agincourt, as were also many other. Let vs end the tyme of Henry the fift, and come to his sonne Henrye the firte: whose nonage brought Fraunce and Normandy out of bondage, and was cause that so fewe of our noble men died aged. Of whome to let passe the nomber. I will take vpon me:

mee the person of Thomas Montague Earle of Salisbury, whose name was not so good at home (and yet he was called ỳ good Earle) as it was dreadfull abroade: who exclamyng vpon the mutability of Fortune may iustly saye in manner as followeth.

How Thomas Montague Earle of Salisburye in the middest of his glory, was chaunceably slaine at Orleaunce with a piece of Ordinaunce the. 3. of Nouember. Anno. 1428.

WHat fooles be we to truſt vnto our ſtrength,
Our wit, our courage, or our noble fame,
Which time it ſelfe muſt nedes deuour at length.
Though froward Fortune could not foyle the ſame.
But ſeing this Goddeſſe giueth all the game,
Which ſtill to chaunge doth ſet her only luſt,
Why toyle we ſo for thinges ſo hard to truſt?

A goodly thing it is ſuerly good report,
Which noble hartes, do ſeke by courſe of kinde:
But ſeen the date ſo doutfull and ſo ſhort,
The way ſo rough wherby we do it finde,
I cannot chooſe but prayſe the princely mynde
That preaſeth for it, though we kynde oppreſſ,
By foule defame thoſe that deſerue it beſt.

Concerning whom marke Balwyn what I ſay,
I meane the vertuous hindred of their byrte,
Among which nomber recken well I may,
My valiaunt father Iohn Lord Montacute,
Who loſt his life I iudge through iuſt purſute:
I ſay the cauſe and not the caſuall ſpeede,
Is to be waied in euery kinde of deede,

This

This rule obserued, how many shall we synde
For vertues sake with infamy oppresst,
How many again through help of Fortune blinde,
For ill attemptes atchieued, with honour blest?
Successe is worst oftimes when cause is best:
Therfore say I: God send them sory happs
That iudge the causes by their afterclapps.

The end in deede is iudge of euery thing,
Which is the cause of latter point of time:
The first true verdict at the first may bring,
The last is slow, or slipper as the slime,
Oft chaunging names of innocence and crime.
Duke Thomas death was Iustice two yearrs long,
And euer sence, sore tyranny and wrong.

Wherfore I pray thee Baldwyn way the cause,
And praise my father as he doth deserue:
Because Earle Henry, King against all lawes,
Endeuoured King Richard for to starue,
In iayle, wherby the regall crowne might swarue
Out of the line to which it then was due,
(Wherby God knowes what euell might ensue)

My Lord Iohn Holland Duke of Exester,
Which was dere cosin to this wretched King,
Dyd moue my father, and the Earle of Glocester,
With other Lordes to ponder well the thing:
Who seing the mischiefes that began to spring,
Did all consent this Henry to depose,
And to restore King Richard to the rose.

And

And while they did deuise a pretty traine,
Wherby to bring their purpose better about,
Which was in maske this Henry to haue slaine,
The Duke of Aumarle bieng their counsaile out,
Yet was their purpose good therein no dout.
What cause can be more worthy for a knyght,
Than saue his king, and help true heyrs to right.

For this with them my father was destroyed,
And buried in the dunghill of defame:
Thus euill chaunce their glory dyd annoyde,
Wheras theyr cause doth claime eternall fame.
What deedes therfore vnluckely do fraime,
Men ought not iudge the auctours to be nought,
For right through might is often ouerraught.

And God doth suffer that it should be so,
But why, my wit is feble to deuise,
Except it be to heape vp wrath and wo
On wicked heades that iniuries deuise.
The cause why mischiefs many times arise,
And light on them that would mens wronges reuenge,
Is for the rancour that they beare in brest.

God hates rigour though it serue right,
For sinne is sinne, how euer it be vsed:
And therfore suffereth chaunce and death to light,
To punish vyce, though he be well abused.
Who murdereth right is not therby excused,
Al through the same be done sum other wrong:
To euery vice due guerdon doth belong.

What

What preach I nowe I am a man of warre,
And that my body I dare say doth proue,
Of cured woundes beset with many a skarre,
My broken lawe nowe craue no lesse,
O Fortune, Fortune neuer shall controlle,
My father had great cause thy fraude to curse,
But much more I, abused twentines worse.

Thou neuer flatteredst him in all thy life,
But me thou dandledst like thy darling deare:
Thy gyftes I found in euery corner rife,
Where euer I went I met thy smyling cheare:
Which was not soe today or so a yeare,
But through the reigne of three right worthy kinges,
I founde the fortune all kinde of thinges.

The while King Henry conquered in Fraunce
I sued the warres and still found victory,
In all assaultes so happy was my chaunce,
Holdes yeld or won did make my enemies fly:
Dame Prudence eke augmented so my glory,
That in all treaties euer I was one,
When weyghty matters were agreed vpon.

But when this King thy conqueror,
Through death vnripe was from his realmes bereft,
His sely infant did receyue his power,
Poore litle babe full young in cradell left,
Where crowne and Scepter hurt him with the heft.
Whose worthy vncles had the gouernaunce,
The one at home the other abroade in Fraunce.

And

And I which was in peace and warr well tryed,
With both these rules grew thewes effectuall,
Bare rule at home as often as they will'd,
And fought in Fraunce wh am they were still veried,
And euery where so good my seruices seemed,
That English men to me great loue did beare,
Our foes the French, my force fulfilled with feare.

I alwayes thought it fitly for a Prince,
And such as haue the regiment of Realmes,
His subiects hartes with mildenes to conuince,
With iustice mixt, auoyding all extreames:
For like as Phebus with his chearefull beames,
Doth freshly force the fragrant flowers to florish,
So rulers myldenes subiects loue doth norish.

This found I true: for though my myld behauiour,
Their harts I had with me to liue and dye,
And in their speche betrayed oft their fauour,
They cald me still good Earle of Salisbury,
The Lordes confest the condemns my nobly:
For vertuous life, free hartes and lowly minde,
With high and low shall alwayes fauour finde.

Which vertues chiefe becom a man of warr,
Whereof in Fraunce I found experience:
For in assautes due myldenes passeth far
All rigour, force and sturdy violence:
For men wyll stoutly sticke to their defence,
When cruell captaines couet after spoile,
And so vnfoyll, all geue they foes the foyle.

But

But when they knowe they shalde frendly vsed,
They hazard not their heades but rather yelde:
For this my offers neuer were refused
Of any towne, or suerly very seeld.
But force and furies fyt be for the fielde
And there in deede I vsed so the same,
My foes would fly yf they but heard my name.

For whan Lord Steward and Earle Vantadore,
Had cruelly besieged Crauant towne,
Which he had wonne, and kept long time before,
Which lieth in Awxer on the Riuer Youne,
To rayse the siege the regent sent me downe:
Where as I vsed all rigour that I might,
I killed all that were not saued by slight.

When therle of Bedford then in Fraunce Lord regent
Knewe in what sort I had remoued the siege,
In Brye and Champayne he made me vicegerent,
And Lieutenaunt for him and for my Liege:
Which caused me to go to Brye, and there beliege,
Mountaguillon with twenty weekes assaut,
Which at the last was yelded me for naught.

And for the Duke of Bretaynes brother Arthur,
Both Earle of Richmond and of Yuery,
Against his oth from vs had made departure,
To Charles the Dolphin our chiefe enemy,
I with the Regent went to Normandy,
To take his town of Yuery which of spight,
Did to vs dayly all the harme they might.

They

They at the firſt compounded by a day
To yeeld, if reſcues did not come before,
And while in hope to fight, we at it lay,
The Dolphin gathered men two thouſand ſcore,
With Earles Lordes and Captaines ioly ſtore:
Of which the Duke of Alanſon was guyde,
And ſent them down to ſe yf we would bide.

But they left vs and down to Vernoyle went,
And made their vaunt they had our army ſlayne,
And through that lye, that town from vs they hent,
Which ſhortly after turned to their payne:
For there both armies met vpon the plaine:
And we eyght thouſand whom they flew, not flew before,
Did kill of them, ten thouſand men and more.

When we had taken Vernoyle thus agayne,
To driue the Dolphin vtterly out of Fraunce,
The Regent ſent me to Aniow and to Mayne,
Where I beſieged the warlike town of Mawns
There Lord of Toylers Baldwins valiaunce
Did well appeare, which would not yeeld the town,
Tyll all the towers and walles were battered down.

But here now Baldwin take it in good part,
Though that I brought this Baldwin there to yeeld
The Lyon fearce for all his noble hart,
Being ouer matched, is forſt to flye the field.
If Mars him ſelfe there had ben with his ſhield
And in my ſtormes had ſtoutly me withſtoode,
He ſhould haue yeeld, or els haue ſhed my blood.

This worthy Knight both hardy, stout, and wise,
Wrought well his feat: as time and place require,
When Fortune failes, it is the best aduice
To strike the sayle least all ly in the myre.
This haue I said to them thou take no ire,
For though no cause be found, so nature frames,
Men haue a zeale to such as beare theyr names.

But to returne, in Mayn wan I at length,
Such townes and forts as might eyther help or hurt,
I manned Mayon and Suzans town of strength,
Fort Barnard, Thanceaur, and S. Cales the curt,
With Lile sues Bolton, standing in the durt:
Eke Gwerland, Suze, Loupeland and Mountsure,
With Malycorne, these wan I and kept full sure.

Besides all this I tooke nere forty holdes,
But those I razed euen with the ground.
And for these deedes, as sely shepe in foldes,
Do shrinke for feare at euery little sound,
So fled my foes before my face full round:
Was none so hardy that durst abide the fight,
So Mars and Fortune furdered me their knight.

I tell no ly so gastfull grew my name,
That it alone discomfited an hoast:
The Scots and frenchmen well confesse the same,
Els will the towne which they lyke cowards lost.
For whan they sieged Beauzon with greate boast,
Being fourty thousand Britaynes, French, and Scots,
Fyue hundred men did banquish them like sots.

For

For while the Frenchmen freshly assayled still,
Our Englishmen came boldly forth at night,
Crying sainct George, Salisbury, kill, kill, kill,
And offered freshly with their foes to fight,
And they as frenchly tooke themselues to flight,
Supposing suerly that I had bene there,
See how my name did put them all in feare.

Thus was the Dolphins power discomfited,
Fower thousand slaine, their campe tane as it stoode:
Wherby our town and souldiers profited,
For there were vitayles plentifull and good:
This while was I in England by the rood,
To appease a strife that was right foule befall,
Betwene Duke Humfrey and the Cardinall.

The Duke of Exceter shortly after died,
Which of the King at home had gouernaunce,
Whose roume the Earle of Warwicke then supplied,
And I tooke his and sped me into Frauuce.
And hauing a zeale to conquere Dlyaunce,
With much a do I gat the Regents ayd,
And marched thyther, and siege about it layde.

But in the way I tooke the town of Payne,
Where murdered were for stoutnes many a man:
But Baugencey I tooke with litle payne,
For which to shew them fauour I began:
This caused the townes of Mewne and Jargeman,
That stoode on Loyer: to profer me the keyes,
Ere I came nere them, welny by two dayes.

See

See here how Fortune forward can allure,
What baytes she layeth to bring men to their ends
Who hauing hap lyke this, but hopeth sure,
To bring to bale what euer he entendes:
But soone is sower the swete that Fortune sends:
Whan hope and hap, whan health and welth is hiest,
Than wo and wracke, disease, and nede be niehest.

For while I, suing this so good successe,
Layde siege to Orlyaunce on the riuer side,
The Bastard (Cuckolde Cawnies son I gesse,
Tho thought the Dukes, who had the town in gide,
Came fiersly forth, when he his time espied,
To rayse the siege but was bet backe againe,
And hard pursued both to his losse and payne.

For there we wan the bulwarke on the bridge,
With a mighty tower standing fast therby.
Ah cursed tower that didst my dayes abridge,
Would God thou hadst ben further, eyther I:
For in this tower a chamber standes on hye,
From which a man may view through all the town:
By certaine windowes yron grated downe.

Where on a day, now Baldwyn note mine ende,
I stoode in vewing where the town was weake,
And as I busily talked with my frend,
Shot fro the towne, which all the grate did breake
A pellet came and droue a mighty sleake
Against my face, and tare away my cheeke,
For payne wherof I dyed within a weeke.

Lee Baldwin lee the vncertayne of glory,
How sodayne mischiefe dasheth all to dust.
And warne all princes by my broken story,
The happiest Fortune chiefly to mistrust,
Was neuer man that alway had his lust:
Than such be fooles, in fancy more then mad,
Which hope to haue that neuer any had.

FINIS.

THys straunge aduenture of the good Earle drawe vs all into a dumpe, inwardly lamẽting his wofull destenye, out of whiche we were awaked after this sort.

To what end (saide one) muse we so muche on the matter. This Earle is neyther the fyrst nor the last whom Fortune hath foundred in ẏ heigth of their prosperity. For all through the raigne of this vnfortunate King Henry, we shall fynde many whiche haue bene like wise serued, whose chaunces sith they be martiall & therfore honorable, maye the better be omitted. And therfore we will let go the Lordes Wolynes and Poyninges, slayne both at the siege of Orleaunce shortle after the death of this Earle. Also the valiaunt Earle of Arundell destroyed with a bowlet at ẏ assaut of Gerbory, whose storyes neuer the lesse are worthy the hearing. And to quyckẽ vp your

vp your spites, I wil take vpon me a tragicall person in dede, I meane kyng Iames slayne by his seruauntes in his priuy chamber: who although he be a Scot, yet seing he was brought vp in Englande, where hee learned the language, his example also so notable, it were not mete it shold be forgotten.

And therefore marke Baldwyn what I thinke he may say.

How King Iames the firſt for breaking his othes and bonds, was by Gods ſufferannce miſerably murdered of hys owne ſubiectes. An: 1437.

IF for examples ſake thou write thy booke,
I charge the Baldwyn thou forget me not:
Whom Fortune alwayes frowardly forſooke,
Such was my lucke, my merit or my lot.
I am that Iames King Roberts ſon the Scot,
That was in England priſonner all his youth,
Through myne vncle Walters trayterons vntruth.

For whan my father through diſeaſe and age,
Unwieldy was to gouern well his land,
Becauſe his brother walter ſemed ſage,
He put the rule thereof in to his hand.
Than had my father, you ſhall vnderſtand,
Of lawfull barnes, me and one onely other,
Nempt Dauy Rothſay, who was mine elder brother.

This Dauy was prince of Scotland and ſo take,
Tyll his aduoutry cauſed men complayn:
Which that he might by moniſhment forſake,
My father prayed myne vncle take the paine.
To threaten him hys vyces to refrayne.
But he falſe traytour butcherly murdering wretche,
To get the crowne began to ſetch a ſtetch.

Anu

And fynding now a proffer to his pray,
Deuised meanes my brother to deuoure,
And for that cause conuayed him day by day
From place to place, from castle vnto towre,
To Faulkland fort, where like a tormentour
He starued him, and put to death a wife
Whom through a reue he sucke to saue his life.

O wretched death, eye cruell tyranny,
A Prince in prison lost for fault of foode:
Was neuer enmy wrought such vilany.
A trusted brother distroy his brothers bloud
Mo worth so frendly, eye on double hood.
Ah wretched father se thy son is lost,
Sterued by thy brother whom thou trustedst most.

Of whom when some began to finde the fraude,
And yet the traytour made him selfe so clere,
That he should seme to haue deserued laude,
So wofull did he for his prince appere,
My doutfull father loning me full dere,
To auoyde all daunger that might after chaunce,
Sen. me away but nine yeares ould to Fraunce.

But windes and wether were so contrary,
That we were driuen to the English coast,
Which realme with Scotland at that tyme did vary
So that they tooke me prisoner not as hoaste:
For which my father fearing I were lost,
Conceiued shortly such an inward thought,
As to the graue immediately hym brought.

Than had myne vncle all the regiment
At home, and I in England prisonner lay,
For to him selfe he thought it detriment,
For my releasе any raunsom for to pay,
For as he thought he had possest his pray:
And therfore wisht I might in durance dure
Tyll I had dyed, so should his raygne be sure.

But good King Henry seing I was a chyld,
And heir by right vnto a realme and crowne,
Dyd bring me vp not (like my brother) wilde,
But vertuously in feates of high renowne:
In liberall artes, in instrumentall sowne:
By meane whereof when I was after King,
I dyd my realme to ciuill order bring.

For ere I had ben prisonner eyghtene yere,
In which short space two noble Princes dyed,
Whereof the fyrst in prudence had no pere,
The other in war most valyaunt throughly tryed,
Whose roume his sonne babe Henry eke supplied:
The peers of England which did gouerne all,
Dyd of their goodnes help me out of thrall.

They maried me to a cosin of their King,
The Duke of Somersets daughter riche and fayre.
Releasт my raunsom saue a trifling thyng:
And after I had done homage to the heyr,
And swore my frendshyp neuer should appayre,
They brought me kyngly furnisht to my land,
Which I receyued at mine vncles hand.

Whereof

Whereof my Lordes and commons were full glad,
So was myne vncle chiefly as he sayed,
Who in his mouth no other matter had,
Saue punish such as had my brother trayed.
The faut wherof apparantly he layed,
To good Duke Murdo, his elder brothers son,
Whose father dyed long ere this was don.

My cursed vncle slyer than the snake,
Whice would by craft vnto the crowne aspyre,
Because he sawe this Murdo was a stake,
That stayed vp the top of his desyre,
(For his elder brother was duke Murdoes syer)
He thought it best to haue him made away,
So was he suer (I gone) to haue his pray.

And by his crafte the traytour brought to passe
That I destroyed Duke Murdo and his kyn,
Yore innocentes, my louing frends alas.
O Kings and princes what plight stand we in,
A trusted traytour shall you quickly winne
To put to death your kin and frendes most iust:
Take hede therfore, take hede whose rede ye trust.

And at the last to bring me hole in hate,
With God and man at home and eke abrode,
He counsayld me for surance of my state:
To help the Frenchmen, then nigh ouertrode
By Englishmen: and more to lay on lode,
Wyth power and force all England to inuade,
Agaynst the oth and homage that I made.

And though at firſt my conſcience did grudge,
To breake the bounds of frendſhip knitt by oth,
Yet after proke (ſee miſchiefe) I dyd iudge,
It madneſſe for a King to kepe his troth.
And ſemblably with all the world it goth.
Syns oft allayed are thought to be no ſinne,
So ſoyleth ſynne the ſoule it ſinketh in.

But as diſeaſes common cauſe of death,
Bring daunger moſt, when leaſt they pricke and ſmart,
Which is a ſigne they haue expulſt the breath
Of lyuely heate which doth defend the hart:
Euen ſo ſuch ſins as felt are on no part
Haue conquerd grace, and by their wicked wyle,
So kild the ſoule that it can haue no cure.

And grace agate, vice ſtill ſucceedeth vice,
And all to haſte the vengeaunce for the furſt.
I arede therfore all people to be wiſe,
And ſtop the breache whan it begins to burſt.
Attaſte no poyſon (vice is venim wurſt,
It mates the minde) beware eke of to much,
All kyll through muchnes, ſome with onely touche.

When I had learnd to ſet my oth at nought,
And through much vſe the ſence of ſinne exiled,
Agaynſt King Henry what I could I wroght,
My fayth my oth vniuſtly ſoule defiled.
And while ſly Fortune at my doinges ſmyled,
The wrath of God which I had well deſerued,
Fell on my necke, for thus loe was I ſerued.

Ere I

Ere I had raygned fully fiftene yeare,
While time I lay at Pertho at my place,
With the Quene my wife and children me to cheare,
My murdringe vncle with the double face,
That longed for my kingdome and my mate,
To slay me there suborned Robert Grame,
With whome his nephue Robert Stuart came.

And whan their time fit for their purpose found,
Into my priuy chamber they allart,
Where with their swords they gaue me many a wound,
And slue all such as stucke vnto my parte:
There loe my wife did shew her louing hart,
Who to defend me felled one or twaine,
and was sore woundedere I could be slaine.

Se Baldwin Baldwin, the vnhappy endes,
Of such as passe not for their lawfull oth:
Of those that causles leaue their faithe or frendes,
And murder kinsfolke through their foes vntroth,
Warne warne all Princes, all like sinnes to loth,
And chiefly such as in my realme be borne,
For God hates highly all that are forsworne.

FINIS.

When this was said, let king Jamy go sayd mayster Ferrers: and retourne wee to oure owne story, and see what broyles were among the nobilyty in the kinges minority. How the

the Cardinal Beaufoꝛd maligneth ẏ eſtate of good Duke Humfrey the kinges vncle and pꝛotectour of the realme, & by what dꝛifte he fyꝛſt baniſheth hys wyfe from him. And laſtely how the good Duke is murdꝛouſlye made a waye through conſpiracye of Quene Maygaret and other: both whoſe tragedies I entend at leyſure to declare, foꝛ they be notable. Do ſo I pꝛay you (ſaid an other) But take hede ye demurre not vpon them. And I to be occupied in ẏ meane tyme. will ſhewe what I haue noted in the Duke of Suffolkes doinges, one of the chiefe of Duke Humfreys deſtroyers, who by the pꝛouideuce of God came ſhoꝛtly after in ſuch hatred of the people, that the King him ſelfe could not ſaue him from a ſtraunge and notable death, foꝛ being baniſht the realme foꝛ the terme of fyue yeares, to appeaſe the contynuall rumoꝛs and inwarde grudges that not onely the Commons but moſt parte of the nobility of England bare towardes him foꝛ the death of the Duke of Gloceſter and ſapling towardes Fraunce, was met with a ſhip of Deuonſhyꝛe, and beheaded foꝛthwith the fyꝛſte day of may Anno. 1450. and the dead coꝛpꝛs thꝛown vp at Douer vpon the ſandes, whiche may lament hys deathe after thys maner.

How Lord VVilliam Delapole Duke of Suffolke was worthely banyshed, for abusinge his Kinge and causing the destruction of the good Duke Humfrey. An. 1450.

HEauy is the hap wherto all men be bound,
I meane the death, which no estate may flye:
But to be banisht, beheded, and than drownd,
In sinke of shame from top of honors hye,
Was neuer man so serud I thinke but I,
Wherfore Baldwyn amongest the rest by ryght,
I clayme of the my wofull tale to wryte.

My only lyke in all poyntes may suffise,
To shew how base all baytes of Fortune be,
Which thawe lykeyse, through heate of enuies eyes:
Or vicious dedes which much possessed me.
Good hap with vice, long tyme cannot agree,
Which bring best fortunes to the basest fall,
And happyest hap to enuy to be thrall.

Called I was Wyllyam De la Pole,
Of Sukolke Duke in Quene Margarets dayes.
That found the meane Duke Humfreys bloud to coole,
Whose worthy actes deserue eternall prayse,
Wherby I note that Fortune cannot rayse
Any one aloft, without some others wracke:
Flyds drown no fieldes before they fynde a bracke.

But

But as the waters which do breake the walles
Do lose their course they had within the shore,
And dayly rotting stinke within their stalles
For faut of mouing which they found before:
Euenso the state that ouer high is bore
Doth lose the life of peoples loue it had,
And rots it selfe vntyll it fall to bad.

For while I was but Earle, ech man was glad,
To say and do the best by me they myght:
And Fortune euer synce I was a lad,
Dyd smyle vpon me with a chearfull syght,
For whan my Kyng had vouhed me a knight
And sent me forth to serue at war in Fraunce,
My lucky speede myne honour did enhaunce.

Where, to omyt the many feates I wrought
Under others guyde, I do remember one,
Which with my souldiers valyantly was fought,
None other Captayne saue my selfe alone,
I meane not now the appryze of Pucell Ione
In which attempt my trauayle was not small,
Though the Duke of Burgoyne had the prayse of all.

But the siege of Awnarle is the feat I prayse:
A strong built towne, with castles, walles, and vaultes,
With men and Weapon armd at all assayes:
To which I gaue myght fyue tymes fyue assaultes,
Tyll at the last they yelded it for naughtes.
Yet Lord Ramburs like a valyaunt Knyght,
Defended it as long as euer he might.

Vn-

But what preuayled it these townes to winne,
Which shortly after must be lost agayne:
Wherby I see there is more glory in
The keping thinges than is in their attayne:
To get and kepe not, is but losse of payne.
Therfore ought men prouide to saue theyr winninges
In all attemptes, els lose they theyr beginninges.

Because we could not kepe the townes we won,
For they were more than we might easely wyeld
One yere vndid what we in ten had don:
For enuy at home and treason abrode, did yelde
King Charles his realme of Fraunce, made b arrain field:
For blouddy warres had wasted all encrease,
Which cause the Pope help pouerty sue for peace.

So that in Tourayn at the town of Toures
Duke Charles and other for their prince appered,
So did Lord Rolle and I than Earle, for oures:
And whan we shewed wherin ech other vered,
We sought out meanes all quarrels to haue cleared,
Wherin the Lordes of Germany, of Spayne,
Of Hungary, and Denmarke, tooke exceding payne.

But sith we could no finall peace induce,
For neyther would the others couenantes here,
For eyghtene monthes we did continue a truce:
And while as frendes we lay together there,
Because my warrant did me therein beare,
To make a perfyt peace and through accord,
I sought a mariage for my souerayne Lord.

And for the French Kinges daughters were to small,
I fancied most dame Margaret his niece,
A lovely Lady bewtiful and tall,
Fayre spoken, pleasant a very princely piece,
In wit and learning matchlesse hence to Greece,
Duke Rayners doughter of Anjow, King by stile
Of Naples, Jerusalem and of Scicilyle.

But ere I could the graunt of her attayne:
All that our King had of her fathers landes,
As Mauntes the cytye, the county whole of Payne,
And most of Aniow duchy in our handes,
I did release him by assured bandes.
And as for dowry with her none I sought,
I thought no peace could be to derely bought.

But whan this mariage throwly was agreed
Although my King were glad of such a make
His uncle Humfrey abhorred it in dede,
Because therby his precontract he brake,
Made with the heyr of the Earle of Arminacke,
A noble maide with store of goodes endowed,
Which more than this with lesse the Duke allowed.

But love and bewty in the King so wrought,
That neyther profit or promise he regarded,
But set his uncles counsayle styll at nought:
And for my paynes I highly was awarded.
Thus vertue starues, but lustfoode must be larded.
For I made Marquyse went to Fraunce agayne.
And brought this bryde unto my soueraygne.

At whome becaule Duke Humfrey ay repined,
Calling their mariage aduoutry (as it was)
The Quene did moue me, erſt therto enclined,
To helpe to bring him to his Requiem maſſe,
Which ſith it could for no crime cum to paſſe:
Hys life and doinges were ſo right and clere,
Through priuy murder we brought him to his bere.

Thus righteouſnes brought Humfrey to rebuke,
Becauſe he ſhould no wickednelle allow,
But for my doynges I was made a Duke.
So Fortune can both bend and ſmoth her browe
On whome ſhe lift, not palling why or how.
O Lord how high, how ſone ſhe did me rayſe,
How falt ſhe fyld me both with prayes and prayſe.

The Lordes and commons both of like allent,
Beſought my ſoueraygne kneling on their knees,
To record my doynges in the parliament,
As dedes deſeruing euerlalting fees.
In which attempt they did no labour leſe,
For they ſet not my prayſe ſo falt in flame,
As he was redy to reward the ſame.

But note the end, my dedes ſo worthy demed
Of Kyng, of Lordes, and Commons altogether,
Were ſhortly after treaſons falſe eſtemed,
And all men curſt Quene Margets comming hither,
For Charles the french king in his feates not lyther,
Whan we had rendered Rayner Mauntes and Mayne,
Found meane to wyn all Normandy agayne,

Thys

This made the people curse the mariage,
Esteming it the cause of euery losse:
Wherfore at me with open mouth they rage,
Affirming me to haue brought the realme to losse:
Whan King and Queene sawe thinges thus go a crosse,
To quiet all a parliament they called,
And caused me in prison to be thralled.

And shortly after brought me forth a brode,
Which made the Commons more than double woode:
And some with weapons would haue laid on lode,
If their graund captain Blewberd in his moode,
Had not in time with wisdome ben withstode:
But though that he and more were executed,
The people still their wordl against me bruted.

And so applied the parliament with bylles,
Of haynous wronges and open trayterous crimes,
That King and Quene were forth against their willes,
Fro place to place to adiourne it diuers times.
For Princes power is like the sandy limes,
Which must perforce geue place vnto the wane,
Or sue the windy sourges whan they raue.

Their life was not more dere to them than I,
Which made them search all shyftes to saue me styll,
But ay my foes such faultes did on me trye,
That to preserue me from a worser yll,
The King was fayne full sore against his will:
For fyue yeares space to send me in exile,
In hope to haue reworde me in a while.

But marke how vengeaunce wayteth vpon vice.
To shun this stoyme, in sayling towardes Fraunce,
A Pyrates Barke, that was of litle pyce,
Encountred me vpon the seas by chaunce,
Whose captain there, tooke me as in a traunce,
Let passe my shyppes, with all their frayt and loade,
And led me backe agayne to Douer roade.

Where vnto me recounting all my faultes,
As murdring of Duke Humfry in his bed,
And how I had brought all the realme to naughts,
Causing the King vnlawfully to wed,
There was no grace, but I must lose my head.
Wherfore he made me to shryue me in his bote,
And on the brinke my necke in two he smote.

This was myne end: which was by reason due
To me, and such as others deaths procure.
Therfore be bould to write, for it is true,
That who so doth such practise put in vre,
Of due reward at last shalbe most sure,
For God is iust, whose stroke delayed long,
Doth light at last with payn more sharpe and strong.

FINIS. VV. B.

When this was said: euery man reioysed to heare of a wicked person so righteously punished: for though Fortune in many points be iniurious to Princes, yet in this and such like she is most righteouse: and only deserueth the name of

a goddesse, whan she prouideth meanes to punish & destroy tyrantes And when we had a while considered the driftes of the kinge and quene to haue saued this Duke: & yet they could not: It is worthy labour (said one) to way the workes & iudgements of God: whiche seynge they are knowen most euidently by comparing contraries, I will touche the story of Jacke Cade in order nert followinge.

Whome kyng Henrye with all his puissaunce was no more able for a while to destroy (yet was he hys rebellious enemy) than he was to preserue ỳ Duke of Suffolke his derest frende: by which two examples doth appeare howe notablye God disposeth all thinges, and that no force stretcheth farther, than it pleaseth him to suffer. For this Cade beinge an Irisheman but of meane parentage, of no ability, & lesse power, accompanied with a fewe naked kentishemen, caused ỳ king with his army at al pounts appointed, to leaue the field, and suffer him to do whatsoeuer he lusted for a tyme, but in the ende hee was slaine at Hothfielde in Susser, and caried thence to London in a cart, and there quartered. In whose behalfe, seing he is one of Fortunes whelpes, I will troble you a while to heare the processe of his enterprise, whiche he maye declare in manner followinge.

How

How Iacke Cade naming hymselfe Mortimer, traterously rebelling agaynst his King in Iune. Anno. 1450. was for his treasons & cruell doyngs worthely punished.

SHall I call it Fortune or my froward folly,
That lifted me vp and layed me downe belowe?
Or was it courage that made me so holy,
Which of the starres and bodies grement growe?
What euer it were this one poynt suer I knowe,
Which shalbe mete for euery man to marke:
Our lust and willes our euils cheifly warke.

It may be well that planets do encline,
And our complexions moue our myndes to yll,
But such is reason, that they bring to fine
No worke vnayded of our lust and will:
For Heauen and Earth are subiect both to skill.
The skyll of God ruleth all it is so strong,
Man may by skill gyde thinges that to him long.

Though lust be sturdy and will enclined to nought,
This fonde by mixture that by heauens course,
Yet through the skill God hath in reason wrought
And geuen man, no lust nor wil to course,
But may be stayed or swaged of the sourse,
So that it shall in nothing force the mynde:
To worke our wo, or leaue the proper kynde.

But though this skill be geuen to euery man
To rule the will, and kepe the minde aloft,
For lacke of grace full fewe vse it can,
These worldly pleasures tickle vs so oft:
Skyll is not weake, but will strong, flesh is soft
And yelds it selfe to pleasure that it loueth,
And hales the mynde to that it most reproueth.

Now if this hap wherby we yelde our mynde
To lust and will, be Fortune as we name her,
Than is she iustly called false and blinde,
And no reproch can be to much to blame her:
Yet is the shame our owne when so we shame her,
For suer this hap if it be rightly known,
Commeth of our selues and so the blame our own.

For who so liueth in the schole of skill,
And medleth not with any worlds affayres,
Forsaketh pompes and honors, that do spill
The myndes recourse to Graces quiet stayres,
His state no Fortune by no meane appayres:
For Fortune is the folly and plague of those
Which to the world their wretched wylles dispose.

Among which fooles (marke Baldwyn) I am one,
That would not stay my selfe in myne estate.
I thought to rule but to obay to none,
And therfore fell I with my King at bate.
And to the end I myght him better mate,
Iohn Mortimer I caused my selfe be called,
Whose kingly bloud the Henries nye had thralled.

This

Thys thyft I vſed the people to perſwade
To leaue theyr Prince, on my ſyde more to ſticke,
Where as in deede my fathers name was Cade,
Whoſe noble ſtock was neuer worth a ſticke.
But touchyng wyt I was both rype and quicke,
Had ſtrength of limb, large ſtature, comely face,
Which made men wene my lynage were not baſe.

And ſeyng ſtoutnes ſtuck by men in Kent,
Whoſe valyant hartes refuſe none enterpriſe,
With falſe perſwaſions ſtrayte to them I went,
And ſayd they ſuffered to great iniuries:
By meane whereof I cauſed them to riſe,
And battayle wiſe to come to Black heath playne,
And thence their griefs vnto the King complayne.

Who being deafe (as men ſay) on that eare
For we deſyred releaſe of ſubſedies,
Refuſed roughly our requeſtes to heare,
And came agaynſt vs as his enemies:
But we to tary him ſought out ſubtilties,
Remoued our campe, and backe to Senocke went,
After whome the Staffords with their power was ſent.

Se here how Fortune ſetting vs a flote,
Brought to our nets a portion of our pray.
For why the Staffords with their army hote,
Aſſayled vs at Senocke where we laye:
From whence alyue they parted not away,
Whiche whan the Kings retinue vnderſtoode,
They all affirmed my quarrell to be good.

Which cauſed the King, and Quene whome all did hate,
To rayſe their campe, and ſodainly depart:
And that they might the peoples grudge abate,
To impriſon ſome full ſore agaynſt their hart.
Lorde Saye was one, whome I made after ſmart,
For after the Stafforde and their hoaſt was ſlayne,
To Blackheath fyeld I marched back agayne.

And where the King would nothing heare before,
Now was he glad to ſend to knowe my mynde:
And I therby enflamed much the more,
Refuſed his grauntes ſo folly made me blynde.
For this he flew and left Lord Scales behynde,
To help the towne and ſtrengthen London tower,
Towards which I marched forward with my power.

And found there all thinges at myne owne deſire.
I entred London, did there what I lift.
The treaſurer, Lord Saye, I dyd conſpire
To haue condemned: wherof when I miſt,
(For he by lawe my malice did reſiſt)
By force I tooke hym in Guyldhall fro the heape,
And headed him before the croſſe in Cheape.

Hys ſon in law James Cromer ſhriue of Kent
I caught at Myle end where as then he lay:
Beheaded him and on a poale I ſent,
Hys head to London where his fathers laye.
With theſe two heades I made a pretty play,
For pyght on poales I bare them through the ſtrete,
And for my ſport made ech kiſſe other ſwete.

Than

Than brake I prisons let forth whome I wold,
And sled the City as it had ben myne:
Tooke from the marchaunts, mony ware and Gold,
From some by force, from other some by fyne.
This at the length did cause them to repyne,
So that Lord Scales consenting with the Mayre,
Forbad vs to their City to repayre.

For all this while mine hoast in Southwarke lay.
Who whan they knew our passage was denyed,
Came boldly to the bridge and made a fraye,
For in we would, the townes men vs defyed:
But whan with strokes we had the matter tryed,
We wan the bridge and set much parte on fyer,
This done to Southwark backe we did retyer.

The morow after came the Chauncellour,
With generall pardon for my men, halfe gone,
Which heard and read, the rest within an houre,
Shranke all away ech man to shifte for one.
And whan I saw they left me post alone,
I dyd dysguyse me like a knyght of the post,
And into Sussex rode away in poste.

And there I lurked tyll that cursed coyne,
That restlesse begle sought and found me out,
For straight the King by promyse did enioyne,
A thousand marke to who so euer mought
Apprend my corse, which made them seeke about:
Among the which one Alexander Iden,
Found out the hole where in the fore was hidden.

But ere he tooke me I put hym to his trumps,
For yeeld I would not while my handes would holde,
But hope of money made him stur his stumps,
And to assault me valyauntly and bolde.
Two hores and more our combat was not colde,
Tyll at the last he lent me such a stroke,
That downe I fell and neuer after spoke.

Than was my carkasse caryed like a hog.
To Southwarke borow where it lay a night,
The next day drawen to Newgate like a dog,
All men reioysing at the rufull sight:
Than were on poales my perboyld quarters pight,
And set aloft for vermin to deuour,
Mete graue for rebels that resist the power.

Full litle know we wretches what we do.
When we presume our princes to resist.
We war with God, agaynst his glory to,
That placeth in his office whome he list:
Therfore was neuer traytour yet but mist
The marke he shot, and came to shamefull ende,
Nor neuer shall tyll God be forst to bend.

God hath ordayned the power, all princes be
His lieutenantes or debities in realmes,
Agaynst their foes thrrfore fighteth he,
And as his ennmies driues them to extreames,
Their wise deuises proue but doltish dreames.
No subiect ought for any kynde of cause,
To force the Prince, but yeld him to the lawes.

Wherfore

Wherfore Baldwin warne men folow reason,
Subdue their willes, and be not Fortunes slaues,
A shamefull ende doth euer followe treason,
There is no trust in rebelles, rascall knaues,
In Fortune lesse, which worketh as the waues:
From whose assautes who listeth to stand fre,
Must followe skyll, and so contented be.

FINIS.

BY sainct Mary (said one) if Jacke were as wel learned, as you haue made his oration, what so euer he was by birth, I warrant him a gentilman by his learning. How notably a philosopher lyke hath hee described Fortune and the causes of worldly cumbraunce? howe lyke a deuyne hath he determined the states both of officers and rebelles. For in dede officers be gods deputies, and it is gods office which they beare: and it is he which ordayneth therto such as himselfe listeth, good whan he fauoureth the people, and euill when he wil punish them. And therfore whosoeuer rebelleth againste any ruler eyther good or bad, rebelleth agaynste God and shalbe suer of a shamefull ende: For God cannot but mainteyne his deputy. Yet this I note by the way concerning rebels and rebellions. Although the deuill raise them, yet God alwayes vseth them to his glorye, as a parte of his iustice. For whan kings & chiefe rulers, suffer their vnder officers to misuse their subiects, and wil not heare nor remedy their peoples wrongs whan they complayne

complayne, than suffereth God the rebell to rage, and to execute that parte of his Justice, whiche the parciall prince would not,

For the Lorde Saye a very corrupt officer, and one whome notwithstanding the king alwayes mainteyned, was destroyed by this Jacke, as was also the Byshop of Salisburye (a prionde and couetous prelate) by other of the rebelles. And therfore what soeuer prince desireth to lyue quietey without rebellion must do his subiects right in all thinges, & punishe suche officers as greue or oppresse theym: thus shall they be suer from all rebellion. And for ỳ cleter opening hereof it were well done to set foorth this Lord Sayes tragedy. What nede that (sayd another) seing the lyke example is sene in the Duke of Suffolke, whose doinges are declared sufficiently already. Nay let vs go forward for we haue a greate many behinde that may not be omitted, and the tyme as you se passeth away. As for this Lorde Saye whome Cade so cruelly killed and spitefullye vsed after his death (I dare saye) shalbe knowen therby what he was to all that reade or heare this story. For God woulde neuer haue suffered hym to haue ben so vsed, except he had first deserued it. Therfore let hym go and with him the Bishop, and all other slayne in that rebellyon which was rayled as it may be thought through some drift of ỳ Duke of Yorke, who shortly after began to endeuour him selfe by all meanes to attayne the crowne, and therfore gathered an army in Wales and marched towardes

wards Londō: but ỳ kyng with his power taried
emet him at sainte Albons, where whyle the kyng
and he were about a treaty, Richarde Neuile Earle
of Warwicke, cheefe of the faction of the house of
Yorke, set vpon the kinges army, gate the victorye
and slue Eadmund Beaufoꝛd Duke of Somerset.
where also the same day were slaine in the quarrell
of king Henry the fyrst, Henry Percy the seconde of
of that surname, Earle of Noꝛthumberland, Hil-
frey Earle of Staffoꝛd son and heyre to Humfrey
Staffoꝛd Duke of Buckingham, John Loꝛd Clif-
foꝛd, Babthoꝛp the kinges Attoꝛney and his son
and heyre, beſydes many mo of the nobility.

But because the Duke of Somerset
was the chiefe of that parte, pas-
sing ouer the rest, let vs onely
heare hym speake foꝛ all.

Eadmund Duke

The tragedy of Eadmũd Duke of Somerſet, ſlaine in the firſte battaile at Sainte Albanes, the 23. day of May, in the 32. yeare of Henrye the ſixte. Anno: 1454.

SOme I ſuppoſe are borne vnfortunate,
Els good endeuours could not ill ſucceede,
What ſhall I call it: yll fortune or fate,
That ſom mens attempts haue neuer good ſpede,
Their trauaile thankles, all bootles their hede:
Where other vnlike in working or ſkill,
Outwreſtle the world, and wyeld it at will.

Of the firſt nomber I count my ſelfe one,
To all miſhap I wene predeſtinate,
Beleue me Baldwin there be few or none,
To whome Fortune was euer more ingrate.
Wake thou therfore my life a Caueat,
That who ſo with force wyll worke agaynſt kynde,
Sayleth (as who ſayth) agaynſt the ſtreame and wynde.

For I of Somerſet which Duke Eadmund hight,
Extract by diſcent from Lancaſter lyne,
Were it by folly, or Fortunes deſpyte,
Or by yll aſpect of ſome croked ſygne,
Of mine attempts could neuer ſe good fine:
What ſo I began did ſeldome well end:
God from ſuch Fortune all good men defend.

Where

Where I thought to saue, most part I did spill,
For good hap with me was alway at warre.
The linage of Yorke whome I bare so yll,
By my spite became bright as the morning starre,
Thus somewhiles men make when fayn they would marre.
The more ye lop tres, the greater they growe,
The more ye stop streames, the higher they flowe.

Maugre my spite, his glory grewe the more,
And myne, as the mone in the wane, waxt lesse:
For hauing the place which he had before,
Gouernour of Fraunce, neyes I must confesse,
That lost was Normandy without redresse,
Yet wrought I alwaies that wit might contriue,
But what doth it boote with the streame to striue?

Borne was I neyther to war ne to peace,
For Mars was maligne to all my whole trauer
My byrth I beleue was in Ioues decrease,
When Cancer in his course being retrograde,
Declined from Sol to Saturnus shade,
Where aspects were good, opposites dyd marre,
So grew myne vnhap both in peace and warre.

A straunge natiuity in calculation,
As all my lyues course, did after well declare,
Whereof in a briefe to make relation,
That other by me may learne to beware,
Ouerlight credence was cause of my care,
And want of foresight in geuing assent,
To condemne Humfrey that Duke innocent.

Humfrey

Humfrey I meane that was the protectour,
Duke of Glocester of the royall bloud,
So long as he was Englands dyrectour,
King Henries title to the crowne was good.
This Prince as a piller most stedfastly stood:
Or like a prop set vnder a vyne,
In state to vpholde all Lancasters lyne.

O heedles trust, vnware of harme to come.
O malice headlong swyft to serue fond will,
Dyd euer madnes man so much benome,
Of prudent fore cast, reason, wit, and skill,
As me blinde Bayard consenting to spill
The bloud of my cosin, my refuge and stay,
To my destruction making open way?

So long as the Duke, bare the stroke and sway,
So long no Rebels quarrels durst begin,
But when the polle, was pulled once away,
Which stoode to vpholde the King and his kin,
Yorke and his banders proudly prealed in.
To chalenge the crowne by title of right,
Beginning whitlawe, and ending with might.

Abroade went bruites in countrey and towne,
That Yorke of England was the heyre true,
And how Henry had vsurped the crowne
Agaynst all right, which all the realme myght rue:
The people than embrasing titles newe,
Pykesome of present and longing for chaunge,
Assented sone because they loue to raunge.

True is the text which we in ſcripture reade,
Ve terræ illi cuius rex eſt puer.
Wo to that land whereof a childe is heade,
Whether childe or childiſh, the caſe is one ſure,
Where Kinges be yong, we dayly ſee in vre,
The people awleſſe, by weakenes of their head,
Leade their liues lawleſſe, hauing none to dread.

And no leſſe true is this text agayne,
Beata terra cuius rex eſt nobilis.
Bleſt is the land where a ſtout King doth rayne,
Where in good peace ech man poſſeſſeth his,
Where yll men feare to fault or do amis,
Where a ſtout Prince is preſt, with ſword in hand,
At home and abroade his enemies to withſtand.

In caſe King Henry had bene ſuch a one,
Hardy and ſtoute as his fathers afore,
Long mought he haue ſate in the royall throne,
Without any feare of common vprore.
But dayly his weakeneſſe ſhewed more and more,
Which boldnes gaue, to the aduerſary hand,
To ſpoyle him at laſt both of lyfe and land.

His humble hart was nothing vnknowen,
To the gallants of Yorke and their retinue,
A ground lying lowe is ſoone ouerflowen,
And ſhored houſes cannot long contynue,
Joyntes cannot knit wheras is no ſynowe.
And ſo a prince, not dred as well as loued
Is from his place, by practiſe ſone remoued.

Well

¶ Well mought I see had I not wanted brayne,
The worke begon to vnder myne the state,
When the chiefe link was loosed fro the chayne,
And that some durst vppon bloud royal grate,
How tickle a hold had I of myne estate:
When the chiefe post lay flat vppon the floze,
Mought not I thinke my staffe then next the doze:

So mought I also dame Margaret the Quene,
By meane of whome this mischiefe first began,
Dyd she trow ye, her selfe not ouerwene
Death to procure to that most worthy man:
¶ Which she and hers afterward mought well ban,
On whome did hang, as I before haue sayde,
Her husbandes life, his honour and his ayde.

For whilst he liued which was our stable stay,
Yorke and his ympes were kept as vnder yoke,
But when the piller remoued was away,
Then burst out flame, that late before was smoke,
The traytour couert than cast of his cloake,
And from his den came forth in open light,
With tytles blinde which he set forth for right.

But this to bring about him first behoued,
The King and his kin asunder for to set:
¶ Who being perforce or practise remoued,
Then had they auoyded the principall let,
¶ Which kept the sought pray so long from the net:
The next poynt after, was themselues to place
In rule aboue the rest, next vnto his grace.

Therfore

I was the fyrſt whome they put out of place,
No cauſe pretending but the common weale,
The crowne of England was the very caſe,
Why to the Commons they burned ſo in zeale.
My faultes were c'oakes their practiſe to conceale,
In counſayle hearing conſidre the entent,
For in pretence of truth, treaſon oft is ment.

So their pretence was onely to remoue,
Counſayle corrupt from place about the Kyng.
But O ye Princes, you it doth behoue,
This caſe to conſtrue as no fayned thing,
That neuer traytour did ſubdue his King,
But for his plat, ere he could further wade,
Agaynſt his frendes the quarrell firſt he made.

And if by hap he could ſo bring about,
Them to ſubdue at his own wiſh and will,
Then would he waxe ſo arrogant and ſtout,
That no reaſon his outrage might fulfyll.
But to procede vpon his purpoſe ſtill
Tyll King and Counſayle brought were in one caſe:
Such is their folly, to rebelles to geue place.

So for the fill caſting forth a net,
The next poynt was in diuing out the plat,
Commons to cauſe in rage to fume and fret,
And to rebell, I cannot tell for what,
Requiring redreſſe of this and of that:
Who if they ſpede, the ſlander at receyt,
Graſp wyll the pray for which he doth awayt.

Then by surmise of some thing pretended,
Such to displace as they may well suspect,
Lyke to withstand their mischief entended,
And in their roumes their banders to elect,
The aduerse party proudly to reiect.
And then with reportes the simple to abuse,
And when these helpes fayle, open force to vse.

So this Dukes traynes were couert and not seene,
Which ment no lesse, that he most pretended.
Lyke to a Serpent covert vnder grene,
To the weale publike seemed wholy bended:
Zelous he was and would haue all thing mended,
But by that mendment nothing els he ment,
But to be King, to that marke was his bent.

For had he bene playne, as he ment in deede,
Henry to depose from the royall place,
His halt had bene waste, and much worse his spede,
The King then standing in his peoples grace.
This Duke therfore set forth a goodly face,
As one that ment no quarrell for the crowne,
Such as bare rule, he onely would put downe.

But all for nought, so long as I bare stroke,
Serued these dyftes, and proued all but bayne,
The best helpe then, was people to prouoke,
To make commocion and byroes a mayne:
Which to appease, the Kyng himselfe was fayne,
From blacke heathe in Kent, to send me to the Tower.
Such was the force of rebels in that hower.

The

The tempeſt yet therewyth was not ceaſed,
For Yorke was bent his purpoſe to purſue,
Who ſeyng how ſone I was releaſed,
And yll ſucceſſe of ſufferaunce to inſue:
Then lyke Judas, vnto hys Lord vntrue,
Eſtemyng tyme loſt any lenger to defarre,
By Warwickes ayde proclaymed open warre.

At S. Albanes towne both our hoaſtes dyd mete,
Which to try a fielde was no equall place,
For ſtyll we were to fight in euery lane and ſtrete,
No feare of foes could make me ſhun the place:
There I and Warwicke fronted face to face,
At an Inne doore, the Caſtell was the ſygne,
Where with a ſword was cut my fatall lyne.

Oft was I warned to come in Caſtel none,
Hauing no miſtruſt of any common ſygne,
I dyd imagine a Caſtell buylt with ſtone,
For of no Inne I could the ſame deuyne:
In Prophets ſkill my wyt was neuer fyne,
A foole is he that ſuch vayne dreames doth hed,
And more foole of both that will by them be led.

My life I loſt in that vnlucky place,
With many Lordes that leaned to my parte:
The Earle Percy had no better grace,
Clyfford for all his courage could not ſhun the darte,
Buckingham heyr was at this mortall marte,
Babthorp the Attorney for all his ſkyll in lawe,
In this poynt of pleadyng appeared very rawe.

So poꝛe King Henry diſarmed of his bandes,
Hys frendes ſlayne wanting all aſſiſtence,
Was made a pꝛay vnto his enemies handes,
Pꝛiued of power and pꝛincely reuerence,
And as a puppyll voyde of all experyence,
Innocent playne, and ſymply witted,
Was as a Lambe vnto the wolfe committed.

A Parlyament than was called with ſpeede,
A Parlyament, nay a playne conſpiracy,
When agaynſt ryght it was decreede,
That after the death of the ſyꝛt Henry
Yoꝛke ſhould ſucceede vnto the eegally,
And in his lyke the charge and pꝛotection,
Of King and realme at the Dukes dyꝛection.

And thus was Yoꝛke declared pꝛotectour,
Pꝛotectour ſayd I, nay Pꝛodytoꝛ playne.
A rancke rebell the pꝛinces dyꝛectour,
A vaſſall to leade his Loꝛd and ſouerayne,
What honeſt hart would not conceyue diſdayne
To ſee the foote ſurmount aboue the head,
A monſter is in ſpite of nature bꝛed.

Some happyly heare will moue a farther doubt,
And as foꝛ Yoꝛkes parte allege an elder right,
O bꝛaynleſſe hedes that ſo run in and out.
When length of tyme a ſtate hath firmely pyght:
And good accoꝛd hath put all ſtryfe to flyght,
Were it not better ſuch tytles ſtill to ſlepe,
Than all a realme about the tryall wepe?

From

From the female, came Yorke and all his feede,
And we of Lancaſter from the heir male,
Of whome three Kinges in order dyd ſucceede,
By iuſt diſcent: this is not fayned tale.
Who would haue thought that any ſtorme or gale
Our ſhyp could ſhake, hauing ſuch anker hold:
None I thinke ſure, vnleſſe that God ſo would.

After this hurle the King was fayne to flee,
Northward in poſt for ſuccour and releſe.
O bleſſed God how ſtraunge it was to ſee,
A rightfull prince purſued as a thiefe:
To the O England, what can be more repriefe:
Then to purſue thy prince with armed hand,
What greater ſhame, may be to any land?

Traytours dyd tryumph, true men lay in the duſt,
Reuing and robbing roiſted euery where,
Will ſtoode for ſkill, and law obeyed luſt,
Might trode downe right, of King there was no feare.
The tytle was tryed onely by ſhyeld and ſpeare.
All which vnhaps that they were not forſene,
Suffolke was iuſt fault who ruled King and Quene.

Some here perhaps, do looke I ſhould excuſe
My ſelfe of ſome ſleight, or ſubtiltie vnuſt
Wherin I ſhould my princes eares abuſe
Againſt the Duke, to bring him in miſtruſt
Some parte whereof, though neede conſelle I muſt,
My fault onely conſiſted in conſent
Leaning to my foes, whereof I do repent.

Yf I at fyrſt whan hamdes began to ſmoke,
The ſparkes to quench by any way had ſought,
Neuer had England felt this mortall ſtroke,
Which now to late lamenting helpeth nought.
Two poyntes of wyt to dearely haue I bought,
The fyrſt that better is tymely to forſee,
Then after ouer late a counſaylour to be.

The ſecond is, not eaſely to aſſent
To aduiſe geuen agaynſt thy faythfull frende,
But of the ſpeaker ponder the intent,
The meanyng full, the poynt, and finall ende.
A Saynt in ſhowe in proofe is found a Feende,
The ſubtile man the ſimple to abuſe,
Much pleaſaunt ſpeach and eloquence doth vſe.

And ſo was I abuſde and other mo
By Suffolkes ſleyghts, who ſought to pleaſe the Quene,
Foreracking not the myſery and wo
Which thereof came, and ſoone was after ſene:
With gloſing tong he made vs fooles to wene
That Humfrey dyd to Englands crowne aſpyre,
Which to preuent, his death they dyd conſpyre.

What ſhould I more of myne mishaps declare,
Whereof my death at laſt hath made amend?
Not I alone was voyde of all this care,
Some beſydes me there were that dyd offend.
None I accuſe, nor yet my ſelfe defend,
Faultes I know I had, as none lyues without,
My chiefe fault was folly I put the out of dout.

Folly

Folly was the chiefe, the noughty tyme was nere,
Which made my fortune subiect to the chiefe:
If England then with strife had not bene vext.
Glory might haue growen whereas ensued griefe,
Yet one thing is, my comfort and reliefe,
Constant I was in my Princes quarell,
To dye or lyue and spared for no parell.

What though Fortune enuyous was my foe,
A noble hart ought not the soner yelde,
Nor shrinke aback for any weale or woe,
But for his prince lye bledyng in the fyeld:
If pryuy spight at any tyme me helde,
The price is payde: and greuous is my guerdon,
As for the rest God (I trust) will pardon.

FINIS. G. F.

After this tragedye ended, one saide Synge this Duke hath so vehemently exclamed agaynste the Duke of Yorkes practises, it were well done to heare what hee can saye for hym selfe. For after the fyrst battell at S. Albanes hee was made protectoure, whiche so muche greeued Quene Margaret & her complices, that pryuy grutches & open dissēbling neuer ceased tyll the Duke & his allyes were fayn to fly both field and realme, be into Ireland & they to Calaies. whence they came again with an army, whereof Richard Neuil earle of Salisbury was leder, and marched toward Couentry where the kinge was, and had gathered an

army to subdue them, and encountred thē at Northhampton on the 10 day of July in the yeare of grace 1460. fought with them, lost the fielde, & was taken himselfe, & many of his frendes slayne, as Hūfrey Stafford Duke of Buckingham, John Talbot the second of that name earle of Shrewesbury, John Vicount Beaumont, Thomas Lorde Egremont, Syr William Lucy and dyuers other, But ouerpassing all these & many mo because they were honourably slain in ỳ field, let vs come to hym who was the chiefe cause therof, that is to saye, Richarde Plantagenet Duke of Yorke slayn in the battell at Wakefield on Christmas euen, and Edmūd earle of Rutland his yong son, who was there murdered by the Lord Cliffordе as he would haue fled into ỳ towne to haue saued himselfe.

Therfore imagine that you se a tall mans body full of freshe woundes but lackynge a heade, holding by the hand a goodly childe, whose breaste was so wounded that his harte might be sene, his louely face and eyes disfygured with dropping teares, his heare through horror standing vpright, his mercye crauing handes all to be māgled, and all his body embrued with his owen bloud. Out of the weland pipe of whiche headles bodye came a shrekinge voice sayinge as followeth.

How

How Richarde Plantagenet Duke of Yorke was slain through his ouer rash boldnes and hys son the Earle of Rutland for his lacke of valyaunce. Anno. Do. 1460.

TRust Fortune (quod he) in whome was neuer trust,
O folly of men that haue no better grace,
All rest, renowne, and dedes ly in the dust,
Of all the sort that sue her slipper trace.
What meanest thou Baldwyn for to hyde thy face?
Thou nedest not feare although I mysse my head:
Nor yet to mourne, for this my son is dead.

The cause why thus I leade him in my hand,
His skyn with blood and teares so sore be staynd,
Is that thou mayest the better vnderstand,
How hardly Fortune hath for vs ordaynd:
In whome her loue and hate be hole contaynd.
For I am Richard Prince Plantagenet,
The Duke of Yorke in royall race beget.

For Richard Earle of Cambridge, eldest sonne
Of Edmund Langley, thyrd son of King Edward,
Engendred me whereof the course dyd runne
Of Mortimers to be the illue garde:
For when her brother Edmund dyed award,
She was sole heyre by due discent of lyne,
Wherby her rightes and cycles all were myne

But

But marke me now I pray thee Baldwin marke,
And see how ofte ouerbereth right:
Way how vsurpers tyrannously warke,
To kepe by murder that they get by myght,
And note what troubles daungers do alyght
On such as seke to repossesse their owne,
And how through rygour right is ouerthrowne.

The Duke of Hereford, Henry Bolenbroke,
Of whom Duke Mowbray could the nowof late,
Whan voyde of cause he had Kyng Richard tooke:
He murdered him, vsurped his estate,
Without all right or tytle, sauing hate
Of others rule, or loue to rule alone:
These two excepted tytle had he none.

The realme and Crowne was Edmund Mortimers
Whose father Roger, was King Richards heyre:
Which caused Henry and the Lancasters
To seeke all shiftes our housholdes to appayre,
For suer he was to sit beside the chayre
Were we of power to claime our lawfull right,
Wherfore to stroy vs he did all he myght.

Hys cursed son ensued hys cruell path.
And kept my giltlesse cosin strayt in duraunce:
For whome my father hard entreted hath.
But lyuing hopeles of his lyues assuraunce,
He thought it best by politike procuraunce,
To pryue the Kyng and so restore his frende:
Which brought him selfe to an infamous ende.

For

For whan King Henry of that name the fyft,
Had tane my father in this conſpiracy,
He from ſir Edmund all the blame to ſhyfte,
Was fayne to ſay the French Kings ally,
Had hyred him thys trayterous act to try
For which condemned ſhamefully he was ſlayne,
In helping right this was my fathers gayne.

Thus whan the linage of the Mortimers,
Was made away by his vſurping lyne,
Some hanged, ſome ſlayne, ſome pyned priſoners:
Becauſe the crowne by right of law was myne,
They gan as faſt agaynſt me to repine:
In feare alwayes leaſt I ſhould ſtur them to ſtryfe,
For gylty hartes haue neuer quyet lyfe.

Yet at the laſt in Henries dayes the ſixt,
I was reſtored to my fathers landes,
Made Duke of Yorke: where through my mynde I fyxt
To get the Crowne and kingdome in my handes,
For ayde wherein I knyt aſſured bandes
With Neuils ſtocke, whoſe daughter was my make
Who for no wo would euer me forſake.

O Lorde what hap had I through mariage,
Fower goodly boyes in youth my wife ſhe bore.
Right valiaunt men and prudent for their age,
Such bretherne ſhe had and nephues ſtill in ſtore
As none had erſt, nor any ſhall haue more:
The Earle of Saliſbury, and his ſon of Warwicke,
Were matchleſſe men from Barbary to Barwicke.

Through

Through helpe of whome and Fortunes louely looke.
I vndertooke to claime my lawfull right,
And to abash such as agaynst me tooke;
I raysed power at all pointes prest to fight:
Of whome the chiefe that chiefly bare me spight,
Was Somerset the Duke, whome to annoy
I alway sought, through spite, spite to destroy.

And maugre him, so choyse so was myrhaunce,
Yea though the Quene that all rulde tooke his part,
I twise bare rule in Normandy and Fraunce,
And last Lyeutenant in Ireland, where my hart
Found remedy for euery kinde of smart.
For through the loue my doynges there dyd brede,
I had their help at all tymes in my nede.

This spitefull Duke, his seely King and Quene.
With armed hoastes I thrise met in the field,
The first vnfought through treaty made betwene,
The second ioynde wherin the Kyng dyd yelde,
The Duke was slayne, the Quene enforst to shyeld
Her selfe by flyght. The third the Quene dyd fyght,
Where I was slayne being ouer matcht by might.

Before this last were other battayles three,
The first the Earle of Salisbury led alone,
And fought on Blorheath, and got victory:
In the next was I and my kinsfolke euery one,
But seing our souldiers stale vnto our foen,
We warely brake our company on a night,
Dissolued our hoaste, and tooke our selues to flight.

Thys

This Boy and I in Ireland dyd vs saue,
Myne eldest son with Warwicke and his father
To Calais got, whence by the reade I gaue
They came agayne to London, and dyd gather
An other hoast whereof I spake no rather:
And met our foes, slew many a Lord and Knight,
And tooke the King and dzaue the Quene to flight.

Thys done I came to England all in haste.
To make clayme vnto the Realme and Crowne:
And in the house while parliament did last,
I in the Kings seate boldly sate me downe,
And clayned it where at the Lords did frowne,
But what for that, I dyd so well prozede,
That all at last confest it myne in dede.

But syth the Kyng had rayned now so long,
They would he should contynue tyll he dyed,
And to the end that than none dyd me wzong,
Protectour and heyze apparant they my cryed.
But sith the Quene and others this denyed,
I sped me towarde the Nozth where than she lay,
In mynde by fozce to cause her to obay.

Whereof she warnd prepared a mighty power,
And ere that myne were altogether redy,
Came swyft to Sandale and besieged my bower:
Where like a beast I was so rash and heady,
That out I would, there could be no remedy.
With scant fyue thousand souldiers, to assayle
Fower tymes so many, encampt to most auayle.

And

And so was slayne at kyll: and while my chylde
Scarse twelue yeare olde, sought secretly to parte,
That cruell Clifford, Lord, nay Lorell wylde,
While the infant wept, and prayed him rue his smart,
Knowing what he was, wyth dagger cloue his hart,
Thys done he came to the campe where I lay dead.
Despoylde my corps and cut away my head.

And whan he had put a paper crowne thereon,
As a gawring stocke he sent it to the Quene.
And she for spyte commaunded it anon
To be had to Yorke: where that it mought be sene,
They placed it where other traytours bene.
This myschiefe Fortune dyd me after death,
Such was my lyfe, and such my losse of breath.

Wherfore see Baldwyn that thou set it forth,
To the ende the fraude of Fortune may be knowen,
That eke all princes well may way the worth
Of thynges, for which the seedes of war be sowen:
No state so sure but soone is ouerthrowen.
No worldly good can counterpeyze the prise,
Of halfe the paynes that may thereof arise.

Far better it were to lose a piece of right,
Than lymmes and lyfe in souling for the same,
It is not force of frendshyp nor of myght,
But God that causeth thinges to frame,
Not wit but lucke doth wield the winners game.
Wherfore if we our follyes would refrayn,
Tyme would redresse all wronges we boyd of payn.

Wherfore

Wherfore warne Princes not to wade in war
For any cause except the realmes defence:
Their troublous tyles are vnworthy far
The blud, the lyfe, the spoyle of innocence.
Of frendes of foes beholde my foule expence,
And neuer the neare: best therfore tary time,
So right shall raygne, and quyet calme eche cryme.

FINIS.

WIth that mayster Ferrers shooke me by the sleue, saying: why howe now man do you forget youre selfe: belyke you mynde oure matters very much So I do in dede (said I) for I dreame of them. And whan I had rehearsed my dreame, we had long talke concerninge the nature of dreames, which to stint and to bring vs to oure matter agayne, thus sayd one of them: I am glad it was your chaunce to dreame of Duke Rychard, for it had bene pity to haue ouerpassed hym.
And as concerninge this Lorde Clifford whiche so cruelly killed his son, I purpose to geue you notes: who (as hee well deserued) came shortely after to a sodayne death, and yet to good for so cruell a tyrant. For on Palmesonday nexte followinge, being the Nine and twenty daye of Marche, in the yeare of Christ a thousand four hundreth threscore & one, thys Lord Clyfford wyth Hēry Percy, the 3. Earle of Northūberland, ỳ Erle of Westmerland,

the

the Lorde Dacres, the Lorde Welles & other were slaine at Towton in Yorkeshyre. Wherfore as you thought you saw and heard ỹ headles Duke speake thorow his necke, so now suppose you se this Lord Cliffordе all armed saue his head, w̄ his breast, plate all gore bloud rūning frō his throate wherein an headlesse arrowe sticketh, through which woūd he saith thus.

How the Lorde Clifford for his straunge and abhominable crueltye, came to as straunge and sodayne a death. Anno. 1461.

OPen confession axeth open penaunce,
And wisdome would a man his shame to hyde:
Yet sith forgeuenes commeth through repentaunce;
I thinke it best that men their crymes ascryed,
For nought so secret but at length is spyed:
For couer fyer and it will neuer lynne
Tyll it breake forth, in lyke case shame and synne.

As for myselfe my faultes be out so playne,
And published so abroade in euery place,
That though I would I cannot hyde a grayne.
All care is booteless in a cureless case,
To learne by others griefe some haue the grace,
And therfore Baldwin wryte my wretched fall,
The byrefe whereof I briefly vtter shall.

Iam:

I am the ſame that ſlue Duke Richards chylde,
The louely babe that beggrd lyke with teares:
Wherby my honour fouly I defylde.
Poꝛe ſely Lambes the Lyon neuer teares:
The feble mouſe may ly among the beares:
But wꝛath of man his rancour to requite,
Forgets all reaſon, ruth, and vertue quite.

I meane by rancour the parentall wꝛeke
Surnamd a vertue (as the vicious ſay)
But litle knowe the wicked what they ſpeake,
In boldening vs our enemies kyn to ſlay,
To puniſh ſinne is good, it is no nay.
They wꝛeke not ſinne, but merit wꝛeke foꝛ ſinne,
That wꝛeke the fathers faultes vpon his kinne.

Becauſe my father Loꝛd Iohn Clyfford dyed
Slayne at S. Albanes, in his pꝛinces ayde,
Againſt the Duke my hart foꝛ malice fryed,
So that I could from wꝛeke no way by ſtayed.
But to auenge my fathers death, aſſayd
All meanes I might the Duke of Yoꝛke tanney:
And all his kin and frendes to kill and ſtroy.

This made me with my blody dagger wound
Hys giltleſſe ſonne that neuer againſt me ſtoꝛde:
Hys fathers body lying dead on ground
To pearce with ſpeare, eke with my cruell ſwoꝛde.
To parte his necke and with his head to bourd,
Enuelled with a paper royall crowne,
From place to place to beare it vp and downe.

the Lorde Dacres, the Lorde Welles & other were slaine at Towton in Yorkeshyre. Wherfore as you thought you saw and heard ỳ headles Duke speake thorow his necke, so now suppose you se this Lord Cliffordе all armed saue his head, w̄ his breast, plate all gore bloud rūning frō his throate wherein an headlesse arrowe sticketh, through which wou͂d he saith thus.

How the Lorde Clifford for his straunge and abhominable crueltye came to as straunge and sodayne a death. Anno. 1461.

OPen confession axeth open penaunce,
And wisdome would a man his shame to hyde:
Yet sith forgeuenes commeth through repentaunce;
I thinke it best that men their crymes ascryed,
For nought so secret but at length is spyed:
For couer fyer and it will neuer lynne
Tyll it breake forth, in lyke case shame and synne.

As for myselfe my faultes be out so playne,
And published so abroade in euery place,
That though I would I cannot hyde a grayne.
All care is booteless in a cureless case,
To learne by others griefe some haue the grace,
And therfore Baldwin write my wretched fall,
The byrefe whereof I briefly vtter shall.

Iam

I am the ſame that ſlue Duke Richards chylde,
The louely babe that beggerd lyfe with teares:
Wherby my honour fouly I defylde.
Poore ſely Lambes the Lyon neuer teares:
The feble mouſe may ly among the beares:
But wrath of man his rancour to requite,
Forgets all reaſon, ruth, and vertue quite.

I meane by rancour the parentall wreke
Surnamd a vertue (as the vicious ſay)
But litle knowe the wicked what they ſpeake,
In boldening vs our enemies kyn to ſlay,
To puniſh ſinne is good, it is no nay.
They wreke not ſinne, but merit wreke for ſinne,
That wreke the fathers faultes vpon his kinne.

Becauſe my father Lord Iohn Clyfford dyed
Slayne at S. Albanes, in his princes ayde,
Againſt the Duke my hart for malice fryed,
So that I could from wreke no way by ſtayed.
But to auenge my fathers death, aſſayd
All meanes I might the Duke of Yorke tanney:
And all his kin and frendes to kill and ſtroy.

This made me with my blody dagger wound
Hys giltleſſe ſonne that neuer againſt me ſtoode:
Hys fathers body lying dead on ground
To pearce with ſpeare, eke with my cruell ſwoorde:
To parte his necke and with his head to bourd,
Enuelled with a paper royall crowne,
From place to place to beare it vp and downe.

But cruelty can neuer ſcape the ſcourge
Of ſhame, of horror, or of ſodayn death.
Repentaunce ſelfe that other ſynnes may pourge,
Doth fly from this, ſo ſore the ſoule it ſlayeth,
Deſpayre diſſolues the tyrants bitter breth:
For ſodayn vengeaunce ſodainly alights
On cruell deedes, to quite their cruell ſpights.

This finde I true, for as I lay in ſtale
To fight with Duke Richards eldeſt ſon;
I was deſtroyed not far from Dintingdale
For as I would my gorget haue vndone
To euent the heate that had me nigh vndone,
An headles arrow ſtrake me through the throte
Where through my ſoule forſoke his filthy cote:

Was this a chaunce? no ſure Gods iuſt awarde,
Wherein due iuſtice playnely doth appeare:
An headles arrow payed me my rewarde,
For heading richard lying on his bere,
And as I would his childe in no wiſe heare,
So ſodayne death bereft my tong the power,
To aſke for pardon at my dying hower,

Wherfore good Baldwin warne the bloudy ſort,
To leaue their wrath, their rigour to refrayne:
Tell cruell iudges horror is the port
To which they ſaile through ſhame and ſodayn payne:
Hell baleth tyrauntes downe to death amayne.
Was neuer yet nor ſhalbe cruel deede,
Left vnrewarded with as cruell meede,

FINIS.

Whan

WHan this tragedy was ended, D Lord ſaid an other, how horrible a thinge is deuiſion in a realme, to howe manye myſcheſes is it the mother, what vice is not therby kindled what vertue left vnquenched?

For what was the cauſe of the Duke of Yorkes death, and of the cruelty of this Cliffорde, ſaue the variaunce betwene kynge Henrye and the houſe of Yorke: which at length beſides millions of the cõmons, brought to deſtruction all the nobilitye. For Edward the Dukes eldeſt ſonne immediatly after his father was ſlaine, through help of the Neuilles, gaue the king a battaile, wherat beſides this Clyfford and xxxvi. thouſand other ſouldiers were ſlayn their captaines, therles of Northũberland & Weſtmerland, with the Lords Dacres and Welles: the winning of whiche fielde brought Edwarde to the Crowne, and the loſſe drawe kinge Henrye and his wife into Scotland. But as few raignes beginne without bloud, ſo kinge Edwarde to keepe order, cauſed Thomas Courtney erle of Deuonſhyre, and John Veer Earle of Orefорde, and Aubrey Veer eldeſt ſon to the ſaid earle, wyth diuers other hys enemies, to bee attainted and putte to death. And ſhortly after he did execution vpõ the Duke of Somerſet, and the Lords hungerford and Roſſe, whõ hee tooke priſonners at Exham fielde. For thither they came with kinge Henrye oute of Scotlande, with an army of Scottes, and fought a battayle, whyche was loſt and moſte parte of them ſlaine.

And becauſe theſe are all noble men I wyll leaue them to Baldwins diſcretion.
But ſeynge the Earle of Worceſter was the chiefe inſtrument, whom king Edward vſed as well in theſe mens matters, as in lyke bloudy affayres, becauſe he ſhould not be forgottē, ye ſhal heare what I haue noted concerning his tragedy.

The infamous end of the Lorde Tiptoft Earle of Worceſter, for cruelly executinge his Princes butcherly cōmaūdementes.

Anno. 1470.

THe gloryous man is not ſo loth to lurke,
As the infamous glad to lye vnknowen:
Which maketh me Baldwin diſalow thy wurke,
Where princes faults ſo openly be blowen.
I ſpeake not this alonely for myne owne
Which were my princes (yf that they were any)
But for my Piers, in nomber very many.

Or myght report vprightly vſe her tong,
It would leſſe greue vs to augment the matter.
But ſuer I am thou ſhalt be forſt among,
To fayne the truth the liuing for to flatter:
And other whiles in poyntes vnknowen to ſmatter.
For tyme neuer was, nor neuer I thinke ſhalbe
That truth vnſhent ſhould ſpeake in all thinges free.

Thys

This doth appeare (I dare ſay) by my ſtory,
Which diuers writers diuerſly declare
But ſtory writers ought for neyther glory,
Feare, nor fauour, truth of things to ſpare.
But ſtill it fares as alway it did fare,
Affections, feare, or doubtes that dayly byde:
Do cauſe that ſtories neuer can be true.

Unfruitfulll Fabian followed the face
Of tyme and deedes, but let the cauſes ſlip:
Which Hall hath added but with double grace,
For feare I thinke leſt trouble might him trip:
For this or that (ſaith he) he felt the whip.
Thus ſtory writers leaue the cauſes out,
Or ſo rehearſe them as they were in dout.

But ſeing cauſes are the chiefeſt thinges
That ſhould be noted of the ſtory writers,
That men may learne what ends all cauſes bringes,
They be vnworthy the name of Chroniclers,
That leaue them cleane out of their regiſters,
Or doubtfully repoꝛt them: for the fruite
Of reading ſtories ſtandeth in the ſuite.

And therfore Baldwyn eyther ſpeake byright
Of our affayres, or touch them not at all:
As for my ſelfe I way all thinges ſo light,
That nought I paſſe how men repoꝛt my fall.
The truth wherof yet playnely ſhewe I ſhall,
That thou maiſt write and other therby reede,
What thinges I did wherof they ſhould take heede.

Tiptoft Earle of Worcester.

Thou hast heard of Tiptofts Earles of Worcester,
I am that Lord that liued in Edwardes dayes
The fourth, and was his frend and counsallour,
And butcher to as common rumor sayes.
But peoples voice is neither shame nor prayse:
For whom they would alme deuour to day,
To morow dead they will worship what they may.

But though the peoples verdite go by chaunce,
Yet was their cause to call me as they did
For I enforst by meane of gouernance,
Dyd execute what euer my King did bid,
From blame herein my selfe I cannot ridd:
But fye vpon the wretched state that must
Defame it selfe to serue the princes lust.

The chiefest crime wherewith men do me charge,
Is death of the Earle of Desmunds noble sonnes.
Of which the Kings charge doth me clere discharge,
By strayt commaundement and iniunctions:
Theffect wherof so rigorously runnes,
That eyther I must procure to se them dead,
Or for contempt as a traytour lose my head.

What would mine enemies do in such a case
Obay the King or proper death procure?
They may well say their fancy for a face,
But lyfe is swete and loue hard to recure.
They would haue done as I dyd I am sure:
For seldom will a welthy man at ease,
For others cause his prince in ought displease.

How

Yow much leſſe I which was lieutenant than
In the Iriſh Iſle, preferred by the King:
But who for loue or dread of any man
Conſents to accompliſhe any wicked thing,
Although chiefe fault therof from other ſpring,
Shall not eſcape Gods vengeance for his dede,
Who ſcuſeth none that dare do ill for drede.

This in my King and me may well appeare,
Which for our faultes did not eſcape the ſcourge:
For whan we thought our ſtate moſt ſure and clere.
The wynd of Warwicke blew vp ſuch a fourge
As from the realme and crowne the King did pourge,
And me both from mine office, frendes and wyle,
From good report, from honeſt death and lyfe.

For the Earle of warwicke through a rancarde grudge
Which to King Edward cauſeleſſe he did beare,
Out of his realme by force did make him trudge.
And ſet King Henry again vpon his chaire.
And then all ſuch as Edwardes louers were
As traitours tane, were greuouſly oppreſt,
But chiefly I becauſe I loued him beſt.

And for my goods and liuinges were not ſmall,
The gapers for them bare the world in hand
For ten yeares ſpace, that I was cauſe of all
The executions done within the land.
For this did ſuche as did not vnderſtand
Wyne envies drift, thinke all reports were true:
And ſo to hate me worſe than any Iewe.

For seldom shall a ruler lose his life,
Before false rumors openly be spred:
Wherby this prouerbe is as true as rife,
That rulers rumors hunt about a head,
Frowne Fortune once all good report is fled:
For present shew doth make the mayny blinde,
And such as see dare not disclose their minde.

Through this was I King Edwards butcher named,
And bare the shame of all his cruell dedes:
I cleare me not, I worthely was blamed,
Though force was such I must obay him nedes.
With hiest rulers seldom well it spedes,
For they be euer nerest to the nyp,
And fault who shall, for all fele they the whip.

For whan I was by parliament attainted,
Kinge Edwards euils all were counted mine.
No truth auayled so lies were fast and painted,
Which made the people at my life repine,
Crying Crucifige kill that butchers lyne:
That whan I should haue gone to Blockham feast,
I could not passe so sore they on me preast.

And had not bene the officers so strong
I thinke they woulde haue eaten me aliue,
Howbeit hardly haled from the throng,
I was in the flete fast throwded by the thriue.
Thus one dayes life their malice did me giue:
Which whan they knewe, for spite the next day after,
They kept them calme so suffered I the slaughter.

Now

Now tel me Baldwin what fault doeſt thou fynde
In me, that iuſtly ſhould ſuch death deſerue?
None ſure except deſyre of honour blynde,
Which made me ſeke in offices to ſerue:
What mynde ſo good that honours make not ſwerue?
So mayſt thou ſee it onely was my ſtate
That cauſed my death and brought me ſo in hate.

Warne therfore all men wiſely to beware,
What offices they enterpriſe to beare:
The hieſt alway moſt maligned are,
Of peoples grudge, and princes hate in feare.
For princes faultes his faultors all men teare.
Which to auoyde, let none ſuch office take,
Saue he that can for right his prince forſake.

FINIS.

THis Earles tragedy was not ſo ſoone fynished, but one of the companye had prouided for another, of a notable perſon Lord Tiptofts chief enemy: concerning whom he ſaid: Lord God what truſt is there in worldly chaūces? what ſtay in any proſperity? for ſe the Earle of Warwick which cauſed the Earle of Worceſter to be apprehended, attainted and put to death, triumphing with his olde impriſonned and new vnpriſonned Prince Kinge Henry, was by and by after and his brother with him, ſlaine at Barnet field by king Edwarde, whom he had before time damaged diuers waies.

As

As first by his frendes at Banbury fielde, where to reuēge the death of hys cosin Hēry Neuill sir John Coniers and Jhon Clappam his seruaunts slew v. thousand welshmen, and beheaded their captains, the earle of Pembroke, and sir Richard Harbert his brother after they were yelded prisoners, of whome sir Richarde Harbert was ỳ tallest gentlemā both of his person & hands that euer I read or heard of. At which tyme also, Robin of Ridsdale, a rebell of therle of warwicks raising, tooke the earle Riuers king Edwards wifes father, and his son John, at his manour of Graftō, & caried thē to Northhampton, & there with out cause or proces beheaded thē. Which spites to requite, kinge Edward caused the Lorde Stafford of Southwike, one of warwicks chiefe frends, to be taken at Brent march, and headed at Bridgewater.

This caused the earle shortly to rayse his power, to encounter the king which came againste him with an army, beside warwicke at wolney, where hee wan the field, tooke the king prisoner, and kept him a while in Yorkshire in Middleham castell: whence (as some say) he released him again, but other thinks he corrupted his kepers & so escaped. Then through the Lords the matter was taken vp betwene them & they brought to talke together, but because they could not agre, ỳ earle arayed anew army, wherof he made Captaine the Lorde welles sonne, which hyrde king Edward minding to appeale by pollicy foorthy distained his honour committing periury: for hee

he sent for the Lorde Welles and his brother Syr Thomas Dymocke, vnder safe conduite promising them vpon his faithe to kepe them harmelesse: But after, because the Lord Welles sonne would not dissolue his army, beheaded thē both & went with his power into Lincolnshire and there fought with syr Robert Welles, and slew ten thousande of his souldiers (yet ran they away so fast, that casting of their clothes for the more spede, caused it to be called Lose coate field) and tooke sir Robert and other, & put them to death in the same place.

This misfortune forced the Earle of Warwicke to saile into Fraunce wher he was entertained of the king a while and at last with suche pore helpe as he procured there of Duke Rainer and other, he came into England againe, and encreased suche a power in king Henries name, that as the Lorde Typtofte saide in his tragedy, king Edward vnable to abide him, was fayn to fly ouer the washes in Lincolneshire to get a ship to saile out of his kingdom to his brother in lawe the Duke of Burgoine: So was king Henry restored again to the kingdom. All these despites and troubles the Earle wrought againste king Edward. But Hēry was so infortunate that ere halfe a yeare was expyred, king Edward came backe again, & enprisoned him and gaue the Earle a fielde, wherein he slew both him and his brother.

I haue recounted thus much before hād for the better opening of the story, which if it should haue ben spoken in his tragedie woulde rather haue made a volume

volume than a Pamphlete. For I entende onely to saye in the tragedye, what I haue noted in the Earle of Warwickes person wilhinge that these other noble men, whom I haue by the way touched, should not be forgotten.

And therfore ymagin that you see this Earle lyinge with his brother in Poules church in his coate armure, with such a face and cõstinance as he bereth in portraiture ouer the doze in Poules at the goynge down to Jhesus Chappell from the south end of the quier strayzes, and sayinge as followeth.

Now

How sir Richard Neuill Earle of Warwicke, and his brother Iohn Lord Marquise Montacute, through theyr to muche boldnesse were slaine at Barnet. the 14. af Aprill. Anno. 1471.

AMong the heauy heape of happy Knightes
Whome Fortune stald vpon her staylesse stage,
Oft hoyst on hye, oft pight in wretched plights,
Beholde me Baldwin, A per se of my age,
Lord Richard Neuill, Earle by mariage
Of Warwicke Duchy, of Sarum by discent,
Which erst my father through his maryage hent.

Wouldste thou beholde false Fortune in her kynde
Note well my selfe so shalt thou se her naked:
Full fayre before, but to to foule behynde,
Most drowsie styll whan most she semes awaked:
By fame and shame her shift full oft hath shaked,
By enterchaunge alow and vp aloft,
The Lysard lyke that chaungeth hew full oft.

For while the Duke of Yorke in life remaynde
Myne vncle deare, I was his happy hand:
In all attempts my purpose I attaynde,
Though King and Quene and most Lords of the land
With all their power dyd often me withstand:
For God gaue Fortune, and my good behauiour
Dyd from out heir prince steale me the peoples fauour.

For

So that through me in fieldes right manly fought:
By force myne vncle tooke Kyng Henry twise:
As for my cosin Edward I so wrought,
When both our siers were slayn through rash aduice,
That he atchiefde his fathers enterprise:
For into Scotland King and Quene we chased,
By meane whereof the Kingdome he enbraced.

Which after he had enioyed in quiet peace,
(For shortly after was King Henry take,
And put in prison) his power to encrease,
I went to Fraunce and match hym with a make
The French Kinges doughter, whome he dyd forsake:
For while with payne I brought this sute to passe,
He to a widowe rashely wedded was.

This made the French King shrewdly to mistrust,
That all my treaties had but yll pretence,
And whan I sawe my King so bent to lust,
That with his faith he past not to dispence,
Which is a prin ces honours chief defence:
I could not rest till I had found a meane,
To mend his misse, or els to marre him cleane,

Wherefore I me allyed with his brother George,
Encensing him his brother to maligne
Through many a tale I did against him forge:
So that through power that we from Calais bring
And found at home, we frayed so the King,
That he did fly to Freseland ward amayne,
Wherby King Henry had the crown agayne.

Than

Than put we the therle of Worcester to death,
King Edwards frende a man so foule defamed:
And in the while came Edward into Heth.
For with the Duke of Burgoine so he framed,
That with the power that he to him had named,
Unloked for he came to England streight,
And got to Yorke and tooke the town by sleight.

And after through the sufferaunce of my brother,
Which lyke a beast occasion foully lost,
He came to London safe with many other,
And tooke the towne to good King Henries cost:
Who was through him from post to piller tost,
Till Therle of Oxeford, I and other more,
Assembled power his fredome to restore.

Whereof King Edward warned came with spede,
And camped with his hoast in Barnet towne,
Where we right fearce encountred him in dede
On Easter day right early on the downe:
There many a man was slaine and striken downe
On eyther side and neyther part did gayne
Till that I and my brother both were slayne

For we to hart our ouermatched men,
Forsooke our stedes, and in the thickest throng
Ran preacing forth on foote, and fought so then
That downe we draue them were they neuer so strong.
But ere this lucke had lasted very long
With nomber and force we were so foully cloyed,
And rescue faylde, that quite we were destroyed,

Now

Now tell me Baldwyn hast thou hard or read
Of any man that dyd as I haue done?
That in his tyme so many armies led,
And victory at euery voyage won?
Hast thou euer hard of subiect vnder sonne,
That plaast and baast his soueraynes so oft,
By enterchaunge, now low, and than aloft?

Perchaunce thou thinkst my doynges were not such
As I and other do affyrme they were.
And in thy mynde I see thou musest much
What meanes I vsde, that should me so preser:
Wherin because I will thou shalt not erre,
The truth of all I will at large recyte,
The short is this: I was no hypocrite,

I neuer dyd nor sayd saue what I ment,
The comon weale was still my chiefest care,
To priuate gayne or glory was I neuer bent,
I neuer past vpon delicious fare.
Of nedefull foode my bourd was neuer bare,
No creditour did curse me day by day,
I vsed playnnesse, euer pitch and pay.

I heard poor souldiers and poor workemen whine,
Because their duryes were not truely payde.
Agayne I saw how people did repine
At those through whome their payments were delayde:
And proofe dyd oft allure (as scripture sayde)
That God doth wreke the wretched peoples greues,
I saw the polles cut of fro polling theues.

Thys

This made me alway iustly for to deale.
Which whan the people plainely vnderstoode,
Because they saw me minde the common weale
They still endeuoured how to do me good,
Ready to spend their substaunce, life and bloud,
In any cause wherto I did them moue:
For suer they were it was for their behoue.

And so it was. For whan the realme decayed
By such as good King Henry sore abused,
To mend the state I gaue his enemies ayd:
But whan King Edward sinfull pranks still vsed,
And would not mend, I likewise him refused:
And holpe vp Henry, better of the twayne,
And in his quarrell (iust I thinke) was slaine.

And therfore Baldwin teach by proofe of me,
That such as couet peoples loue to get,
Must se their works and words in all agree:
Lyue liberally and kepe them out of det,
On common weale let all their care be set:
For vpright dealing, dets paid, pore sustayned,
Is meane wherby all harts are throwly gayned.

FINIS.

AS sone as the Earle had ended this admonition, sure (said one) I thinke the Earle of Warwick although he were a glorious mã hath said no more of him selfe than what is true. For if he had not had notable good vertues, or vertuous qualities, & vsed laudable meanes in his trade

of lyke, the people woulde neuer haue loued him as they did: But God be with him, and send his soule rest for sure his body neuer had any. And although he died yet ciuill warres ceased not. For immediatlye after his death came Quene Margaret with a power out of Fraunce, bringing with her her yong sonne Prince Edward: & with suche frends as she found here, gaue king Edward a battel at Thewkesbury wher both she and her sonne were taken prisoners, with Edmund Duke of Somerset her chief captaine: whose sonne Lord John, and the Earle of Deuonshyre were slaine in fight, and the Duke himself like with diuers other immediately beheaded. Whose infortunes are worthye to bee remembred, chiefly prince Edwards whom ỹ king, for speaking truth, cruelly stroke with his gauntlet, and his brethren cruelly murdered. But seinge the tyme so far spent, I will passe them ouer, and with them Fawconbridge that iolye rouer, beheaded at Southãpton: whose commocion made in Kent, was cause of sely Henries destruction. And seyng king Henrye himselfe was cause of the destruction of many noble princes, being of al other most vnfortunate himself,

I will declare what I haue noted in his vnluckye lyfe: who wounded in prisõ with a dagger, maye lament his wretchednesse in maner folowing.

How

How King Henry the sixte a vertuous prince, was after many other miseries, cruelly murdered in the Tower of London the 22. of May. Anno. 1471.

IF euer wofull wight had cause to rue his state.
Or by his rufull plight to moue men moane his fate.
My piteous plaint may please my mishap to reherse,
Wherof ỳ least moll lightly hard, ỳ hardest hart may pearce.

What hart so hard can heare of innocence oppress,
By fraud in worldly goods, but melteth in the brest:
When giltlesse men be spoild, imprisonned for their owne,
Who waileth not their wretched case to whō ỳ case is knowē.

The Lyon licks the sores of sely wounded shepe,
The dead mans corse may cause the Crocodile to wepe,
The waues that waste the rocks refresh the rotten reedes,
Such ruth the wrack of innocence in cruell creatures breedes.

What hart is then so hard but will for pity bleede,
To heare so cruell lucke so cleare a lyfe succeede:
To see a sely soule with wo and sorrow souse,
A King captiue, in prison pent, to death with daggers douse.

Would God the day of birth had brought me to my bere,
Then had I neuer felt the chaunge of Fortunes chere,
Would God the graue had gript me in her greedy woumbe,
Whā crown in cradel made me King wt oyle of holy thoumbe.

of lyke, the people woulde neuer haue loued him as they did: But God be with him, and send his soule rest for sure his body neuer had any. And although he died yet ciuill warres ceased not. For immediatlye after his death came Quene Margaret with a power out of Fraunce, bringing with her her yong sonne Prince Edward: & with suche frends as she fond here, gaue king Edward a battel at Thewkesbury wher both she and her sonne were taken prisoners, with Eadmund Duke of Somerset her chief captaine: whose sonne Lord John, and the Earle of Deuonshyre were slaine in fight, and the Duke himself ye with diuers other immediately beheaded. Whose infortunes are worthye to bee remembred, chiefly prince Edwards whom ỳ king, for speaking truth, cruelly stroke with his gauntlet, and his brethren cruelly murdered. But seinge the tyme so far spent, I will passe them ouer, and with them Fawconbridge that iolye rouer, beheaded at Southãpton: whose commocion made in Kent, was cause of sely Henries destruction. And seyng king Henrye himselfe was cause of the destruction of many noble princes, being of al other most vnfortunate himself, I will declare what I haue noted in his vnluckye lyfe: who wounded in prisõ with a dagger, maye lament his wretchednesse in maner folowing.

How

How King Henry the sixte a vertuous prince, was after many other miseries, cruelly murdered in the Tower of London the 22. of May. Anno. 1471.

IF euer wofull wight had cause to rue his state.
Or by his rufull plight to moue men moane his fate.
My piteous plaint may please my mishap to reherse,
Wherof ỹ least most lightly hard, ỹ hardest hart may pearce.

What hart so hard can heare of innocence oppress,
By fraud in worldly goods, but melteth in the brest?
When giltlesse men be spoild, imprisonned for their owne,
Who waileth not their wretched case to whō ỹ case is knowē.

The Lyon licks the sores of sely wounded shepe,
The dead mans corse may cause the Crocodile to wepe,
The waues that waste the rocks refresh the rotten redes,
Such ruth the wrack of innocence in cruell creatures bredes.

What hart is then so hard but will for pity bleede,
To heare so cruell lucke so cleare a lyfe succede?
To see a sely soule with wo and sorrow souke,
A King depriude, in prison pent, to death with daggers douke.

Would God the day of birth had brought me to my bere,
Then had I neuer felt the chaunge of Fortunes chere,
Would God the graue had gript me in her greedy woumbe,
Whā crown in cradel made me King ṁ oyle of holy thoumbe.

Would God the rufull tombe had bene my royall trone,
So shoold no Kingly charge haue made me make my mone:
O that my soule had flowen to heauen with the ioy,
When one sort cryed, God saue the King another, *Vive le Roi.*

So had I not bene washt in waues of worldly wo,
My minde to quiet bent, had not bene tossed so:
My frendes had ben aliue my subiects not oppress:
But death or cruell destiny, denyed me this rest.

Alas what should we count the cause of wretches cares,
The starres do stirre them vp, Astronomy declares:
Our humours saith the leach, the double true deuines
Toth' will of God, or ill of man, the doubtfull cause assignes.

Such doltish heades as meame that all things driue by haps,
Count lacke of former care for cause of after claps.
Attributing to man a power fro God bereft,
Abusing vs and robbing him through their most wicked theft.

But God doth guyde the world, and euery hap by skill,
Our wit and willing power are payzed by his will:
What wit most wisely wardes, and will most deadly bykes,
Though al our powr wold presse it dow, nought dash our wareft (wurkes.

Thappetenie, our sinne, Gods will or els his weake
Do worke our wretched woes, for humours be to weake:
Except we take them so, as they prouoke to sinne,
For through our lust by humours fed all vicious dedes begin,

So

So sinne and they be one, both working like effect,
And cause the wrath of God to wreake the soule infect.
Thus wrath and wreake deuine, mans sinnes & humours ill
Concurre in one, though ina sort, eth doth a course fulfill.

If likewise such as say the welkin Fortune warks,
Take Fortune for our fate and sterres therof the marks,
Then destenie with fate and Gods will all be one:
But if they meane it otherwise, skath causers skies be none.

Thus of our heauy haps chiefe causes be but twaine,
Wheron the rest depend, and vnder put remaine.
The chiefe the will deuine, calde destenie and fate, (hate.
The other sinne through humors holp, which God doth highly

The first appointeth paine for good mens exercise,
The second doth deserue due punishement for vice:
This witnesseth the wrath, and that the loue of God,
The good for loue, the bad for sinne, God beateth with his rod.

Although my sundry sinns do place me with the worst,
My haps yet cause me hope to be among the first:
The eye that searcheth all and seeth euery thought,
Is iudge how sore I hated sinne, and after vertue sought.

The solace of my soule my chiefest pleasure was,
Of worldly pompe, of fame, or game, I did not passe:
My kingdomes nor my crowne I pitied not a crume
In heauen were my riches heapt, to which I sought to com.

Yet were my sorrows such as neuer man had like,
So diuers stormes at once, so often did me strike:
But why, God knows, not I, except it were for this
To shew by paterne of a prince, how brittle honour is.

Our kingdomes are but cares, our state deuoide of stay,
Our riches redy snares, to hasten our decay:
Our pleasures privy pricks our vices to prouoke, (smoke.
Our pōpe a pumpe, our fame a flame, our powr a smouldring

I speake not but by proofe, and that may many rue.
My life doth cry it out, my death doth try it true:
Wherof I will in briefe, rehearse the heavy hap,
That Baldwin in his wofull warp, my wretchednes may wap

In Windsore borne I was: and bare my fathers name,
Who won by war all Fraunce to his eternall fame:
And left to me the crown, to be receiude in peace, (decease.
Through mariage made with Charls his heyre vpon his lyfes

Which shortly did ensue, yet died my father furst,
And both the realmes were myne ere I a yeare were nurst:
Which as they fell to sone, so faded they as fast.
For Charles and Edward got them both or forty yeares were past.

This Charles was eldest sonne of Charles my father in lawe.
To whome as heire of Fraunce, the Frenchmen did them drawe
But Edward was the heyre of Richard Duke of Yorke,
The heyre of Roger Mortymer: slaine by the kerne of Korke.

Before

Before I came to age Charles had recouered Fraunce,
And kild my men of war so lucky was his chaunce:
And through a mad contract I made with Raynerds doughter
I gaue and lost all Normandy, the cause of many a slaughter.

First of mine vncle Humfrey, abhorring fore this act,
Because I thereby brake a better precontract:
Than of the flattering Duke that first the mariage made,
The iust reward of such as dare their princes ill perswade.

And I poore sely wretch above the brunt of all,
My mariage lust so swete was mixt with bitter gall.
My wife was wise, and good, had she ben rightly sought,
But our vnlawful getting it, may make a good thing nought.

Wherfore warne men beware, how they iust promise breake,
Least proofe of painfull plagues because thē wail the weake,
Aduise well ere they graunt, but what they graūt performe.
For God wil plague al doublenes although we fele no worme.

I falsly borne in hand, beleued I did well,
But all thinges be not true that learned men do tell.
My clergy said a prince was to no promise bound,
Whose words to be no gospell tho I to my grief haue found.

For after mariage ioynde Queue Margaret and me,
For one mishap afore, I dayly met with thee,
Of Normady and Fraunce Charles got away my crowne,
The Duke of Yorke & other sought at home to put me downe.

Bellona rang the bell at home and all abrode,
With whoſe miſhaps amaine fell Fortune did me lode:
In Fraunce I loſt my forts, at home the foughten field,
My kinred ſlaine, my frendes oppreſt, my ſelfe enforſt to peeld.

Duke Richard tooke me twiſe, and forſt me to reſyne
My crowne and titles due vnto my fathers lyne:
And kept me as a warde, did all things as him liſt,
Till that my wife through bloudy ſword had tane me fro his fiſt

But though we ſlew the Duke my ſorrowes did not ſlake,
But like to Hyders head ſtill more and more awake:
For Edward through the ayd of Warwicke and his brother.
From one field draue me to the Scots, & toke me in another.

Then went my frends to wracke, for Edward ware the crown
For which for nine yeares ſpace his priſon held me down:
Yet thence through Warwicks worke I was againe releaſt,
And Edward driuen fro his realme to ſeke his frendes by Eaſt.

But what preuaileth pain or prouidence of man
To helpe him to good hap, whom deſteny doth ban:
Who moyleth to remoue the rocke out of the mud,
Shall myer himſelfe, & hardly ſcape the ſwelling of the flud.

This all my frendes haue founde, and I haue felt it ſo.
Ordaynd to be the touch of wretchednes and woe,
For ere I had a yeare poſſeſt my ſeate againe,
I loſt both it and liberty, my helpers all were ſlaine.

For

For Edward first by fielch, and sith by gathred strength,
Arryude and got to Yorke and London at the length:
Tooke me and tyed me vp, yet Warwicke was so stout,
He came with power to barnet field, in hope to help me out,

And there alas was slaine, with many a worthy knight.
O Lord that euer such lucke should hap in helping right:
Last came my wife and sonne, that long lay in exile,
Defyed the King, & fought a field, I may bewayle the while.

For there myne onely son, not thirteene yeare of age,
Was tane, and murdered streight by Edward in his rage:
And shortly I my selfe to stint all furder strife,
Stabde with his brothers blouddy blade in prison lost my lyfe.

Lo here the heauy haps which hapned me by heape,
See here the pleasaunt fruites that many princes reape,
The painful plagues of those that breake their lawful bands.
Their mede which may & will not saue their frēds fro blouddy (handes.

God graunt my wofull haps, to greuous to rehearce,
May teach all states to know how depely daungers pearce:
How frayle all honours are, how brittle worldly blisse,
That warned through my fearful fate they feare to do misse.

This

FINIS.

THis tragedy ended, an other said: either you or king Hēry are a good philosopher so narrowly to argue the causes of mysfortunes: but ther is nothing to experiēce which taught, or might teach the king this lesson.
But to procede in our matter, I finde mencion here shortlye after the death of this kinge, of a Duke of Excester found dead in the sea betwene Douer and Calays, but what hee was, or by what aduenture he dyed, maister Fabian hath not shewed, and master Hall hath ouerskipped him: so that except wee be frendlyer vnto him, he is lyke to be double drowned, both in sea, and in the gulfe of forgetfulnes.
About this matter was much talke, but because on tooke vpon him to seeke out that story, that charge was committed to him.
And to be occupied in the meane while I haue found the storye of one drowned lykwise and that so notably, though priuely, that all the world knew of it: wherfore I sayd: because night approcheth, and that wee wyll loose no tyme, ye shall heare what I haue noted concerning the Duke of Clarence, kyng Edwardes brother, who all to be washed in wyne, maye bewayl his infortune after this maner.

How

How George Plātagenet third ſonne of the Duke of Yorke, was by his brother King Edward wrongfullye impriſonned, and by his brother Richard miſerablye murdered the 11. of Ianuary. Anno. 1478.

THe foule is ſowle men ſay, that fyles the neſt.
Which makes me loth to ſpeke now, might I chuſe,
But ſeing tyme vnburdend hath her byeſt,
and fame blowne vp the blaſt of all abuſe,
My ſilence rather might my lyfe accuſe
Than ſhroude our ſhame, though faine I would it ſo:
For truth will out, although the world ſay no.

And therfore Baldwyn hartely I the beſech
To pauſe a while vpon my heauy plaint,
And vnneth though I viter ſpedy ſpech,
No fault of wit nor folly makes me faint:
No heady drinks haue geuen my toug attaint
Through quaffing craft, yet wine my wits confounds
Not of which I dranke, but wherin I drounde.

What prince I am although I neue not ſhew.
Becauſe my wine bewrayes me by the ſmell,
For neuer creature was ſouſt in Bacchus dew
To death but I through Fortunes rigour fell:
Yet that thou maiſt my ſtory better tell,
I will declare as briefly as I may,
My welth, my wo, and cauſers of decay.

The

The famous houſe ſurnamde Plantagenet,
Wherat dame Fortune frowardly did frowne,
While Bolenbroke vniuſtly ſought to ſet:
His Lord King Richard quite beſyde the crowne,
Though many a day it wanted due renowne,
God ſo preſerd by prouidence and grace,
That lawfull heires did neuer fayle the race.

For Lionell King Edwards eldeſt child,
Both eame and heir to Richard yſſuleſſe,
Begot a daughter Philip, whom vndefylde
The Earle of March eſpouſd, and God did bleſſe
With fruit aſſinde the kingdome to poſſeſſe:
I meane fyr Roger Mortimer, whoſe heyre
The Earle of Cambridge maried Anne the fayre.

This Earle of Cambridge Richard clept by name,
Was ſon to Edmund Langley Duke of Yorke;
Which Edmund was fift brother to the ſame
Duke Lionell that all this lyne doth korke;
Of which two houſes ioyned in a korke,
My father Richard prince Plantagenet
True Duke of Yorke, was lawfull heire begete.

Who tooke to wife as ye ſhall vnderſtand
A mayden of a noble houſe and olde,
Raulfe Neuils daughter Earle of Weſtmerland:
Whoſe ſome Earle Richard was a baron bolde,
And had the right of Saliſbury in holde,
Through mariage made with good Earle Thomas hayre,
Whoſe earned prayſes neuer ſhall appayre.

The

The Duke my father had by this his wyfe
Fower ſonnes, of whome the eldeſt Edward highe,
The ſecond Edmund who in youth did loſe his lyfe,
At wakefield ſlaine by Clifford cruell knighe,
I George am third of Clarence Duke by righe.
The fowerth borne to the miſchiefe of vs all,
Was Duke of Glocester whom men did Richard call.

Whan as our ſier in ſute of right was ſlaine,
(Whoſe lyfe and death himſelfe deſerued eauſt)
My brother Edward plied his cauſe amaine,
And got the crowne as Warwicke hath rehearſt:
The pryde wherof ſo depe his ſtomache pearſt
That he forgot his frendes, diſpyſed his kin,
Of oth or office paſſing not a pyn.

Which made the Earle of Warwicke to maligne
My brothers ſtate, and to attempt a way,
To bring from pryſon Henry ſely King,
To help him to the kingdome if he may,
And knowing me to be the chiefeſt ſtay,
My brother had, he did me vndermine
To cauſe me to his treaſons to encline.

Wherto I was prepared long before,
My brother had ben to me ſo vnkinde:
For ſure no cankar freteth fleſh ſo ſore,
As vnkynde dealing doth a louing mynde.
Loues ſtrongeſt bandes vnkindenes doth vnbynde,
It moueth loue to malice, zeale to hate,
Chiefe frendes to foes, and brethren to debate,

And

And though the Earle of Warwicke subtile sire,
Perceiude I bare a grudge against my brother,
Yet towarde his feate to set me more on fire,
He kindled vp one firebrand with another:
For knowing fancy was the forcing rother
Which stirreth youth to any kynde of strife,
He offred me his daughter to my wyfe.

Where through and with his crafty filed tonge,
He stale my hart that earst vnlefte my was:
For I was witlesse, wanton, fond, and yonge,
Whole bent to pleasure, brittle as the glasse:
I cannot lye, In vino veritas.
I did esteme the beawty of my bryde,
Aboue my selfe and all the world beside.

These fond affections ioynt with lacke of skill,
(Which trap the hart and blinde the eyes of youth,
And pyckt the mynde to practise any yll)
So tickled me that boyde of kindely truth:
(Which if it want all wretchednesse ensueth)
I stinted not to persecute my brother,
Tyll time he left his kingdome to another.

Thus carnall loue did quench the loue of kynde,
Tyll lust were lost through fancy fully fed:
But when at length I came into my mynde
I saw how lewdly lightnesse had me led,
To seke with payne the peril of my hed:
For had King Henry once hen seised sure,
I was assurde my dayes could not endure.

And

And therfore though I bound my selfe with oth
To help King Henry all that euer I might,
Yet at the trety of my brethern both,
Which reason graunted to requyre but right,
I left his part wherby he perisht quite:
And reconcilde me to my brethern twayne,
And so came Edward to the crowne agayne.

This made my father in law to fret and fume,
To stamp and stare, and call me false forswore,
And at the length with all his power presume,
To help King Henry vtterly for lore.
Our frendely profers still he tooke in scorne,
Refused peace and came to Barnet field,
And there was kild because he would not yeelde:

His brother also there with him was slaine,
Wherby decayd the keyes of chiualrye.
For neuer liued the matches of them twayne,
In manhood power, and martiall pollicy,
In vertuous thewes, and frendly constancy,
That would to God if it had bene his wyll
They might haue tourned to vs and liued still.

But what shalbe shal be: there is no choise,
Things nedes must driue as destiny decreeth,
For which ought in all our haps reioyse,
Because the eye eterne all thing forseeth
Which to no yll at any tyme agreeth,
For yls to yll to vs, be good it,
So far his skils exceue our reach of wit.

The

The wounded man which must abyde the smart,
Of stitching vp, or searing of his sore,
As thing to bad, reproues the Surgeons art
Which not withstanding doth his health restore,
The childe likewise to science plied sore,
Counts knowledge ill, his teacher to be wood,
Yet Surgery and sciences be good.

But as the pacyents griefe and scholers paine,
Cause them deme bad such things as sure be best,
So want of wisdome causeth vs complayne
Of euery hap, wherby we seme oppressi:
The poze do pine for peise, the rich for rest,
And whan as losse or sickne sse vs assaile
We curse our fate, our Fortune we bewayle.

Yet for our good, God worketh euerything:
For through the death of these two noble peres
My brother liued and raygned a quiet King,
Who had they lyued perchaunce in course of yeares.
Would haue deliuered Henry fro the bzeres,
Or holp his son t'enioy the carefull crowne,
Wherby our line should haue ben quite put downe.

A carefull crowne it may be iustly named,
Not onely for the cares thereto annexe,
To se the subiect well and duly framed,
With which good care few Kings are greatly vexe
But for the dzed wherwith they vsen perplexe,
Of losing Lordship, liberty, or life:
Which wofull wzacks in kingdoms happen rife.

That which to shun while som to soze haue sought:
They haue not sparde all persons to suspect:
And to destroy such as they gilty thought,
Though no apparaunce proued them infect.
Take me foz one of this wrong punisht sect,
Imprisonde first, accused without cause,
And done to death no processe had by lawes.

Wherin I note how vengeaunce doth acquite
Lyke yll foz yll, how vices vertue quell:
Foz as my mariage loue did me excite
Against the King my brother to rebell,
So loue to haue his children prosper well,
Prouoked him against both law and right,
To murder me, his brother and his knight.

Foz by his quene two princelyke sonnes he hav.
Borne to be punisht foz their parents synne:
Whose Foztunes kalked made the father sad,
Such wofull haps were found to be therin:
Which to auouch, writ in a rotten skin
A prophesy was found, which said a G,
Of Edwards children should destruction be.

Ye to be G, because my name was George
My brother thought, and therfoze did me hate.
But wo be to that wicked heads that forge
Such doubtfull dreams to brede vnkynde debate:
Foz God, a Gleue, a Gibbet, Grate, oz Gate,
A Gray, a Griffeth, oz a Gregory,
As well as George are written with a G.

Such doutfull ridoles are no prophecies.
For prophecies, in writyng though obscure,
Are plaine in sence, the darke be very lies:
What God foreshewth is euident and pure,
Truth is no harold nor no Sophist sure:
She noteth not mens names, their shieldes nor creasts,
Though she compare them vnto byrds and beasts.

But whome she doth foreshewe shall rayne by force,
She tearms a Wolfe, a Dragon or a Beare:
A wilfull prince a raynlesse raging horse.
A bolde a Lyon: a Coward much in feare
A Hare or Hart: a crafty, pricked eare:
A Lecherous, a Bull, a Goate, a Foale:
An vndermyner a Moldwarpe, or a Mole.

By knowen beasts thus truth doth plaine declare
What men they be of whom she speakes before,
And who so can mens properties compare
And marke what beast they do resemble more,
Shall soone discerne who is the grielly bore.
For God by beasts expresseth mens condicions,
And not their badges, harroldes superstitions.

And learned Merlyne whom God haue the spyte,
To know and vtter princes acts to come,
Lyke to the Iewish prophets, did recite
In shade of beasts their doings all and some,
Expressyng playne by maners of the dome,
That kings and lords such properties should haue
As haue the beasts whose name he to them gaue.

Which

Which while the folyſh did not well conſider,
And ſeing pꝛinces gaue foꝛ difference
And knowledge of their iſſues mixt together,
All maner beaſts, foꝛ badges of pꝛetence,
Ther tooke thoſe badges to expꝛeſſe the ſence
Of Merlynes mynde, and thoſe that gaue the ſame,
To be the pꝛinces noted by their name.

And hereof ſpꝛang the falſe named pꝛophecies,
That go by letters, ſlphers, armes oꝛ ſynes:
Which all be foliſh falſe and crafty lies
Deuyſde by geſſe, oꝛ guiles vntrue deuines:
Foꝛ whan they ſaw that many of many lynes
Gaue armes alyke, they will not which was he,
Whome Merlyne meant the noted beaſt to be.

Foꝛ all the bꝛoode of warwickes gaue the Beare,
The Buckinghams do lykewyſe geue the Swan.
But which Beare bearer ſhould the Lyon teare
They were as wiſe as Gooſe the fery man:
Yet in their ſkill they ceaſed not to ſcan:
And to be demed of the people wyſe,
Set foꝛth their gloſes on pꝛophecies.

And whome they douted openly to name
They darkely tearmed oꝛ by ſome letter ment,
Foꝛ ſo they thought how euer the world did frame,
Pꝛeſerue them ſelues from ſhame oꝛ being ſhent.
Foꝛ how ſoeuer contrary it went,
They might expound their meaning otherwyſe,
As haps in things ſhoulde newly ſtill ariſe.

And thus there grew of a mistaken truth,
An art so false as made the tru suspect:
Wherof hath come much mischiefe, more the ruthe,
That errours should our mynds so much infect.
True prophets haue fowly ben reiect:
The false which breede both murder war and strife,
Beleued to the losse of many a good mans lyfe.

And therfore Baldwin teach men to discerne,
Which prophecies be false and which be true:
And for a ground this lesson let them learne,
That all be false which are deuised new
The age of things is iudged by the hue.
All riddels made by letters, names or armes,
Are yonge and false, far worse than witches charms.

I know thou musest at this lore of myne,
How I no studient, should haue learned it:
And dost impute it to the fume of wyne
That stirs the tongue, and sharpneth vp the wit,
But harke, a frende did teach me euery whit.
A man of myne in all good knowledge rife,
For which he giltlesse lost his learned lyfe.

This man abode my seruaunt many a day,
And stil in study set his hole delight:
Which taught me more then I could beare away
Of euery arte: and by his searching sight
Of things to com he would forshew as right,
As I rehearse the pageants that were past:
Such perfectnes God gaue him at the last.

He

He knew my brother Richard was the Boze,
Whose tuskes should teare my brothers boyes and me,
And gaue me warning therof long before.
But wit nor warning can in no degree
Let things to hap, which are ordaind to be.
Witnesse the painted Lyonesse, which slue
A prince imprisoned, Lyons to eschewe.

He told me eke my pooke fellow should dy,
(Wherin would God he had ben no deuyne)
And after her death I should woe earnestly
A spouse, wherat my brother would repine:
And fynde the means she should be none of myne.
For which such malice should among vs ryse,
As saue my death no treaty should decise.

And as he said so all things came to passe:
For whan King Henry and his sonne were slaine,
And euery broyle so throughly quenched was,
That the King my brother quietly did raigne,
I, reconsiled to his loue agayne,
In prosperous health did leade a quiet lyfe,
For fiue yeares space with honours laden rife.

And to augment the fulnesse of my blisse,
Two louely children by my wyfe I had:
But froward hap whose maner euer is
In chiefest ioye to make the happy sad,
Bemixt my sweete with bitternes to bad:
For while I swam in ioyes on euery side,
My louing wife, my chiefest Jewell dyed,

Whose lacke whan sole I had bewayled a yeare,
The Duke of Burgoins wyfe dame Margarete
My louing sister willing me to cheare,
To mary agayne did kyndely me intreate:
And wisht me matched with a mayden nete
A step daughter of hers Duke Charls hayre,
A noble damsell, yong, discrete and fayre.

To whose desire because I did enclyne,
The King my brother douting my degree
Through prophecies, against vs did repyne:
And at no hand would to our wills agree.
For which such rancour pearst both him and me
That face to face we fell at flat defiaunce,
But were appeased by frends of our aliaunce.

Howbeit my mariage vtterly was dasht:
Wherin because my seruant sayd his mynde,
A meane was sought wherby he mought be lasht.
And for they could no cryme agaynst him fynde,
They forgde a fault the peoples eyes to blynde,
And told he should by sorceries pretend,
To bring the King vnto a spedy ende.

Of all which points he was as innocent
As is the babe that lacketh kyndely breth:
And yet condemned by the Kings assent,
Most cruelly put to a shamefull death.
This fyerd my hart, as foulder doth the heath:
So that I could not but exclame and cry,
Against so great and open iniury,

For

For this I was comaunded to the tower,
The King my brother was so cruell harted:
And whan my brother Richard saw the hower
Was come, for which his hart so sore had smarted,
He thought it best take the tyme before it parted.
For he endeuoured to attain the crown,
From which my life must nedes haue held hym down.

For though the King within a while had dyed,
As nedes he must he surkayted so oft,
I must haue had his children in my guyde
So Richard should beside the crowne haue coft:
This made him ply the while the waxe was soft,
To fynde a meane to bring me to an ende,
For realmrape spareth neyther kin nor frend.

And whan he saw how treason can allwage
Through length of tyme my brother Edwards yre,
With forged tales he set him newe in rage,
Tyll at the last they did my death conspyre.
And though my truth sore troubled their desyre,
For all the world did know myne innocence,
Yet they agreed to charge me with offence,

And couertly within the tower they calde,
A quest, to geue such verdite as they should.
Who what with feare and what with fauour thralde,
Durst not pronounce but as my brethern would.
And though my false accusers neuer could
Proue ought they said, I giltelesse was condemned:
Such verdites falle where iustice is contemned.

This feate atchiued yet could they not for shame
Cause me be kilde by any common way,
But like a Wolfe the tyrant Richard came,
(My brother, nay my butcher I may say)
Unto the tower when all men were away,
Saue such as were prouided for the feate:
Who in this wise did straungely me entreate.

His purpose was with a prepared string
To strangle me: but I bestird me so,
That by no force they could me therto bring.
Which caused him that purpose to forgo.
Nowbeit they bound me whether I would or no.
And in a but of malmesy standing by,
New christened me because I should not crie.

Thus dround I was yet for no due desert,
Except the zeale of iustice be a cryme:
False prophecies bewitcht King Edwards hart.
My brother Richard to the crowne would clyme.
Note these three causes in thy rufull ryme:
And boldly say they did procure my fall
And death of deaths most straunge and hard of all.

And warne all princes prophecies to eschue
That are to darke and doutfull to be knowen:
What God hath said, that cannot but ensue,
Though all the world would haue it ouerthrowen.
When men suppose by fetches of their owne
To flye their fate, they further on the same
Like quenching blasts which oft renine the flame.

Will princes therfore not to thinke by murder
They may auoyde what prophecies behight,
But by their meanes their mischiefs they may furder,
And cause Gods vengeaunce henter to alight:
Wo worth the wretch that striues with Gods foresight.
They are not wise, but wickedly vo arte,
Which thinke yll deedes, due destenies may barre.

For if we thinke that prophecies be true,
We must beleue it cannot but betyde,
Which God in them for ill deserts shall ensue:
For his decrees vnchaunged no abide.
Which to be true my brethern both haue tried,
Whose wicked warkes warne princes to dread,
That others harmes may keepe them better wide.

By that this tragedye was ended, nighte was so nere com that we could not conuenyently tary thgether any longer: and therfore said mayste Ferrers: It is best my maisters to stay here. For we be now com to the end of Edward the fourths raigne. For ỳ last wt̃om we fynde vnfortunate therein, was this Duke of Clarence: in whose behalfe I commend much ỳ which hath be noted,

Let vs therfore for vhys tyme leaue w̃ him, & this day seuen nyghts hence, if your busines will so suffer, let vs all mete here together agayne. And you shal se that in the meane season I will not onely deuise vppon this my selfe, but cause dyuers other of my acquaintaunce which can do very well, to helpe vs forward with the rest. To this euery man gladlye agreed, howebeit (saide another) seing we shall ende at Edwarde the fourths ende let himselfe make an ende of oure dayes labour with the same oration whiche mayster Skelton made in his name, the tenour wherof so far as I remember is as foloweth.

Howe Kinge Edwarde the fourth through his surfe-
tinge and vntemperate lyfe, sodainlye dyed in
the midst of his prosperity. the nynth of
Aprill. Anno. 1483.

MIseremini mei ye that be my frends,
This world hath formed me downe to fall:
How may I endure whan that euery thing ends?
What creature is borne to be eternall?
Now there is no more but pray for me all,
Thus say I Edward that late was your King,
And xxii. yeares ruled this imperiall:
Some vnto pleasure and some to no lyking:
Mercy I aske of my misdoing,
What auayleth it frends to be my foe?
Sith I cannot resist, nor amend your complayning,
Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I slepe now in mold as it is naturall,
As earth vnto earth hath his reuerture:
What ordayned God to be terrestriall,
Without recourse to the earth by nature,
Who to lyue euer may himselfe assure?
What is it to trust to mutability,
Sith that in this world nothing may endure?
For now am I gone that was late in prosperity.
To presume theruppon it is but vanity,
Not certaine, but as a chery faire full of wo.
Rayned not I of late in greate prosperity,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where was in my lyfe such an one as I,
While Lady Fortune with me had continuaunce?
Graunted not she me to haue victory,
In England to reigne and to contribute Fraunce,
She tooke me by the hand and led me a daunce,
And with her sugred lyps on me she smyled,
But what for dissembled countenaunce,
I could not beware tyll I was beguyled.
Now from this world she hath me exilde,
Whan I was lothest to take for to go,
And am in age who smith but a chylde.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had ynough I held me not content,
Without remembraunce that I should dye:
And moreouer to encroch redy was I bent,
I knew not how long I should it occupye,
I made the tower strong I wist not why.
I knew not to whom I purchased Tattersall.
I mended Douer on the mountaine hye,
And London I prouoked to fortify the wall.
I made Notingham a place royall,
Wyndsore, Eltam, and many other mo,
Yet at the last I went from them all.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now my conquest and victory?
Where is my riches and royall array?
Where be my coursers and my horses hye?
Where is my myrth, my solace, and my play?
As vanity to nought all is worthyed away.
O Lady Bes long for me may you tall,

For

For I am departed vntill domes daye:
But loue you that Lord that is soueraine of all.
Where be my Castels and buildings royall:
But Wyndsore alone now haue I no moe,
And of Eton the prayers perpetuall,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Why should a man be proud or presume hye
Saint Bernard therof nobly doth treate,
Saying a man is but a lacke of sercoye,
And shall retourne vnto wormes meate:
Why what became of Alexander the greate,
Or els of strong Sampson, who can tell,
Were not worms ordayned their flesh to freate:
And of Salomon that was of wit the well,
Absolon prosered his heere for to sell,
Yet for his bewty worms eate him also,
And I but late in honours did excell,
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I haue played my pageant, now am I past,
Ye wote well all I was of no greate elde.
Thus all thing concluded shall be at the last,
When death approcheth then lost is the field:
Than seeyng this world me no lengar vphelde,
For nought would conserue me here in this place,
In manus tuas domine my spirite vp I yelde,
Humbly beseching the O God of thy grace.
O you rurteous commons your hartes embrace
Beningly now to pray for me also,
For right well ye know your King I was.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

FINIS.

When

When thys was saide, euery man for ỳ time tooke his leaue of other, and departed (for thẽ it wared darke) appointing a new day of meting which being come, wee met all together againe. And when wee had saluted one an other, then one tooke the booke and began to reade ỳ story of king Edward the fift: (for there wee left) and when he came to ỳ apprehẽding of ỳ Lorde Riuers: stay ther I pray you (said I) for here is his complaint For the better vnderstanding wherof, you must ymagin ỳ he was accompanied w the Lord Richard Gray, Hawt Clapeham, whose infortunes he bewaileth after this maner.

How Syr Anthonye VVóduile Lorde Riuers and Scales, Gouernour of prince Edward, was wyth his Nephue Lord Richard Gray & other causelesse imprisoned and cruelly murdered. Anno. 1483.

Vaynely suiters letted by delayes
To shew their prince the meaning of their mynde,
That long haue bought their brokers yeas and nays
And neuer the nyer: do dayly wayte to fynde
The princes grace, from waighty affaires vntwynde:
Which tyme atta ned, by attending all the yeare,
The wearied prince will than no suters heare:

My case

My case was such not many dayes agoe,
For after bruite had blazed all abroade
That Baldwin through the ayd of other moe,
Of fame or shame fallen princes would unloade,
Out from our graues we got without abode,
And preaced forward with the rufull rout,
That sought to haue their doings bulted out.

But whan I had long tended for my turne
To tell my tale as dyuers other dyd:
In hope I should no lengar while sojourne
But from my suites haue spedyly ben ryd,
Whan course and place both orderly had bid
We shew my mynde, and I prepard to faye,
The hearers pausëd arose and went their way.

These doubtfull doings draue me to my dumps,
Uncertaine what should moue them so to go:
I feared least affections lothly lumps
Or inward grudge had driuen them therto,
Whose wicked stings all stories truth vndo.
Oft causing good to be reported yll,
Or dround in sups of Lethes muddy swill.

For hitherto sly wyters wyly wits
Which haue engrossëd princes chiefe affayrs,
Haue bene lyke horses snaffled with the bits
Of fancy, feare, or doute full deepe disprayse,
Whose rains enclosëd to the chiefest chayre,
Haue so ben strayned of those that bare the stroke
That truth was fayne to chow or els to choke.

This
end

This caused such as lothed fowd to ly,
To passe with silence sundry princes lyues.
Lesse fault it is to leaue, then leade awry:
And better dround, than euer bound in gyues.
For fatall fraud this world so fondly dyues,
That what so euer writers brains may bryue
Be it neuer so false, at length is tane for true.

What harme may hap by help of lying penns.
How written lies may lewdly be maintaynde.
The lothly rites, the deuilysh pooll denns
With giltlesse bloud of vertuous men bestaynde.
Is such a proofe as all good harts haue playnde.
The taly grounds of Rozles throughly tries,
The death of martirs vengeance on it cries.

Far better therfor nought to write at all
Than fayne the truth for any maner fault,
For this they meane to lerne my story fall
(Thought I) and ere my time my volume clause.
But after I knew it onely was a pause,
Made purposely, most for the readers ease,
Allure thee Baldwin, highly it vow me please.

For freshest wits, I know will sone be weary,
In reading long what euer booke it be,
Except it be daine matter, straunge or merry,
Well sault with lies, and glazed all with gyes,
With which because no greate truth may agree,
The closest stile for Rozles is the meete,
In rufull moans the shortest tourne is sweete.

And

And sith the playnts already by thee pende,
Are briefe ynough, the nomber also small,
The tediousnesse I thinke doth none offend,
Saue such as haue no lust to learne at all,
Regarde none such: no matter what they brall.
Warne thou the wary least they hap to stumble.
As for the careless, care not what they mumble.

My lyfe is such as (if thou note it well)
May cause the witty welthy to beware.
For their sakes therfore plainly will I tell,
How false and combrous worldly honours are,
How cankred foes, bring careless folke to care.
How tyrantes suffered and not queld in tyme
Do cut their throats that suffer them to clyme.

Neither will I hyde the chiefest poine of all
Which wisest rulers least of all regarde,
That was and will be cause of many a fall.
This cannot be to ernestly declarde
Because it is so seeld, and slackly heard.
The abuse and scorning of Gods ordinaunces,
Is chiefest cause of care and wofull chaunces.

Gods holy orders highly are abused
When men do chaunge their ends for straunge respectes:
They scorned are, when they be cleane refused
For that they can not serue our fond affects.
The one our shame, the other our sin detects.
It is a shame for christians to abuse them,
But deadly sinne for scorners to refuse them.

I meane not this all onely of degrees
Ordaind by God for peoples preseruation,
But of his law, good orders, and decrees,
Prouided his creatures conseruation.
And specially the state of procreation
Wherin we here the number of them encrease
Which shall in heauen enioy eternall peace.

The onely end why God ordayned this,
Was for the encreasing of that blessed number
For whome he hath prepard eternall blisse.
They that refuse it for the care or cumber
Being apt therto, are in a sinfull slumber:
No fond respect, no vaine deuised vowes
Can quit or bar what God in charge allowes.

It is not good for man to liue alone
Sayd God: and therfore made he him a make:
Sole life said Christ is graunted few or none,
All seed shedders are bound lyke wiues to take:
Yet not for lust, for lands, or riches sake,
But to beget and foster so their frute
That heauen and earth be stored with the suite.

But as this state is damnably refused
Of many apt and able therunto,
So is it likewyse wickedly abused
Of all that vse it as they should not vse:
Wherin are gilty all the gredy who
For gaine, for frendship, lands or honors wed,
And these pollute the vndefyled bed.

Am

And therfore God through iustice cannot ceasse
To plague these faults with sundry sorts of whips:
As disagrement, healths or welths decreasse,
Or lothing sore the neuer liked lips.
Disdaine also with rigour somtyme nips
Presuming mates, vnequally that match:
Some bitter leauen sowers the musty batch.

We worldly folke acount him very wise
That hath the wit most welthily to wed.
By all meanes therfore alwaies we deuise
To see our issue rich in spousals sped.
We buy and sell rich orphans: babes scant bred
Must mary ere they know what mariage means
Boyes marry old trots, old fooles wed yong queans.

We call this wedding which in many wise
Can be no mariage, but pollucion plaine.
A new found trade of humane marchandise,
The deuils net, a filthy flethly gayne:
Of kinde and nature an vnnaturall staine,
A fowle abuse of Gods most holy order,
And yet allowd almost in euery border.

Would God I were the last that shall haue cause
Against this creping cancar to complaine,
That men would so regard their makers lawes,
That all would leaue the lewdnes of their braine,
That holy orders holy might remaine.
That our respects in wedding should not choke
The end and fruite of Gods most holy yoke.

The sage King Solon after that he saw,
What mischiefs folowe missought mariages,
To barre all baits, established this law.
No frend nor father shall geue herytages,
Coyne, cattell, stuffe, or other cariages
With any mayd for dowry or wedding sale,
By any meane on pain of banning bale.

Had thys good law in England been in force
My father had not so cruelly been slaine.
My brother had not causles lost his corps.
Our mariage had not bred vs such disdayne,
My selfe had lackt great part of greuous paine,
We wedded wiues for dignity and lands,
And left our liues in enuies blouddy hands.

My father hight Syr Richard Woduile: he
Espoulde the Duches of Bedford, and by her
Had issue males my brother Iohn, and me
Called Anthony, King Edward did prefer
Us far aboue the state wherin we were.
For he espoused our sister Elizabeth,
Whome Sir Iohn Gray made wydow by his death.

How glad were we, thinke you of this alyaunce?
So nereely coupled with so noble a King.
Who durst with any of vs be at defiaunce
Thus made of might the mightiest to wring?
But fye what cares do highest honours bring,
What careles nes our selues or frends to know,
What spyte and enuy both of high and lowe.

Because

Because the King had made our sister Quene
It was his honor to prefer her kin.
And sith the rediest way, as wisest ween,
Was first by wedding welthy heyrs to win,
It pleased the prince by lyke meane to begin.
To me he gaue the rich Lord Scales his heir,
A vertuous maid in myne eye very fayre.

He ioyned to my brother Iohn, the olde
Duches of Northfolke notable of fame.
My nephue Thomas (who had in his holde
The honor and right of Marquis Dorcets name)
Espoused Cicelie a right welthy dame,
Lord Bonuiles heyre: by whome he was pollest
In all the rites wher through that house was blest.

The honors that my father attaind were dyuers
First Chamberlain, than Constable he was.
I do omit the gainfullest, Earle Riuers.
Thus glistred we in glory clere as glas.
Such myracles can princes bring to passe
Among their lieges whom they mynde to beaue
To honors false, who all their gests deceiue.

Honors are lyke that cruell King of Thrace,
With new com gests that fed his hungry horses.
Or lyke the tirant Busiris whose grace
Offred his Gods all straungers strangled corses.
To forreiners so hard false honors force is
That all her bourders, straungers either geasts
She spoiles to feede her Gods and gredy beasts.

Her Gods be those whom God by law or lot,
Or kinde by birth, doth place in highest roumes,,
Her beasts be such as gredely haue got
Office or charge to guide the sely gromes.
These officers in law or charge are bromes,
That sweepe away the sweete from simple wretches,
And spoile the enriched by their crafty fetches.

These plucke downe those whom princes set aloft,
By wresting lawes, and false conspiracies:
Yea Kings themselues by these are spoiled oft.
Whan wilfull princes carelesly despise
To heare th'oppressed peoples heauy cries,
Nor will correct their polling theues, than God
Doth make those reues the rechles princes rod.

The second Richard is a proofe of this
Whom crafty Lawyers by their lawes deposed.
An other patern good King Henry is
Whose right by them hath diuersly been glosed,
Good while he grew, bad whan he was vnroled,
And as they loadred these and diuers other
With like deceit they vsed the King my brother.

While he preuailed they said he owed the crown,
All lawes and rights agreed with the same:
But whan by drifts he seemed to be down,
All lawes and right extremely did him blame
Nought saue vsurping traytour was his name.
So constantly the Iudges construe lawes,
That all agree still with the stronger cause.

These as I said, and other lyke in charge
Are honors horses whom the fedes with gests.
For all whom princes frankly do enlarge
With dignities, these bark at in their breasts:
Their spight, their might, their falsehood neuer rests
Till they deuour them: sparing neither bloud,
Ne lim ne life, and all to get their good.

The Earle of Warwicke was a praunsing courser
The hauty hart of his could beare no mate:
Our welth through him warr many a tyme the worser
So cankardly he had our kin in hate.
He troubled oft the Kings vnsteady state
And that because he would not be his warde
To wed and worke, as he should list award.

He spited vs because we were preferd
By mariage to dignities so great,
But craftely his mallice he deferd
Tyll traitorously he found means to entreate
Our brother of Clarence to assist his feat:
Whome whan he had by mariage to him bound
Than wrought he straight our linage to confound.

Through slaunderous brutes he brued many a broyle
Through out the realme against the King my brother:
And rayled trayterous rebels thirsting spoile
To murder men: of whome among all other
One Robin of Riddesdale many a soule did smother
His rascall rable at my father wroth
Tooke slee and sonne, and quicke beheaded both.

This hainous act although the King detested,
Yet was he faine to pardon: for the rout
Of rebels all the realme so sore infested,
That euery way assaild, he stoode in doubt:
And though he were of courage high and stout,
Yet he assaied by fair meanes to asswage
His enemies ire, reueild by rebels rage.

But Warwicke was not pacified thus,
His constant rancor raunles was extreme,
No meane could serue the quarell to discus,
Till he had driuen the King out of the realme.
Neither would he then be waked from his dreame.
For whan my brother was com and p'aced again,
He stinted not til he was stoutly slaine.

Than grew the King and realme to quiet rest,
Our stocke and frends still sprying higher and higher:
The Quene with children fruitfully was blest:
I gouernd them, it was the Kings desier.
This set their vncles furiously on fier,
That we the Quenes bloud were assigned to gouerne
The prince, not they, the Kings own bloud and brethern

This caused the Duke of Clarence so to chafe
That with the King he brainles fell at bate:
The counsaile warely for to kepe him safe
From raising tumults as he did of late,
Imprisoned him: where through his brothers hate
He was condemnde, and murdred in such sort
As he him selfe hath truly made report.

Was

Was none abhorred these mischiefs more than I,
Yet could I not be therewith discontented,
Considering that his raucour touched me ny.
Els would my conscience neuer haue consented
To wish him harme, could he haue ben contented.
But feare of hurt, for sauegard of our state
Doth cause more mischiefe than desert or hate.

Such is the state that many wish to beare,
That either we must with others bloud be staind,
Or leade our liues continually in feare.
You mounting myndes behold here what is gaynde
By combrous honour, painfully attainde:
A damned soule for murdringe them that hate you,
Or doutfull lyfe, in daunger lest they mate you.

The cause (I thinke) why some of high degree
Do deadly hate all sekers to assend,
Is this: The cloyne contented can not be
With any state, tyll tyme he apprehend
The highest top: for therto clymers tend.
Which seldom is attaind without the wracke
Of those betwene, that stay and beare him back.

To saue them selues they therfore are compeld
To hate such climers, and with wit and power
To compasse meanes wherethrough they may be queld,
Ere they ascend their honours to deuour.
This caused the Duke of Clarence frowne and lowre
At me and other, whome the King promoted
To dignities: wherin he madly doted.

For seing

For seing we were his nere allied frends,
Our furderaunce should rather haue made him glad
Than enmy like to wish our wofull ends.
We were the nerest kinsfolke that he had.
We ioyed with him, his sorrow made vs sad:
But he esteemed so much his painted sheath
That he disdaind the loue of all beneath.

But se how sharply God reuengeth sinne:
As he maligned me and many other
His faithfull frends, and kindest of his kin,
So Richard Duke of Glocester, his very brother,
Maligned him and beastly did him smother.
A deuelish dede, a most vnkindly part,
Yet iust reuenge for his vnnaturall hart.

Although this brother queller, tirant fell
Enuied our state as much and more than he:
Yet did his cloaking flattery so excell
To all our frends ward chiefly vnto me,
That he appeard our trusty stay to be:
For outwardly he wrought our state to furder,
Where inwardly he mynded nought saue murder.

Thus in appearaunce who but I was blest:
The chiefest honors heaped on my head:
Beloued of all, enioying quiet rest.
The forward prince by me alone was led,
A noble impe, to all good vertues bred:
The King my liege without my counsaile knowne
Agreed nought: though wisest were his owne.

But quiet

But quiet blisse in no state lasteth long
Assailed still by mischiefe many wayes:
Whose spoiling battry glowing hote and strong,
No flowing welth, no force nor wisdome staies
Her smoakeles poulder beaten souldiers slaies.
By open force foule mischiefe oft preuails,
By secret sleight, the seeld her purpose fails.

The King was bent to much to foolish pleasure,
In banqueting he had so greate delight:
This made him grow in grosnes out of measure,
Which, as it kindleth carnall appetite,
So quencheth it the liuelynes of the spyte.
Wherof ensue such sicknes and diseases
As none can cure saue death that all displeases.

Through this fault furdered by his brothers fraud
(Now God forgyue me if I iudge amisse)
Or through that beast his ribald or his baud
That larded still these sinfull lusts of his,
He sodainly forsooke all worldly blisse.
That loathed leach, that neuer welcome death,
Through Spalmous humours stopped vp his breath.

That tyme lay I at Ludloe Wales his border.
For with the prince the King had sent me thyther
To stay the robberies, spoile, and foule disorder,
Of diuers outlawes gathered there together:
Whose banding tended no man wist well whither
Whan these by wisdome safly were suppressed,
Came wofull newes, our soueraigne was deceassed.

The griefe

The griefe wherof whan reason had allwaged,
Because the prince remained in my guide,
For his defend great store of men I waged,
Doubting the stormes which at such tyme betyde.
But while I there thus warely did prouide,
Commaundement came to send them home againe
And bring the King thence with his houshold traine.

This charge sent from the counsaile and the Quene
Though much againſt my mynde I beast obayed:
The deuill him selfe wrought all the dyft I wene,
Because he would haue innocents betrayed:
For ere the King were halfe his way conuayed,
A sort of traitors falsely him betrapt
I caught afore, and close in prison clapt.

The Duke of Glocester that incarnate deuill
Confedred with the Duke of Buckingham,
With eke Lord Hastings, hasty both to euill
To meete the King in mourning habit came,
(A cruell Wolfe though clothed lyke a Lambe)
And at Northampton, where as than I bayted
They tooke their inne as they on me had wayted.

The King that night at Stonystratford lay,
A towne to small to harbour all his trayne:
This was the cause why he was gone away
While I with other did behinde remaine.
But will you see how falsely frends can faine?
Not Sinon sly, whose fraude best fame rebukes,
Was halfe so suttle as these double Dukes.

First to

First to myne Inne, commeth in my brother false
Embraceth me: well met good brother Scales,
And wepes withall: the other me enhalse
With welcome cosin, now welcome out of Wales
O happy day, for now all stormy gales
Of strife and rancour vtterly are swaged,
And we our own to liue or dye vnwaged.

This proferde seruice sauft with salutacions
Immoderate, might cause me to suspect:
For commonly in all dissimulations
Th'excesse of glauering doth the guile detect:
Reason refuseth falsehode to dyrect:
The will therfore for feare of being spied
Exceedeth mean, because it wanteth gyde.

This is the cause why such as fayne to wepe
Do howle outright, or wayling cry ah,
Tering themselues, and straining sighs most depe.
Why such dissemblers as would seme to laugh
Breth not tihhee, but braye out, hah hah hah.
Why beggers fayning bravery are the proudst
Why cowards bragging boldenesse, wrangle loudst.

For commonly all that do counterfayte
In any thing, exceede the naturall mean,
And that for feare of faylingin their feat.
But these conspyrers couched all so cleane,
Through close demeanour, that their wyles did weane
My hart from douts, so many a false deuice
The forged fresh, to hyde their enterprise.

Whey

They supt with me, propounding frendly talke
Of our affayrs, still geuing me the prayse.
And euer among the cups to me ward walke:
I drinke to you good Cuz eche traytour saies:
Our banquet done when they should go their wayes
They tooke their leaue, oft wishing me good night
As hartely as any creature might.

A noble hart they say is Lyon like,
It can not couche, dissemble, crouch nor fayne.
How villanous were these, and how vnlyke?
Of noble stocke the most ignoble stayne.
Their woluish harts, their trayterous forly braine
Either proue them base, of rascall race engendred
Or from hault lynage bastardlike degendred.

Such polling heads as prayse for prudent pollicy
False practises, I wish were pact on poales.
I meane the bastard law broode, which can molifye
All kinde of causes in their crafty nolles.
These vndermine all vertue, blynde as molles,
They bolster wrong, they racke and strain the right
And prayse for law both malice, fraud, and might.

These quench the worthy flames of noble kynde,
Prouoking best borne to the baselt vices,
Through crafts they make the bouldest courage blinde,
Disliking highly valiant enterprises:
And prayling vily villanous deuices.
These make the Boze a Hog, the Bull an Oxe.
The Swan a Goose, the Lyon a Wolfe or Foxe.

The

The Lawyer Catesby and his crafty feers
A rout that neuer did good in any realme,
Are they that had transformed these noble peers:
They turnde their blood to melancholicke fleume.
Their courage hault to cowardise extreame
Their force and manhode into fraud and malice,
Their wit to wyles: stout Hector into Paris.

These glauerers gone, my selfe to rest I layde,
And doubting nothing soundly fell a slepe:
But sodainly my seruants sore afrayde
Awaked me: and drawing sighes full depe,
Alas (quoth one) my Lord we are betrayde.
How so (quoth I) the Dukes are gone their waies
They haue barred the gates, and borne away the keyes.

While he thus spake, there came into my mynde
This fearfull dreame, wherout I waked was:
I saw a riuer stopt with stormes of winde
Where through a Swan, a Bull and Bore did passe.
Fraunching the fysh and fry, with teath of brasse,
The riuer dryed vp saue a litle streame
Which at the last did water al the realme.

Me thought this streame did drown the cruell Bore
In litle space, it grew so depe and brode:
But he had kild the Bull and Swan before.
Besides all this I sawe an ougly tode
Crall toward me, on which me thought I trode:
But what became of her, or what of me
My sodaine waking would not let me see.

These

These dreames considered with this sodain newes
So dyuers from their doings ouer night,
Dyd cause me not a litle for to muse,
I blest me, and ryse in all the hast I might.
By this, Aurora spred abroade the light
Which fro the ends of Phebus beams she tooke
Who than the Bulls chief gallery forsooke.

When I had opened the window to looke out
There might I se the stretes ech where beset,
Myn inne on ech side compassed about
With armed watchmen, all escapes to let
Thus had these Neroes caught me in their net.
But to what ende, I could not throwly gesse,
Such was my plainnes, such their doublenesse.

My conscience was so clere I could not doubt
Their deadly drift, which lesse apparaunt lay,
Because they cause their men retourne the rout
That pode toward Stonystratford as they say,
Because the Dukes will fyrst be there to day:
For this (thought I) they hinder me in ieast,
For giltlesse myndes do easely deeme the best.

By this the Dukes were come into myne inne
For they were lodged in an other by.
I gote me to them thinking it a sinne
Within my chamber cowardly to lye.
And merely I asked my brother why
He vsed me so: he sterne in euill sadnes
Cryed out: I arrest thee traytour for thy badnes.

How so

How so (quoth I) whence riseth your suspition?
Thou art a traitour (quoth he) I the arrest.
Arrest (quoth I) why where is your commission?
He drew his weapon so did all the rest
Crying: yeld the traitour. I so sore distrest
Made no resistaunce: but was sent to ward
None saue their seruaunts assigned to my gard.

This done they sped him to the King in poste,
And after their humble reuerence to him done,
They traiterously began to rule the roste
They picked a quarell to my sisters sonne
Lord Richard Gray: the King would not be wonne
To agree to them, yet they against all reason,
Arrested him they said for hainous treason.

Sir Thomas Vaughan and Syr Richard Hault
Two worthy knights were likewise apprehended,
These all were gilty in one kynde of fault,
They would not like the practise then pretended:
And seing the King was herewith sore offended,
Backe to Northampton they brought him againe
And thence discharged most part of his traine.

There lo Duke Richard made himselfe protector
Of King and realme by open proclamation,
Though neither King nor Quene were his electors,
Thus he presumed by lawlesse vsurpation.
But will you see his deepe dissimulation?
He sent me a dish of deinties from his borde
That day, and with it, this false frendly worde.

Commend me to him all things shalbe well,
I am his frend, bid him be of good chere:
These newes I prayed the messanger go tell
My Nephue Richard, whome I loued full deare.
But what he ment by well, now shall you heare:
He thought it well to haue vs quickly murdred
Which not long after thorowly he furdered.

For strait from thence we closely were conuayed
From iayle to iayle Northward we will not whither:
Where after we had a while in sunder strayed,
At last we met at Pomfret all together.
Syr Richard Ratcliffe bad vs welcome thither,
Who openly, all law and right contemned
Beheaded vs before we were condemned.

My cosin Richard could not be content
To leaue his lyfe, because he will not why,
Good gentleman that neuer harme had ment,
Therfore he asked wherfore he should dye:
The priest his ghostly father did replye
With weping eyes: I knowe one wofull cause.
The realme hath neyther righteous Lords nor lawes.

Sir Thomas Vaughan chasing cryed still:
This tyrant Glocester is the graceless G.
That will his brothers children beastly kill.
And least the people through his talke might see
The mischiefs toward, and therto not agree
Our tormentour that false periured knight
Bad stop our mouths, with words of high dispight.

Thus died

Thus dyed we giltlesse processe hard we none,
No cause alleagde, no Iudge, nor yet accuser,
No quest empaneld passed vs vppon.
That murdrer Ratcliffe, law and rights refuser,
Did all to flatter Richard his abuser.
Unhappy both that euer they were borne,
Through giltlesse bloud that haue their soules forlorne.

In part I graunt I well deserued this,
Because I caused not spedy execution
Be done on Richard for that murder of his,
When first he wrought King Henries close confusion.
Not for his brothers hatefull persecution.
These cruell murders painfull death deserued
Which had he suffred, many had ben preserued.

Warne therfore all that charge or office beare
To see all murdrers spedely executed:
And spare them not for fauour or for feare:
By guiltles bloud the earth remaines polluted.
For lacke of Iustice kingdomes are transmuted.
They that saue murdrers from deserued paine,
Shall through those murdrers miserably be slaine.

FINIS.

Whã I had read this, they liked it very wel. one wiſhed ẏ the combat which he fought with the baſtard of Burgoine, and the honour which he wan both with ſpeare and axe ſhold not be forgotten Another moued a queſtion about a greate matter, & that is the variaunce of the chronicles about the Lorde Thomas Graye Marquiſe Dorcet: whõ Fabian euery where calleth ẏ quenes brother. ſir Thomas More and and Hall call hym the quenes ſon as he was in very dede. Fabian ſaith he was gouernour of the prince, and had ẏ conueiaunce of him from Ludlo towards London. The other (whome we follow) ſay he was than at Lõdon with the quene prouiding for the kings coronacion, and tooke ſanctuary with her as ſoone as hee harde of the apprehendinge of his vncle. This diſagreing of writers is a great hindraunce of ẏ truth, and no ſmall cumbraunce to ſuch as be diligent readers, beſides the harme that maye happen in ſucceſſion of heritages. It were therefore a worthye and good dede for the nobility, to cauſe all the recordes to be ſought, and a true and perfect chronicle therout to be written. Vnto which we refer ẏ deciding of this & of all other like controuerſies, geuing this to vnderſtaud in the mean tyme, that no man ſhall thinke his title either better or worſe by any thinge that is written in any part of this treatiſe. For the onely thing wh'ch is purpoſed herein, is by example of others miſeries, to diſſwade all men frõ all ſinns and vices. If by the way we touch any thinge concerning

cerning titles, we followe therin Halles chronicle. And where we seme to swarue from his reasons & causes of dyuers doings, there we gather vpon cõiecture such things as seme most probable, or at the least most conuenient for the furderance of our purpose. When the reader would haue proceded in ỹ cronicle which straighte intreateth of the vilanous destruction of the Lord Hastings, I willed him to to surceas, because I had there his tragedye verye learnedly penned. For the better vnderstandinge whereof, you muste ymagin that you see him newly crept out of hys graue, and speakynge to me as followeth.

How the Lord Hastings was betrayed by trustinge to much to his euill counsailour Catesby, and vilanously murdered in the tower of Londõ by Richard Duke of Gloceſter, the 13. of Iune. Anno. 1483.

HAstings I am, whose hastned death who knewe,
Wyl lyke with prayse, my death with plaint pursue.
With others fearing least my headlesse name
Bewrongd, by partiall bruite of flattering fame:
Cleauing my tombe the way my fame forewent,
Though bared of loyns which body and Fortune lent
Erst my proud vaunt: present present to thee
My honour, fall, and forced dessemye.

Ne feare to staine thy credit by my tale.
In Læthes flould, long since, in Stygian vale
Selfe loue I dreint. what tyme hath fyned for true,
And ceaseth not, (though stale) still to renewe:
Recount I wil. wherof be this the proofe.
That blase I will my prayse. and my reproofe.
We naked ghosts are but the very man
Ne of our selues more than we ought we scan.

But doute distracteth me, if I should consent
To yeeld myne honourd name a martyrde sayut.
Yf Martirdome rest in the mysers lyfe
Through torments wrongly reft by fatall knyfe:
How Fortunes nursyng I, and dearest babe,
Ought therto stope, none may me welll persuade.
For how may myser martirdome betyde,
To whom in cradell Fortune was affyed:

See how this grossest aire infecteth me since,
Forgot haue I, of loyalty to my prince.
My happy mede is, Martir to be named:
And what the heauens embrace, the world ay blamed:
For mens vniustice wreaked but Gods iust ire,
And by wrong end, turnd wreake to Justice hire.
O iudgements iust, by vniustice iustice dealt,
Who douts of me may learne, the truth who felt.

So therfore, as my fall may many stay:
As well the prince, from violent headlong sway,
Of noble peeres, from honors throne to dust,
As nobles lesse in title state to trust:

Shonning

Shonning thoſe ſinns, that ſhake the golden leaues
Perforce from boughs, ere nature bare the greaues:
So, what my lyfe proteſt, my death here teacheth,
And, as with word ſo with example preacheth.

The hilly heauens, and daley earth belowe,
Yet ring his fame, whoſe deedes ſo great did growe.
Edward the fourth ye know vnnamde I meane.
Whoſe noble nature to me ſo did leane,
That I his ſtaffe was, I his onely ioye,
And euen what Pandare was to him of Troy.
Which moued him firſt, to create me chamberlayne.
To ſerue his ſweetes, to my moſt ſower payne.

Wherein, to iuſtly prayſed for ſecretneſſe
(For now my guilt with ſhriking I confeſſe)
To him to true, to vntrue to the Quene,
Such hate I wan, as laſted long betwene
Our familyes. Shores wife was my nyce cheate.
The holy hore, and eke the wyly peat.
I fed his luſt with louely peces ſo,
That Gods ſharpe wrath I purchaſt my iuſt woe.

Se here of nobles new the diuers courſe.
Some vertue rayſeth, ſome clyme by ſluttiſh ſorts.
The fyrſt, though onely of themſelues begon,
Yet circlewiſe into themſelues do ron.
Within their fame their force vnited ſo,
Both endleſſe is, and ſtronger gainſt their foe.
For, whenendeth hit that neuer hath begon?
Or what by force, may circled knot be vndone?

Th'other as by wicked meanes they grew,
And raigned by flattery or violence: ſo ſone rue.
Firſt tombling ſtep from honours old, is vice.
Which once diſcend, ſome linger, none ariſe
To former type. But they catch vertues ſpray,
Which mounteth them that clyme by lawfull way.
Beware to riſe by ſeruing princely luſt.
Surely to ſtand, one mean is riſing iuſt.

Which learne by me. whome let it helpe to excuſe,
That ruthfull now my ſelfe I do accuſe
And that my prince I euer pleaſed with ſuch,
As harmed none, and him contented much.
In vice, ſome fauour, or leſſe hate let win,
That I ne wyped to worſer end my ſin.
But vſed my fauour to the ſafety of ſuch,
As fury of later war to lyue did grutch.

For as one durt (though durty ſhyneth the ſonne:
So, euen amids my vice, my vertue ſhoane.
My ſelfe I ſpared with any his cheate to ſtaine,
For loue and reuerence ſo I could refrayne.
Gilippus wife erſt Titus would deſyre
With frendſhipd breach. I quencht that brutiſh fyre.
Manly hit is, to loth the fawning luſt.
Small vaunt to flye, what of conſtreint thou muſt.

Theſe therfore raſed, if thou myne office ſkan,
Lo none I hurt but furdred euery man.
My chamber England was, my ſtaffe the law:
Wherby ſauns rygour, all I held in awe.

So louing

So louing to all, so beloued of all,
As, (what ensued vppon my bloudy fall
Though I ne felt) yet suerly this I thinke.
Full many a trickling teare their mouths did drinke.

Disdayne not princes easie accesse, meeke cheare.
We knowe, then Angels statelier port ye beare
Of God himselfe: to massy a charge for spites.
But then, my Lords, consider, he delights
To vayle his grace to vs poore earthly wants,
To simplest shrubs, and to the dunghill plants.
Expresse him then, in might and mercies meane.
So shall ye winne, as now ye weld, the realme.

But all to long I feare I do delaye
The many means, wherby I did bewray
My zealous will, to earne my princes grace.
Least thou differ, to thinke me kynde percase.
As nought may last, so Fortunes wealthy cheare
With powting lookes gan lower on my fire,
And on her wheele, aduaunst hye in his roome
The Warwicke Earle, mase of Christendome,

Besides the tempting prowesse of the foe,
His traytour brother did my prince forgo.
The cause was liked, I was his linked allye.
Yet nor the cause, nor brothers trechery,
Nor ennies force, ne band of mingled bloud:
Made Hastings beare his prince other mynde then good.
But tane and scaped from Warwicks griping pawes,
With me he fled through fortunes frowardst flawes.

To London

To London come, at large we might haue ſeemed,
Had not we then the realme a priſon deemed..
Eth buſh a barre, eth ſpray a banner ſplayed,
Eth houſe a fort our paſſage to haue ſtaied.
To Linne we leape, where while we awayte the tyde,
By ſecret frends in ſecret I ſupplied,
In mouth to mainteine Henry ſixt their King,
By dede to deuoyde Edward to bring in.

The reſtles tyde, that bare the empty bay,
With waltryng waues roames wambling forth. Away
The mery mariner hales. The bragging boy,
To maſts hye top vp hies. In ſigne of ioy
The wauering flag is vaunſt. The ſuttle ſeas
Their ſwelling ceaſſe: to calmeſt euen peace
Sinkth down their pryde. With dronkennes gainſt all care
The ſeamen armed, awayt their noble fare..

On boord we come. The maſſy anchors waide,
One Engliſh ſhyp, two hulkes of Holland, ayde
In ſuch a pinch. So ſmall tho was the trayne,
Such his conſtraint, that now, that one with payne
Commaund he might, who erſt might many moe:
Then brought the ghaſtly Greekes to Tenedo.
So nought is ours that we by hap might loſe,
What neareſt ſemes, is fartheſt of in woes.

As baniſhed wights, ſuch ioyes we mought haue made:
Eaſe of aye threatning death, that late we dradde.
But once our countreis ſight (not care) exempt,
No harbour ſhewing, that mought our feare relent,

No couert

No couert caue, no shrub to shroud our lyues,
No hollow wood, no flyght, that oft deprriues
The mighty his pray, no sanctuary left
For exiled prince, that shroudes ech slaue from theft:

In prison pent, whose woody walles to passe
Of no lesse peril than the dying was:
With the Ocean moated, battred with the waues,
(As chaind at oares the wretched Galley slaues,
At mercy sit of sea and enmies shot,
And shonne with death what they with flight may not)
But grenish waues, and desert lowring skies
All comfort els forclosed our exiled eyes:

Loe loe from highest top, the slauish boy
Sent vp with sight of land our harts to ioye:
Descries at hand whole flete of Easterlings.
As than whote enmies of the British Kings.
The mouse may somtyme helpe the Lyon in neve
The byttle bee once spilt the Aegles breve.
O Princes seke no foes. In your distresse,
The earth, the seas, conspyre your heauinesse.

Our foe discryed by flight we shon in hast,
And lave with Canuas now the bending mast.
The ship was rackt to try her saying then,
As Squirels clyme the troupes of trusty men.
The stiresman sekes a redier course to ronne,
The souldier stirs, the gonner hies to gonne.
The Flemings sweate, the English shyp disdains
To wait behinde to beare the Flemings trains.

Forth flyeth

Forth flyeth the barke, as from the violent goonne
The pellet pearſeth all ſtaies and ſtops eſt ſoone.
And ſwyft ſhe ſingeth, as oft in ſunny day
The Dolphin fleetes in ſeas in mery May.
As we for lyues, ſo Th'eaſterlings for gaine,
Thwack on the ſayles, and after make amayne.
Though laden they were, and of burthen great:
A King to maſter yet, what Swyne nold ſweat:

So mid the vale the greyhound ſeing ſtert
His fearfull foe, purſueth. Before ſhe flerteth.
And where ſhe turnth, he turnth her there to beare.
The one pray pricketh, the other ſafties feare.
So were we chaſed, ſo fled we afore our foes.
Bet flight then fight in ſo vneuen cloſe.
I end. Some thinke perhaps, to long he ſtaieth.
In perill preſent ſhewing his fyxed faith.

This ventred I, this dread I did ſuſtaine,
To try my truth, my life I did diſdaine.
But, loe, lyke tryall againſt his ciuill foe.
Faiths worſt is tryall, which is reſerued to woe.
I paſſe our ſcape, and ſharpe retourning home,
Where we were welcomd by our wonted fone.
To battaile mayne diſcends the empyres right.
At Barnet ioyne the hoaſts in bloudy fight.

There ioynd the battayles ranged in ſuch array,
As mought for terrour Alexander fray.
What ſhould I ſtay to tell the long diſcourſe:
Who wan the palme: who bare away the worſe:

Suffiſeth

Sufficeth to ſay by my reſerued hand,
Our enemies fled, we had the vpper hand.
My iron army held her ſteady place,
My prince to ſhield, his feared foe to chaſe.

The like ſucceſſe befell me in Tewkeſburie field.
My furious force, there for ſo perforce, to yeeld
The traitour foe: and render to my king
Her onely ſon, leaſt he more hate might bring.
Thus haſt thou a mirrour of a ſubiects mynde,
Such as perhaps is rare againe to fynde:
The caruing cuts, that cleaue the truſty ſteele,
My faith, and due allegiaunce, could not fyle.

But out alas. what praiſe may I recount,
That is not ſpiced with ſpot, that doth ſurmount
My greateſt vaunt: for bloudy war to feete
A Tyger was I, all for peace vnmeete,
A Souldiers hands muſt oft be dyed with goare,
Leaſt ſtarke with reſt, they ſinewd war and hoare.
Peace could I win by war, but peace not vſe.
Few dayes enioy he, who warlike peace doth chooſe.

When Crofts a knight preſented Henries heir
To this our prince, in furious moode enquere
Of him he gan, what folly or phrenſy vaine,
With arms forſt him to inuade his realme:
Whome anſwering. that he claimd his fathers right:
With gauntlet ſmit, commaunded from his ſight:
Clarence, Gloceſter, Dorcet, and I Haſtings ſlue.
The guilt wherof we ſhortly all did rue.

Clarence

Clarence, as Cirus, drownd in bloudlike wyne,
Dorcet I further'd to his spedy pyne.
Of me, my selfe am speaking president,
For easier fate the brissled Boare is lent.
Our blouds haue payd the vengeaunce of our guile,
His fryed bones, shall broyle for bloud he hath spile.
O waltsome murther, that attainteth our fame.
O horrible traitours wanting worthy name.

Who more mischieuously of all states deserue,
As better they, who surly did first preserue.
If those, for gifts, we recken heauenly wights,
These may we well deeme fends, and damned spyites.
And while on earth they walke, disguysed deuils,
Sworne foes of vertue, factours for all euils.
Whose bloudy hands torment their goared harts.
Through bloudsheds horrour, in soundest slepe he sterts.

O happy world were the Lyons men:
All Lyons should at least be spared then.
No suerty now, no lasting league is bloud.
A meacocke is, who dreadth to see bludshed.
Stale is the paterne, the fact must neues be rife.
While .ii. were armies ii. the issues of first wife,
With armed hart and hand, the one bloudy brother,
With cruell chase pursueth and murdreth th'other.

Which who defieth not: yet who ceaseth to sue?
The bloudy Caynes their bloudy syre renewe.
The horrour yet is like in common frayes.
For inech murther, brother brother slayes.

Traytours

Traitours to nature, countrey kin and kynde.
Whome no band serueth in brothers zeale to bynde.
O simple age, when slaunder slaughter was.
The tonges small euill, how doth this mischiefe passe?

Hopest thou to cloake couert thy mischief wrought?
Thy conscience, Caytif, shall proclaime thy thought.
A vision, Chaucer sheweth, disceldash thy cryme.
The fore descry the crowes and chattring pyen.
And shall thy felow felons, not bewray
The guiltlesse death, whome guilty hands do slay?
Unpunished scaped for haynous cryme some one,
But vnauenged, in mynde or body, none.

Uengeaunce on my mynde, the freating furies take.
The sinfull coarse, lyke earthquake agewes shake.
Their frowning lookes, theyr frounced myndes bewray.
In hast they run, and mids their race they stay,
As gidded roe. Amids their speach they whist,
At meate thy muse. No where they may persist
But some feare netleth them. Ay bang they so.
So neuer wanteth the wicked murtherer wo.

An infant rent with Lyons ramping pawes?
Why slaunder I Lyons? They feare the sacred lawes
Of princes bloud. Ay me more brute than beast,
With princes sides, (Licaons pye) to feast?
O tyrant Tigris, O insatiable wolues,
O English curtesie, monstrous mawes and gulfes.
My death shall forthwith preach my earned meede.
Yf fyll to one lyke murther I procede.

Whyle

While Edward liued, diſſembled diſcord lurked:
In double harts yet ſo his reuerence wrokeb.
But when ſucceding tender feble age,
Gaue open gap to tirants ruſhing rage:
I holpe the Boare, and Buck, to captiuate
Lord Riuers, Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughan and Hawte.
Yf land would help the ſea, well eatnd that ground
Hit ſelfe, to be with conquering waues ſurround.

Their ſpedy death by priuy dome procured,
At Pomfret: tho my life ſhort while endured.
My ſelfe I ſlue, when them I damned to death.
At once my throate I riued, and reft them breath.
For that ſelfe day, afore or neare the bower
That whithred Atropos nipt that ſpringing flower
With vyolent hand, of their forth running lyke:
My head and body, in Tower twynde lyke knyfe.

By this my paterne, all ye peers beware.
Oft hangeth he him ſelfe, who others weenth to ſnare.
Spare to be ech others butcher. Feare the Kite,
Who ſoareth aloft, while frog and mouſe do fight
In ciuill combat, grappling void of feare
Of foreyne foe at once all both to beare.
Which plainer by my pyeied plaint to ſee,
A while anew your liſtning lend to me.

To true it is two ſondry aſſemblies kept,
At Crosbies place, and Baynards Caſtell ſet.
The Dukes at Crosbies, but at Baynards we.
The one to crowne a King the other to be.

Suſpicious is ſeceſſion of ſoule frends,
When eythers vyfe to others miſchif tends,
I feared the end. my Cateſbies being there
Diſcharged all douts. Hym held I moſt entyre.

Whoſe great preferment by my means, I thought
Some ſpurre, to pray the thankfulnes he ought.
The truſt he ought me, made me truſt him ſo:
That priuy he was both to my weale and woe.
My harts one halfe, my cheſt of confidence,
My treſures truſt, my ioye dwelt in his preſence.
I loued him Baldwin, as the apple of mine eye.
I lothed my life when Cateſby would me dye.

Flye from thy chanell Thames, forſake thy ſtreames,
Leaue the Adamaunt Iron, Phœbus lay the beames:
Ceaſſe heauenly Sphears at laſt your weary warke,
Betray your charge, retourne to Chaos darke.
At leaſt, ſome ruthles Tiger hang her whelpe,
My Cateſbies ſo with ſome excuſe to help.
And me to comfort, that I alone, ne ſeme
Of all dame natures workes leaſt in extreme.

A Golden treaſure is the tryed frend.
But who may Gold from counterfaits defend?
Truſt not ſo ſoone, ne all to light miſtruſt.
With th'one thy ſelfe with th'other thy frend thou hurtſt.
Who twyneth betwixt, and ſteareth the golden meane,
Nor raſhly loueth, nor miſtruſteth in vayne.
For frendſhip poyſon, for ſafety mithridate
Hit is, thy frend to loue as thou wouldeſt hate.

Of tickle credit ne had ben the miſchiek,
What neded Virbius miracle doubled life?
Credulity ſurnamed firſt the Aegean ſeas.
Miſtruſt, doth treſon in the truſtieſt rayſe.
Suſpicions Romulus, ſtaind his walls firſt reard
With brothers bloud, whome for light leape he feard.
So not in brotherhood ielouſie may be borne,
The ielous cuckold weares the infamous horne.

A beaſt may preach by tryall, not foreſight.
Could I haue ſhend this credit, nere had light
The dreaded death, vpon my guilty head.
But fooles aye wont to learne by after reade.
Had Cateſby kept vnſtain, the truth he plight,
Yet had he enioyed me, and I yet the light
All Derbies douts I clered with his name.
I knew, no harme could hap vs, ſauns his blame.

But ſee the fruites of fickle light beliefe.
The ambitious Dukes corrupt the traitour theſe,
To groape me, if allured I would aſſent,
To bin a partner of their curſde entent.
Wherto, when neither force nor frendſhip baylde,
By tirant force their purpoſe they aſſailde.
And ſummond ſhortly a counſaile in the tower,
Of June the fiftenth, at apointed hower.

Alas. are counſels wryed to catch the good?
Is no place now exempt from sheading bloud.
With counſels, that were carefull to preſerue
The guiltleſſe good, are meanes to make them ſtarue.

What may

What may not miſchief of mad man abuſe?
Religious cloake ſome one to vice doth chuſe,
And maketh God protectour of his cryme.
O monſtrous world, well ought we wiſh thy tyme.

The fatall ſkies, roll on the blackeſt day,
When doubled bloudſhed, my bloud muſt repay.
Others none forceth. To me ſir Thomas Haward
As ſpurre is buckled, to prouoke me forward.
Derbie who feared the party ſittings pore.
Whether, much more he knew by experience hoare,
Or vnaffected, clearer truth could ſee:
At midnight darke this meſſage ſends to me.

Haſtings away, in ſlepe the Gods foreſhew
By dreadfull dreame, fell fates vnto vs two.
Me thought a Boare with tuſke ſo raſed our throate,
That both our ſhoulders of the bloud did ſmoake.
Ariſe to horſe, ſtraight homeward let vs hye.
And ſith our foe we may not mate, O flye.
Of Chaunteclere you learne dreames ſoth to know
Thence wiſe men conſter, more then the cocke doth crow.

While thus he ſpake, I held with in myne arme
Shores wyfe, the tender peece, to kepe me warme.
Fye on adultery, fye on lecherous luſt.
Marke in me ye nobles all, Gods iudgements iuſt.
A Pandare, Murtherer, and Adulterer thus,
Onely ſuch death I dye, as I ne bluſhe.
Now leaſt my dame mought feare appall my hart:
With eger moode vp in my bed I ſtart.

And, is thy Lord (quoth I) a ſorcerer?
A wiſe man now become a dreame reader?
What though ſo Chaunteclere crowed? I reke it not.
On my part pleadeth as well dame Partelot.
Uniudged hangth yet the caſe betwixt them twayn.
Ne was his dreame cauſe of his hap I ſay.
Shall dreming douts from prince my ſeruing ſlacke?
Nay, then mought Haſtings lyfe and liuing lacke.

He parteth. I ſleepe. my mynde ſurcharged with ſinne,
As Phœbus beames by miſty cloud kept in,
Ne could miſgeue, ne dreame of my miſhap.
As blocke I tumbled to myne enemies trap.
Security cauſles through my careleſſe frende,
Reft me foreſight of my approching end.
So Catesby clawed me, as when the Cat doth play
Dalieng with mouſe whome ſtraight ſhe mindes to ſlay.

The morow come, the lateſt light to me,
On palfray mounted, to the tower I hye.
Accompanied with that Haward my mortall foe,
To ſlaughter led. thou God wouldſt haue it ſo.
(O depe diſſemblers. honouring with your cheare,
Whome in hid hart ye trayterouſly teare.)
Neuer had realme ſo open ſignes of wracke.
As I had ſhewed me of my heauy hap.

The viſion firſt of Stanley, late deſcryed.
Then mirth ſo extreme, that neare for ioy I dyed.
Were hit, that Swanlike I foreſong my death,
Or mery mynde foreſaw the looſe of breath

That long

That long it coueited, from this earths annoye.
But euen as liker as th'end of woe is ioye,
And glorious light to obscure night doth tende:
So extreame mirth in extreme moane doth ende.

For why, extreames are hapsracke out of course.
By vyolent might far swinged forth perforce.
Whiche as they are pearcingst while they violenst moue,
For nearest they cleaue to cause that doth them shoue:
So soonest fall from that their highest extreame,
To th'other contrary that doth want of meane.
So lawghed he erst, who lawghed out his breath.
So lawghed I, whan I lawghd my selfe to death.

The pleasingst means boade not the luckiest ends.
Not aye, found treasure to like pleasure tends.
Mirth meanes not mirth all tyme. thryse happy hyre
Of wit, to shun the excesse that all desyre.
But this I passe. I hye to other like.
My palfrey in the plainest paued streete,
Thrise bowed his boanes, thrise kneled on the flower,
Thrise shond (as Balams asse) the dreaded tower.

What? should I thinke he had sence of after haps?
As beasts foreshew the drought or rainy drops,
As humours in them want or els abound,
By influence from the heauens, or chaunge of ground,
Or do we interpret by succesle eth sygne?
And as we fancy of eth hap deuyne?
And make that cause, that kin is to th'effect?
Not hauing ought of consequence respect?

Bucephalus kneeling onely to his Lorde,
Shewed onely, he was, monarche of the worlde.
Why may not then, the ſteede foreſhewe by fall,
What caſuall hap the ſitter happen ſhall?
Darius horſe by brayinge brought a realme.
And what letteth, why he ne is (as the aſſe) Gods meane,
By ſpeaking ſigne, to ſhew his hap to come,
Who is deafe hearer of his ſpeaking domme?

But forward yet. In tower ſtreete I ſtayed
Where (could I haue ſeene) loe Haward all bewrayed
For as I communed with a prieſt I met:
Away my Lord quoth he, your tyme is ne yet
To take a prieſt. Loe, Synon might be ſeene,
Had Troyans eares, as they had hares foole eyen.
But, whom thou God allotted haſt to dye
Some grace it is to dy with wimpled eye.

Ne was this all. For euen at Towerwharfe,
Neare to thoſe walles within whoſe ſight I ſtarfe,
Where earſt in ſorow ſouſt and depe diſtreſſe,
I emparted all my pyninge penſifenneſſe
With Haſtings: (ſo my purſeuaunt men call)
Euen there, the ſame to meete hit did me fall,
Who gan to me moſt dolefully renewe,
The wofull conferrence haderſt in that Lieu.

Haſtings (quoth I) accordyng now thy fare,
At Pomfret this day dying, who cauſed that care,
My ſelfe haue all the world at my will,
With pleaſures cloyed, engorged with the fill.

God graunt

God graunt it (quoth he) why doust thou (quoth I?) and all in chafe to him gan shewe
In ample wise, our drift with tedious tale.
And entred so the tower to my bale.

What should we thinke of signes they are but vaps.
How may they then, be signes of afterclaps?
Doth euery chaunce foreshew or cause some other?
Or tending at it selfe, extendth no further?
As th'ouerflowing flood some mount doth thwake,
But to his ayde some other flood hit yoake?
So if with signes thy sinns once ioyne, beware.
Els wherto chaunces tend, nere curious care.

Had not my sinne deserued my death as weake,
What might my mirth haue hurt? or horses backe?
Or Hawards bitter scoffe? or Hastings talke?
What meane then foole Astrologers to calke,
When nature seemd to slow by arts sloape meane,
Conueyghed him sooner to his liues extreame.
Happy, in preuenting woes that after hapt,
In slumber swete his liuing lights he lapt.

Whose thus vntymely death, if any grieue:
Knowe he, he lyued to dye, and dyed to liue.
Untymely neuer coms the liues last met.
In cradell death may rightly clayme his det.
Straight after birth due is the fatall beere.
By deaths permission the aged linger here.
Euen in the swathbands out commission goeth
To loose thy breath, that yet but pongly blaweth.

Happy, thryſe happy, who ſo looſeth his breath,
As life he gayneth by his liuing death.
As Haſtings here. Whome tyme and truth agree,
To engraue by fame in ſtrong eternity.
Who ſpareth not ſpitting, if he ſpit but bloud:
Yet this our Lord, ſpared not for others good,
With one ſwete breath his preſent death to ſpeake,
Againſt the vſurpour Bore, that helliſh freake.

Worthy to lyue, but liued not for himſelfe
But priſed his fame more then this worldly pelfe.
Whoſe name and lyne, if any yet preſerue,
We wiſh they liue like honour to deſerue.
Whether thou ſeke by martiall proweſſe prayſe,
Or Pallas pollicie high thy name to rayſe,
Or truſty ſeruice iuſt death to attaine:
Haſtings forceled. Trace here his bloudy trayne.

FINIS. Maiſter. D.

nohan

When I had read this, one saide it was very darke, and hard to be vnderstoode: except it were diligentlye and very leasurely consydered. I lyke it the better (saide an other.) For that shall cause it to be the oftner read, and the better remembred. Consydering also that it is wrytten for the learned (for such all Magistrates are or shoulde be) it cannot be to harde, so longe as it is sound and learnedly written. Then saide the reader: The next here whome I fynde miserable are king Edwards two sonnes, cruellye murdered in the tower of London: Haue you their tragedy? No surely (saide I) The Lord Vaulx vndertooke to pen it, but what he hath done therein I am not certayne, and therefore I lette it passe tyll I knowe farder.

I haue here the Duke of Buckingham, kinge Richards chiefe instrument, written by maister Thomas Sackuille. Reade it we praye you saide they: with a good will (quoth I) but first you shall heare his preface or induction. Hath hee made a preface (saide one) what meaneth he thereby, seinge none other hath vsed ẏ like order? I will tell you the cause thereof (said I) which is this: After that hee vnderstoode that some of the counsayl would not suffer the booke to be printed in such order as wee had agreed and determined, he purposed to haue gotten at my hands, all the tragedies that were before the Duke of Buckinghams, which he would haue preserued in one volume. And from ẏ tyme backward

euen to the tyme of Wyllyam the Conquerour, hee determined to contynue and perfecte all the storye him selfe, in such order as Lydgate (folowing Bochas) had alreadye vsed. And therefore to make a meete induction into ỳ matter, he deuised this poesie: whiche in my iudgement is so well penned, that I would not haue any verse thereof left out of oure volume. Now that you know the cause & meaning of his doing, you shall also heare what he hath done. His Induction beginneth thus.

¶ THE INDVCTION.

THe wrathfull winter proching on a pace,
With blustring blasts had all ybarde the treen,
And old Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling cold had pearst the tender greene:
The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped bene
The gladsome groues that now lay ouerthrown,
The tapets torne, and euery tree down blown.

The soyle that earst so seemly was to seen:
Was all despoiled of her beauties hewe:
And soote fresh flowers (wherwith the somers queen
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blasts down blewe.
And small foules flocking, in their song did rewe
The winters wrath, wherwith ech thing defaste:
In woefull wise bewayld the somer past.

Hawthorne.

Hawthorne had loſt his motley lyuery,
The naked twigs were ſhiuering all for cold:
And dropping downe the teares abundantly,
Ech thing (me thought) with weping eye me tolde
The cruell ſeaſon, bidding me withholde
My ſelfe within for I was gotten out
Into the fields wheras I walkt about.

When loe the night with miſty mantles ſpred
Gan darke the day, and dim the azure ſkies,
And Venus in her meſſage Hermes ſped
To bloudy Mars, to will him not to ryſe,
While ſhe her ſelfe approcht in ſpedy wyſe:
And Virgo hiding her diſdainfull breſt
With Thetis now had layd her downe to reſt.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius dart,
Whoſe bow preſt bent in fight, the ſtring had ſlipt,
Down flyd into the Ocean flud aparte,
The Beare that in the Iriſh ſeas had dipt
His grieſly feete, with ſpede from thence he whipt:
For Thetis hatting from the Virgins bed,
Purſued the Beare, that eare ſhe came was fled.

And Phaeton now neare reaching to his race
With gliſtring beams, gold ſtreaming where they bent,
Was preſt to enter in his reſting place.
Erithius that in the cart ſtill went
Had euen now attaind his iourneis ſtent.
And faſt declining hid away his head,
While Titan ſhoucht him in his purple bed.

And pale

And pale Cinthea with her borrowed light
Beginning to supply her brothers place,
Was past the none steede sixe degrees in sight
When sparkling stars amid the heauens face
With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,
That while they brought about the nights chare,
The darke had dimde the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to se the sommer flowers,
The liuely grene, the lusty leafe forlorne,
The sturdy trees so shattred with the showers,
The fields so fade that flourisht so beforne,
It taught me well all earthly things be borne
To dye the death for nought long tyme may last.
The somers beauty yelds to winters blast,

Then looking vpward to the heauens leames
With nights stars thicke powdred euery where,
Which erst so glistned with the golden streames
That chearfull Phœbus spred downe from his sphere,
Beholding darke oppressing day so neare:
The sodain sight reduced to my mynde,
The sundry chaunges that in earth we fynde.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which coms and goes more faster than we see
The flickring flame that with the fyre is wrought,
My busie mynde presented vnto me
Such fall of piers as in the realme had be:
That oft I wisht some would their woes deserue,
To warne the rest whome Fortune left a liue.

And strayt

And strait forth stalking with redoubled pace
For that I sawe the night drew on so fast,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whome wo had all forewast,
Forth on her eyes the cristall teares out brast,
And sighing sore her hands she wrong and folde,
Care all her heare that ruth was to behold.

Her body small forwithred and forspent,
As is the stalke that sommers drought oppresst,
Her wealked face with wofull teares be sprent,
Her coulour pale, (as it semed best)
In wo and plaint reposed was her rest.
And as the stone that drops of water weares,
So dented were her chekes with fall of teares.

Her eyes swollen with flowing streames aflote,
Wherewith her lokes thrown vp full piteously,
Her forceleste hands together oft she smote,
With dolefull shrikes, that eckoed in the skye:
Whose plaint such sighes did strait accompany,
That in my doome was neuer man did see
A wight but halfe so woe begone as she.

I stoode agast beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour so distreinde in hart
That while my heares vpstarted with the sight,
The tears out streamd for sorow of her smart:
But when I sawe no end that could appart
The deadly dewle, which she so sore did make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I spake.

Auwrappe

Unwrap thy woes what euer wight thou be
And stint in tyme to spill thy selfe with plaint,
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure with sorrow thus attaint.
And with that word of sorrow all forfaint
She loked vp, and prostrate as she lay
With piteous sound lo thus she gan to say.

Alas, I wretch whome thus thou seest distreyned
With wasting woes that neuer shall aslake,
Sorrowe I am, in endlesse torments payned,
Among the furies in the infernall lake:
Where Pluto God of Hell so griesly blacke
Doth holde his throane, and Lætheus deadly taste
Doth rieue remembraunce of ech thing forepast.

Whence come I am, the direry destenie
And luckelesse lot for to bemone of those,
Whome Fortune in this maze of miserie
Of wretched chaunce most wofull myrrours chose
That when thou seest how lightly they did lose
Their pompe, their power, and that they thought most sure,
Thou maiest sone deme no earthly ioy may dure,

Whose rufull voice no soner had outbrayed
Those wofull words, wherewith she sorowed so,
But out alas she shright and neuer stayed,
Fell down, and all to dasht her selfe for woe.
The colde pale dread my lyms gan ouergo,
And I so sorrowed at her sorrowes eft,
That what with griefe and feare my wits were reft.

I stretcht

I ſtretcht my ſelfe, and ſtrait my hart reuiues,
That dread and dolour erſt did ſo appale,
Lyke him that with the feruent feuer ſtriues
When ſickneſſe ſeekes his caſtell health to ſkale:
With gathred ſpyrites ſo forſt I feare to auale.
And rearing her with anguiſh all fordone,
My ſpyrits returnd, and then I thus begon.

O Sorrow, alas ſith Sorrow is thy name,
And that to thee this dyere doth well pertaine,
In vaine it were to ſeeke to ceaſe the ſame:
But as aman himſelfe with ſorrow ſlaine,
So I alas do comfort the in paine,
That here in ſorrow art forſonke ſo depe
That at thy ſight I can but ſigh and wepe.

I had no ſoner ſpoken of a ſtike
But that the ſtorme ſo rumbled in her breſt,
As Eölus could neuer roare the like,
And ſhowers downe raind from her eies ſo faſt,
That all bedreint the place, till at the laſt
Well eaſd they the dolour of her minde,
As rage of rayne doth ſwage the ſtormy winde.

For forth ſhe paced in her fearfull tale:
Come, come, (quod ſhe) and ſee what I ſhall ſhowe,
Come heare the plaining, and the bitter bale
Of worthy men, by Fortune ouerthrowe.
Come thou and ſee them rewing all in rowe.
They were but ſhades that erſt in mynde thou rolde.
Come, come with me, thine eyes ſhall them beholde.

What could

What could these woords but make me more agast:
To heare her tell whereon I muse whyle ere:
So was I mazde therewith: till at the last,
Musing vpon her woords, and what they were,
All sodaynly well lessoned was my feare:
For to my mynde retourned how she teld
Both what she was, and where her wun she held.

Wherby I knewe that she a Goddesse was,
And therewithall resorted to my mynde
My thought, that late presented me the glas
Of brittle state, of cares that here we fynd,
Of thousand woes to sely men assynde:
And how she now bid me come and beholde
To see with eye that erst in thought I rolde.

Flat down I fell, and with all reuerence
Adored her, perceiuing now that she
A Goddesse sent by godly prouidence,
In earthly shape thus showd her selfe to me,
To wayle and rue this worlds certainty:
And while I honourd thus her godheds might,
With plaining voyce these woords to me she shright.

I shall the guyde first to the griesly lake,
And thence vnto the blisfull place of rest.
Where thou shalt see and heare the plaint they make,
That whilome here bare swynge among the best.
This shalt thou see, but great is the vnrest
That thou must byde before thou canst attaine
Unto the dreadfull place where these remaine.

And with

And with these words as I vpraysed stood,
And gan to folowe her that straight forth paste,
Ere I was ware, into a desert wood
We now were come: where hand in hand imbraste,
She led the way, and through the thicke so traste,
As but I had bene guyded by her might,
It was no way for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the desert darke,
We passed on with steps and pace vnmete:
A rumbling roare confusde with howle and barke
Of Dogs, shoke all the ground vnder our feete,
And stroke the din within our eares so deepe,
As halfe distraught vnto the ground I fell,
Besought retourne, and not to visite Hell.

But she forthwith vplifting me a pace
Remoued my dread, and with a stedfast mynde
Bad me com on, for heare was now the place,
The place where we our trauaile end should fynde.
Wherewith I rose, and to the place assynde
Astoinde I stalke, when straight we approched nere
The dreadfull place, that you will dread to here.

An hydeous hole all bare, withouten shape,
Of endles depth, orewhelmde with ragged stone,
With ougly mouth, and grisly iawes doth gape,
And to our sight confounds it selfe in one.
Here entred we, and pacing forth, anone
An horrible lothly lake we might discerne
As blacke as pitch, that cleped is Auern.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbish grows,
With fowle blacke swelth in thickned lumps that lyes,
Which vp in th'ayre such stinking vapors throws
That euer there, may flye no fowle but dyes,
Choakt wyth the pestilent sauours that aryse.
Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place.

And first within the porch and iawes of Hell
Sate diepe Remorse of conscience, all be spent
With teares: and to her selfe oft would she tell
Her wretchednes, and cursing neuer stent
To sob and sighe: but euer thus lament,
With thoughtfull care, as she that all in payne
Would weare and wast continually in payne.

Her eyes vnstedfast rolling hereand there,
Whurld on ech place, as place that vengeaunce brought,
So was her mynde continually in feare,
Tolled and tormented with tedious thought
Of those detested crymes which she had wrought:
With dreadfull cheare and lookes throwen to the skie,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not dye.

Next saw we Dread all trembling how he chooke,
With foote vncertain prokered here and there:
Benumbd of speach, and with a ghastly looke
Searcht euery place all pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne vp with staring of his heare,
Stoynd and amazde at his owne shade for dreed,
And fearing greater daungers than was nede.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sate fell Reuenge gnashing her teth for ire,
Deuising meanes how she may vengeaunce take,
Neuer in rest tyll she haue her desire:
But frets within so farforth with the fyer
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she,
To dy by death, or vengde by death to be.

When fell Reuenge with bloudy foule pretence
Had showd her selfe as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Tyll in our eyes another sight we met:
When fro my hart a sigh forthwith I fet
Rewing alas vpon the woefull plight
Of Misery, that next appeard in sight.

His face was leane, and someveale pyned away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot say,
For on his carkas raiment had he none
Saue clouts and patches pieced one by one.
With staffe in hand, and scrip on shoulder cast,
His chief defence against the winters blast.

His foode for most, was wylde fruites of the tree,
Unlesse sometyme some crums fell to his share:
Which in his wallet long God wot kept he.
As on the which full daintely would fare
His drinke the running streame: his cup the bare
Of his palme closde, his bed the hard colde ground.
To this poore lyfe was Misery ybound.

Whoſe wretched ſtate when we had well beheld
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,
In thoughtfull cares, forth then our pace we held.
And by and by, another ſhape apperes
Of gredy care, ſtill byrſhing vp the breres,
His knuckles knobde, his fleſh depe dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned ſkin.

The morrowe gray no ſooner hath begon
To ſpreade his light euen peping in our eyes,
When he is vp and to his worke prun,
But let the nights blacke miſty mantles riſe,
And with foule darke neuer ſo much diſguiſe
The fayre bright day, yet ceaſſeth he no while,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

By him lay heauy ſlepe the coſin of death
Flat on the ground, and ſtill as any ſtone,
A very corps, ſaue yelding forth a breth.
Small kepe tooke he whome Fortune frowned on
Or whome ſhe lifted vp into the trone
Of high renowne, but as a liuing death,
So dead aliue, of life he drew the breath.

The bodies reſt, the quyet of the hart,
The trauailes eaſe, the ſtill nights feare was he.
And of our lyfe in earth the better part,
Reuer of light, and yet in whome we ſee
Things oft that tyde, and oft that neuer bee.
Without reſpect eſteming equally
King Creſus pompe, and Irus pouertie.

And next in order lad Olde age we founde
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blynde,
With drouping chere still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assynde
To rest, when that the sisters had vntwynde
His vitall thred, and ended with their knyfe
The fleting course of fast declyning lyfe.

There hard we him with drosie and hollow plaine
Rewe with him selfe his end approching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mynde torment.
With swete remembraunce of his pleasures past,
And fresh delytes of lusty youth forwaste.
Recounting which, how would he sob and shrike:
And to be yonge agayne of loue beseke.

But and the cruell fates so fixed be
That tyme forepast cannot retourne agayne,
This one request of loue yet prayed he:
That in such withered plight, and wretched paine,
As elde (accompanied with his lothsome traine,)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grefe,
He might a while yet linger forth his lief.

And not so soone dissend into the pit:
Where death, when he the mortall corps hath slaine,
With retchlesse hand in graue doth couer it,
Therafter neuer to enioye agayne
The gladsome light, but in the ground playne,
In depth of darknesse waste and weare to nought,
As he had neuer into the world benought.

But who had seene him sobbing, how he stoode
Unto himselfe and how he would bemone
His youth forepast, as thoughe it wrought him good
To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would haue mused, and meruayled muche whereon
This wretched age should lyke desire to layne,
And knowes full well lyfe doth but lengthe his payne.

Crookebackt he was, toothshaken, and bleare eyed,
Went on three feete, and sometime crept on fower,
With olde lame bones, that rattled by his syde,
His scalpe all pilde, and he with eld forlore:
His withered fist still knocking at deathes doore,
Fumbling and mumbling as he drawes his breath,
For griefe the shape and messenger of death.

And lack by him pale malady was plaste,
Sore sicke in bed, her colour all forgone,
Bereft of stomacke sauour and of taste,
Ne could she brooke no meate but broths alone,
Her breath corrupt, her dyet drinke and bone,
Abhorring her, her sickenes past recure,
Detesting physicke, and all physicks cure.

But oh the dolefull sight that then we sawe,
We tourned our looke and on the other syde
A grisly shape of famyne mought we see,
With gredy lookes, and gaping mouth that cryed,
And roarde for meate as she should there haue dyed,
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that alas was gnawen on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrayne
From tears, to see how she her armes could teare
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vayne:
When all for nought shee fayne would so sustayne
Her starued corps, that rather seemd a shade,
Then any substaunce of a creature made.

Great was her force whome stonewall could not stay,
Her tearing nayles snatching at all she sawe:
With gaping iawes that by ne meanes ymay
Be satisfyed from hunger of her mawe,
But eates her selfe as she that hath no lawe:
Gnawing alas her carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count ech sinow, bone, and vayne.

On her while we thus stirmly fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a wery sight,
Loe sodainly she hyghs in so huge wise,
As made hell gates to shiuer with the might.
Wherewith a dart we sawe how it did light,
Right on her brest, and therewith all pale death
Enthrilling it to reue her of her breath.

And by and by a dismallead corps we sawe,
Heauy and colde, the shape of death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his lawe:
Against whose force in vayne it is to fight
Ne Piers, ne Pillers, nor no mortall wyght,
No townes, ne realmes, cityes, ne strongest tower,
But all perforce must yelde vnto his power.

His dart anon out of the corps he tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadfull sight to see)
With great tryumph eftsones the same he shoke,
That most of all my feares affrayed me:
His body dight with nought but bones perdye
The naked shape of man there saw I playne)
All saue the flesh, the sinowe, and the vayne.

Lastly stoode Warre in glittering armes yclad.
With visage grym, sterne lookes, and blackly hewed
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with bloud embrued:
And in his left (that King and kingdomes rewed)
Famine and fyer he held, and therewithall
He razed townes, and threw downe towers and all.

Cities he sakt, and realms that whilome flowred,
In honour, glory, and rule aboue the best,
He ouerwhelmde, and all their fame deuoured,
Consumde, destroyde, wasted, and neuer ceast,
Tyll he their wealth, their name and all oppressed.
His face forehewed with wounds, and by his side,
There hunge his targe with gashes depe and wyde.

In mids of which, depainted there we founde
Deadly debate, all full of snaky heare,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybounde,
Outbrething nought but discord euery where.
And round about were portrayde here and there
The hugie hostes, Darius and his power,
His Kings, Princes, his Peers, and all his flowre,

Whome

Whom great Macedo vanquisht there in fight,
With deepe slaughter, despoyling all his pryde,
Pearst through his realms, and daunted all his might.
Duke Hannibal beheld I there beside,
In Cannas field, victor how he did ryde,
And wofull Romaines that in vayne withstoode
And Consull Paulus couered all in blood.

Yet sawe I more the fight at Trasimene.
And Treberie field, and eke what Hannibal
And worthy Scipio last in armes were seene
Before Carthago gate, to try for all
The worlds empyre, to whome it should befall.
There saw I Pompey, and Cæsar clad in armes,
Their hoasts allyed and all their ciuill harmes.

With Conquerers hands so bathde in their owne bloud,
And Cæsar weping ouer Pompeis head.
Yet saw I Scilla and Marius where they stood,
Their great cruelties, and the piepe bloudshed
Of frends: Cyrus I saw and his hoast dead,
And how the Queene with greate despite hath flonge
His head in bloud of them she ouercome.

Xerxes the Percian King yet sawe I there
With his huge hoast that dranke the riuers dry,
Dismounted hills and made the vales appere,
His hoste and all yet saw I slayne perdye.
Thebes I sawe all rased how it did lye
In heapes of stones, and Tyrus put to spoyle,
With walls and towers flat euened with the soyle.

But

But Troy alas (me thought) aboue them all,
It made myne eyis in very teares consume:
When I behelde the wofull werd befall,
That by the wrathfull will of God was come:
And Ioues vnmoued sentence and foredoome,
On Priam king, and on his towne so bent.
I could not lin, but I must there lament.

And that the more sith destenie was so sterne
As force perforse, there might no force auayle,
But she must fall: and ay the sall we learne,
That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quayle.
No manhood, knighthod, nothing mought preuayle,
All were there prest full many a prince and piere
And many a knight that solde his weath full dere.

Not worthy Hector worthyest of them all;
Her hope, her ioy, his force is now for nought:
O Troy, Troy, there is no boote but bale,
The bugie horse within thy walls is brought:
Thy turrets fall, thy knights the while fought:
In armes amid the field, are slayne in deed,
Thy Gods defylde, and all thy honour dead.

The flames vprising, and cruelly they creepe
From wall to house, from house to towers wast:
Some fyre the houses where the wretches wepe,
Some rush in here, some there as fast:
In euery where or sword or fyre they taste:
The walls are bare, the towers vpturn'd to the ground,
There is no ease in Troy, no hope may there be found.

Cassandra

Cassandra yet there saw I how they hailed
From Pallas house, with heeried tresse vndone,
Her wittes fast bound, and with Greekes rout empaled:
And Priam eke in vayne how he dyd ronne
To armes, whom Ryphe with iuste hath ouercome
To cruell death, and bathde him in the bayne
Of his sons bloud before the altare flayne.

But how can I pursue the valeiaunt fightes
That in the shield so lively fayre did shyne?
Sith in this world I know no tong that myghte
Could haue set forth the warre, not halfe so fyne.
I can no more but tell the where in scene
Fayre Ilium fall in burning cole and glowes downe,
And from the sople great Troy Neptunus towne.

Herefrom when scarce I could my eyes withdrawe
That fylde with teares as doth the spryngyng well,
We passed on so far forth tyll we sawe
Rude Acheron, a lothsome lake to tell,
That boyles and bubs vp slweth as blacke as hell,
Where grisly Charon at their fyred tyde
Still ferries ghostes into the farder syde.

The aged Goure sometyme did now spie,
But hasting strayt vnto the bankes apace
With hollow call vnto the rout he crie,
To swarue apart, and geue the Goddes place.
Strait it was done, when to the shoare we pace,
Where hapm'd vs as we then vnlucky fell,
Within the boote we are together plalle.

And fourth

And lothy we launch full fraughted to the brinke,
Whan with the vnwonted waight, the rusty keele
Began the racke as if the same should sinke.
We hoyse vp mast and sayle, that in a while
We set the shore, where scarcely we had while
For to aryue, but that we hard attone
A three sound barke confounded all in one.

We had not long forth past, but that we saw,
Blacke Cerberus the hydeous hound of hell,
With hrstles reard, and with a three mouthed jaw,
Foredinning the ayer with his horrible yell.
Out of the diepe darke caue where he did dwell,
The Goddesse straite he knewe, and by and by
He ceast and couched, while that we passed by.

Thence come we to the horrour of the hell,
The large greate kingdomes, and the dreadfull raygne
Of Pluto in his trone where he did dwell,
The wide waste places, and the hugie playne:
The waylings, shrikes, and sundry sorts of payne,
The sighes, the sobs, the deepe and deadly groane,
Earth, ayer, and all resounding playnt and mone.

Here pewed the babes, and here the vnjustly dowmed
With folded hands their sorrowes did bewayle,
Here wept the guiltlesse slayne, and louers dead,
That slew themselues, wo worthy to auayle:
A thousand sorts of sorrowes here that wayling
With sighs and teares, sobs, shrikes, and all with crye
That (oh alas) it was a hell to heare.

We stayed

We staied vs strait, and with a rufull feare,
Behelde this heauy sight, while from myne eyes,
The vapored teares down stilled here and there,
And Sorrow che in farmore wofull wise.
Tooke on with plaint, vp heauing to the skies
Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout
Gan all in heapes to swarme vs round about.

Loe here (quoth Sorowe) Princes of renowne,
That whilom sate on top of Fortunes wheele
Now layde full low, like wretches whurled downe,
Euen with one frowne, that stayed but with a smyle,
And now beholde the thing that thou erewhile,
Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt heare
Recompt the same to Kesar, King, and Pier.

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloake of blacke all pilde and quite forworne,
Wringing his hands,, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Whiche of a Duke hath made him now her skorne.
With gastly lokes as one in maner lorne,
Oft spred his armes, stretcht hands he toyues as fast,,
With rufull cheare, and vapored eyes vpcast.

His cloake he rent, his manly breast he beat,
His heare all torne about the place it lay,
My hart so molte to see his griefe so great,
As felingly me thought it dropt awaye:
His eyes they whurlde about withouten staye,
With stormy sighes the place did so complaine,
As if his hart at ech had burst in twayne.

Thrise he

Thrise he began to tell his dolefull tale,
And thrise the sighes did swalow vp his voice,
At ech of which he shriked so withall
As though the heauens riued with the noyse:
Tyll at the last recouering his voice,
Supping the teares that all his brest berainde
On cruell Fortune weping thus he plainde.

FINIS.

The complaint of Henry Duke of Buckingham.

WHo trusts to much to honours highest throne
And warely watch not slye dame Fortunes snare:
Or who in court wil beare the swinge alone,
And wisely weygh not how to wield the care,
Beholde he me, and by my death beware:
Whome flattering Fortune falsely so begylde,
That loe she slewe, where erst ful smoth she smylde.

And Sackuille sith in purpose now thou hast
The wofull fall of princes to descryue,
Whome Fortune both vplift and eke downe cast,
To shewe thereby the vnsuertye in this lyfe,
Marke well my fall, which I shall shew belyue.
And paynt it forth that all estates may knowe:
Haue they the warning, and be myne the woe,

For noble

For noble bloud made me both prince and pier
Yea pierles too, had reason purchast place,
And God with gifts endowed me largely heare.
But what auailes his giftes where failes his grace?
My mothers sire spronge of a kingly race
And cald was Edmund Duke of Somerset,
Bereft of life ere tyme by nature set.

Whose faythfull hart to Henry sixt so wrought
That neuer he him in weale or woe forsooke,
Till lastly he at Tewkesbury fyeld was cought
Where with an axe his violent death he tooke:
He neuer could King Edwards party brooke,
Tyll by his death he boucht that quarrell good,
In which his sire and graundsire spilt their bloud.

And such was erst my fathers cruell chaunce,
Of Stafford Earle by name that humfrey highte,
Who euer prest did Henries part auaunce,
And neuer ceast tyll at Saynt Albones fighte
He lost his life as than did many a knighte:
Where eke my graundsire Duke of Buckingham
Was wounded sore and hardly scapt vntane.

But what may boot to stay the sisters three?
When Atropos perforce will cut the thred:
The dolefull day was come when you might see
Northampton field with armed men orespred,
Where fate would algates haue my graundsire dead:
So rushing forth amids the fiercest fight,
He lyued and dyed there in his maisters right.

In place

In place of whome as it befell my lot,
Like on a stage, so stept I in straite way,
Enioying there but wofully God wot,
As he that had a slender part to play:
To teach therby, in earth no state may stay,
But as our partes abridge or length our age
So passe we all while others fyll the stage.

For of my selfe the direry fate to plaine,
I was sometyme a prince withouten peere,
When Edward fift began his rufull raigne,
Ay me, than I began that hatefull yeare,
To compasse that which I haue bought so deare:
I bare the swinge, I and that wretched wight,
The Duke of Glocester that Richard hight.

For when the fates had reft that royall prince
Edward the fourth, chief myrrour of that name,
The Duke and I factioyned euer since,
In faithfull loue, our secret drifts to frame:
What he thought best, to me so seemde the same,
My selfe not bent so much for to aspyre,
As to fulfill that greedy Dukes desyre.

Whose restlesse mynde sore thirsting after rule,
When that he saw his nephewes both to bene
Through tender yeares as yet vnfit to rule,
And rather ruled by their mothers kin,
There sought he first his mischief to begin,
To plucke from them their mothers freends allyue,
For well he wist they would withstand his mynde.

To folowe

To follow which he ran so headlong swyft,
With eigre thirst of his desired draught,
To seke their deaths that sought to dash his drift,
Of whome the chief the Quenes allies he thought,
Teat bent therto with mounts of mischief fraught,
He knew their liues would be so sore his let,
That in their deaths his onely help he set.

And I most cursed caityfe that I was,
Seeing the state vnstedfast how it stoode,
His chiefe complice to bring the same to passe,
Unhappy wretch consented to their blood:
Yea Kings and Piers that swim in worldly good,
In seeking blood the end aduert you playne,
And see if blood eyalke not blood agayne.

Consider Cyrus in your cruell thought,
A makelesse prince in riches and in might,
And weigh in mynde the bloudy deedes he wrought,
In sheading which he set his whole delight:
But see the guerdon lotted to this wight,
He whose huge power no man might ouerthrowe,
Tomyris Quene with great dispite hath slowe.

His head dismembred from his mangled corps,
Her selfe she cast into a vessell fraught
With clottered blood of them that felt her sore:
And with these words a fast reward she caught:
Drinke now thy fill of thy desyred draught.
Loe marke the fyne that did this prince befall:
Marke not this one, but marke the ende of all.

Beholde Cambiſes and his fatall daye,
Where murders miſchief myrrour lyke is left:
While he his brother Mergus caſt to ſlay,
A dreadful thing his wits were him bereft.
A ſword he caught wherwith he pearced eft
His body gored, which he of lyfe benooms:
So iuſt is God in all his dreadfull dooms.

O bloudy Brutus rightly didſt thou rewe,
And thou Caſſius iuſtly came thy fall,
That with the ſword wherewith thou Cæſar ſlewe
Murdreſt thy ſelfe, and reft thy lyfe withall.
A mirrour let him be vnto you all
That murderers be, of murder to your meede:
For murder cryeth out vengeaunce on your ſeede

Loe Beſſius he that armde with murderers knife,
And traytours hart againſt his royall king,
With bloudy hands bereft his maiſters life,
Auert the fine his foule offence did bring:
And loathing murder as moſt lothly thing
Beholde in him the iuſt deſerued fall,
That euer hath, and ſhal betyde them all.

What booted him his falſe vſurped raygne?
Wherto by murder he did ſo aſcend?
When lyke a wretch led in an yron chayne
He was preſented by his chiefeſt frend
Vnto the foes of him whome he had ſlayne:
That euen they ſhould venge ſo fowle a gilt,
That rather ſought to haue his bloud ypilt.

Take

Take heede ye princes and ye prelates all
Of this outrage, whice though it slepe a while
And not disclosde, as it doth seeld befall,
Yet God that suffreth silence to beguyle
Such gilts, wherewith both earth and ayre ye file,
At last discryes them to your fowle deface,
You see th'examples set before your face.

And vieply graue within your stony harts,
The dyery dewle that mighty Macedo,
With tears vnfolded wrapt in deadly smarts,
When he the death of Clitus sorrowed so,
Whome erst he murdred with the deadly blowe
Raught in his rage vpon his frend so deare,
For which beholde loe how his pangs appeare.

The launced speare he wrythes out of the wound,
From which the purple blud spins in his face:
His heynous gilt when he returned found,
He throwes himselfe vpon the corps alas.
And in his armes how oft doth he imbrace
His murdred frend: and killing him in vayne,
Forth flowe the fluds of salt repentant rayne.

His frends amazde at such a murder done,
In fearefull flocks begin to shrinke away.
And he therat with heapes of grief sordone.
Hateth him selfe, wishing his later daye.
Now he likewise perceiued in lyke staye,
As is the wylde beast in the desert bred,
Both dreading others and him selfe adred.

He calles for death, and loathing lenger lyfe,
Bent to his bane, refuseth kindely foode:
And ploungde in depth of death and dolours strife,
Had queld him selfe, had not his frends withstoode.
Loe he that thus hath shed the guiltles bloud,
Though he were King and Kesar ouer all
Yet chose he death to guerdon death withall.

This prince whose pier was neuer vnder some
Whose glistening fame the earth did ouerglyde,
Which with his power welny the world had wonne,
His bloudy hands himselfe could not abyde,
But fully bent with famine to haue dyed:
The worthy prince deemed in his regarde,
That death for death could be but iust rewarde.

Yet we that were so drowned in the depth
Of diepe desyre to drinke the guiltlesse bloud,
Lyke to the wolfe, with griedy lookes that lepth
Into the snare, to feede on deadly foode,
So we delighted in the state we stoode,
Blinded so far in all our blinded trayne
That blinde we sawe not our destruction playne.

We spared none whose lyke could ought forfet
Our wicked purpose to his passe to come.
Fower worthy knights we headed at Pomfret
Guiltlesse (God wote) withouten lawe or dome.
My hart euen bleedes to tel you all and some,
And how Lord Hastings when he feared leaft,
Dispiteously was murdred and oppreft.

Thefe

These rocks vpstaught, that threatned most our wrecke
We seemde to sayle much surer in the streame:
And Fortune faring as she were at becke
Layde in our lap the rule of all the realme.
The Nephewes strait deposde were by the Eame.
And we aduaunst to that we bought full deare,
He crowned king, and I his chiefest Peer.

Thus hauing wonne our long desyred pray,
To make him king that he might make me chief,
Downthrowe we strait his his sely Nephewes tway,
From princes pompe, to wofull prisoners lyfe:
In hope that now stint was all furder strife.
Sith he was King and I chief stroke did beare
Who ioyed but we, yet who more cause to feare?

The giltlesse bloud which we vniustly shed,
The royall babes deuested from their trone,
And we like traitours raigning in their sted,
These heauy burdens passed vs vpon,
Tormenting vs so by our selues alone,
Much like the felon that pursued by night,
Starts at ech bush as his foe were in sight.

Now doubting state, now dreading losse of lyfe,
In feare of wracke at euery blast of wynde,
Now start in dreames through dread of murdrers knyfe,
As though euen then reuengement were assynde.
With restlesse thought so is the guilty mynde
Turmoyld, and neuer feeleth ease or stay,
But liues in feares of that which followes ayt.

Well gaue that Iudge his dome vpon the death
Of Titus Clelius that in bed was slayne:
When euerye wight the cruell murder leyeth
To his two sonnes that in his chamber layen,
That Iudge, that by the proofe perceiueth plaine,
That they were found fast sleping in their bed,
Hath deemde them giltlesse of this bloud yshed.

He thought it could not be, that they which brake
The lawes of God and man in such outrage
Could so forthwith them selues to slepe betake:
He rather thought the horrour and the rage
Of such an haynous gilt, could neuer swage.
Nor neuer suffer them to slepe or rest,
Or dreadles breath one breath out of their brest.

So gnawes the grief of conscience euermore
And in the hart it is so diepe ygraue,
That they may neither slepe nor rest therfore,
Me thinke one thought but on the dread they haue.
Still to the death foretossed with the waue
Of restlesse woe, in terrour and dispeire.
They lead a lyfe continually in feare.

Lyke to the deare that striken with the dart,
With drawes himselfe into some secrete place,
And feeling greue the wound about his hart,
Startlesse with pangwryll he fall on the grasse,
And in greate feare lies gasping there a space,
Forth braying sighes as though ech pang had brought
The present death whiche he doth dread so oft:

So we diepe wounded with the bloudy thought,
And gnawing wormē that grieued our conscience so,
Neuer tooke ease, but as our hart outbrought:
The stayned sighes in witnesse of our woe,
Such restles cares our falte did well beknowe:
Wherewith of our deserued fall the fears
In euery place rang death within our eares.

And as yll grayne is neuer well ykept,
So fared it by vs within awhile:
That which so long with such vnrest we reapt,
In dreade and danger by all wit and wyle,
Loe see the fyne, when once it felt the whele
Of slypper Fortune, stay it mought no stowne,
The wheele whurls vp, but strait it whurleth downe.

For hauing rule and riches in our hand,
Who durst gainsay the thing that we averde:
Wyll was wysedome, our lust for lawdid stand,
In sort so straunge that who was not afeard:
When he the sounde but of king Richard heard:
So hatefull wart the hearing of his name,
That you may deeme the residue of the same.

But what auailde the terrour and the feare,
Wherewith he kept his lieges vnder awe:
It rather wan him hatred euery where,
And fayned faces forst by feare of lawe:
That but while Fortune doth with fauour blawe
Flatter through feare: for in their hart lurkes aye
A secrete hate that hopeth for a daye.

Recordeth Dionisius the Kinge,
That with his rigour so his realme oppreſt,
As that he thought by cruell feare to bring
His subiectsvnder, as him lyked best:
But loe the dread wherewith himselfe was stresst,
And you shall see the fyne of forced feare,
Most myrrour lyke in this proud prince appeare.

All were his headwith crowne of golde yspred,
And in his hand the royall scepter set:
And he with princely purple richly clad,
Yet was his hart with wretched cares orefret:
And inwardly with deadly feare beset,
Of those whome he by rygour kept in awe,
And sore oppreſt with might of tyrants law.

Against whose feare, no heapes of golde and glie,
No strength of gard, nor all his hyred power,
Ne proude high towers that preaced to the skie,
His cruell hart of saftie could assure:
But dreading them whome he should deme most sure,
Him selfe his beard with burning brand would reare,
Of death deserude so vexed him the feare.

This might suffise to represent the fyne
Of tyrants force, their feares, and their vnrest,
But heare this one, although my hart repine
To let the sound once sticke within my brest:
Of fell Phereus, that aboue the rest,
Such lothsome cruelty on his people wrought,
As (oh alas) I tremble with the thought.

Some

Some be encaled in the coates of Bears,
Among wilde beasts deuoured so to be:
And some for pray vnto the hunters speares,
Lyke sauage beasts withouten ruth to dye.
Sometyme to encrease his horrible cruelty,
The quicke with face to face engraued bee,
Eche others death that eche mought liuing see.

Lee what more cruell horrour mought be found,
To purchase feare, if feare could stay his raigne:
It booted not, it rather strake the wounde
Of feare in him to feare the lyke agayne.
And so he did full oft and not in vayne:
And in his life his cares could witnesse well
But most of all his wretched end doth tell.

His owne deare wife whome as his lyfe he loued,
He durst not trust, nor proch vnto her bed,
But causing first his flame with naked swoorde
To go before, him selfe with trembling dreade
Strait foloweth fast, and whurling in his head
His rolling eyen, he searcheth heare and there
The diepe daunger that he so sore did feare,

For not in vayne it ran still in his breast,
Some wretched hap should hale him to his end.
And therfore alway by his pillow prest
Had he a swoord, and with that swoord he wende,
In vayne (God wote) all perils to defende.
For loe his wife foreyked of his raygne,
Sleping in bed this cruell wretch hath slaine.

What

What should I more now seke to saye in this
Or one iote farder linger fourth my tale:
With cruell Nero, or with Phalaris,
Caligula Domitian, and all
The cruell route: or of their wretched fall:
I can no more, but in my name auert
All earthly powers beware of tyrants hart.

And as our state endured but a throwe,
So best in vs the stay of such a state
May best appeare to hang on ouer throwe,
And better teach tyrants deserued hate
Than any tyrants death tofore my late.
So cruell seemde this Richad third to me,
That loe my selfe now loathde his cruelte.

For when alas, I saw the Tyrant King,
Content not onely from his Nephues twayne
To ryue worlds blisse, but also all worlds being,
Sauns earthly gilt pcausing both be slaine,
My hart agrise the that such a wretch shoulde raygne,
Whose bloudy brest so saluaged out of kinde,
That Phalaris had neuer so bloudy a mynde.

Ne coulde I brooke him ouce within my brest,
But with the thought my teeth would gnash withall:
For though I earst were his by swoorne behest,
Yet when I sawe mischief on mischiefe fall,
So diepe in bloud, to murder prince and all
Ay then thought I, alas, and wealaway,
And to my selfe thus mourning would I say.

Yt neither.

If neither loue, kinred, ne knot of bloud,
His owne alleageaunce to his prince of due,
Nor yet the state of truste wherein he stoode,
The worldes defame, nor nought could forme him true
Those giltlesse babes, could they not make him rue?
Nor could their youth, nor innocence withall
Moue him from reuing them their lyfe and all?

Alas it coulde not moue him any iote,
Ne make him once to rue or wete his eye,
Stird him no more than that that stirreth not:
But as the rocke or stone that will not plye,
So was his hart made hard with crueltie,
To murder them, alas I weepe in thought,
To thinke on that whiche this fell wretche hath wrought.

That now when he had done the thing he sought,
And as he woulde, compliſht and compaſt all,
And sawe and knewe the treason he had wrought
To God and man, to slay his prince and all,
Then seemde he first to doubt and dread vs all,
And me in chief, whose death all meanes he might,
He sought to worke by malice and by might.

Such heapes of harms vphar bard in his brest
With enuious hart my honour to deface,
And knoweing he that I which woted best
His wretched vyces, and all his wretched case,
If euer spring within me sparke of grace,
Muſt needes abhorre him and his hatefull face:
Now more and more can cast me out of grace.

Which sodayne chaunge when I by secret chaunce
Had well perceiued by proofe of enuious frowne,
And saw the lot that did me to aduaunce
Him to a King that sought to cast me downe,
To late it was to linger any stowne:
Syth present choise lay cast before myne eye,
To worke his death or I my selfe to dye.

And as the knight in field among his foes,
Beset with swords, must slay or there be slayne:
So I alas lapt in a thousand woes,
Beholding death on euery syde so playne,
I rather chose by some sly secret trayne
To worke his death, and I to liue thereby,
Than he to lyue, and I ok force to dye.

With heauy choise so hastened me to chose,
That I in parte agrieued at his disdayne,
In parte to weake the dolefull death of those
Two tender babes, his sely Nephewes twayne,
By him alas commaunded to be slaine,
With painted chere humbly before his face,
Straight tooke my leaue and roade to Byrrknocke place.

And there as close and couert as I might,
My purposed practise to his passe to bring,
In secret drifts I lingered day and night:
All how I might depose this cruell King,
That seemd to all so much desperd a thing,
As therto trusting I empwilde the same:
But to much trusting brought me to my bane.

For while I now had Fortune at my becke
Mistrusting I no earthly thing at all,
Unwares alas, least looking for a checke,
She mated me in tourning of a ball:
When least I feard, then nerest was my fall,
And when whole hoasts were prest to stroy my fone,
She chaunged her cheare and left me post alone.

I had vprayse a mighty band of men,
And marched forth in order of array,
Leading my power amid the forest Dene,
Agaynst the tyrant banner to display:
But loe my souldiers cowardly shranke away.
For such is Fortune when she list to frowne,
Who semes most sure, him sonest whurls she downe.

O let no prince put trust in commontie,
Nor hope in faith of giddy peoples mynde,
But let all noble men take heede by me,
That by the proofe to well the payne do fynde:
Loe, where is truth or trust: or what could bynde
The vayne people, but they will swerue and swaye,
As chaunce brings chaunge, to vrge and draw that way:

Rome thou that once advaunced vp so hye,
Thy stay, patron, and flower of excellence,
Hast now throwne him to depth of miserie,
Exiled him that was thy whole defence,
Ne compterst it not an horrible offence:
To reuen him of honour and of fame,
That wan it thee when thou hadst lost the same.

Beholde

Beholde Camillus, he that erſtreuiued
The ſtate of Rome, that dyeng he did ſynde,
Of his owne ſtate is now alas depriued,
Banniſht by them whom he did thus det bynde:
That cruell folke, vnthankefull and vnkynde,
Declared well their falſe inconſtancy.
And Fortune ekeher mutabilytie.

And thou Scipio, a mirrour maiſt thou be
To all nobles, that they learne not to late,
How they once truſt the vnſtable commontie.
Thou that recuredſt the torne diſmembred ſtate,
Euen when the conquerer was at the gate,
Art now exilde, as though thou not deſerued
To reſt in her, whome thou hadſt ſo preſerued.

Ingratefull Rome haſt ſhewed thy crueltie,
On him, by whome thou lineſt yet in fame,
But nor thy dede, nor his deſert ſhall dye,
But his owne words ſhall witnes ay the ſame:
For loe his graue doth the moſt iuſtly blame.
And with diſdayne in Marble layes to thee:
Unkinde countrey my bones ſhalt thou not ſee.

What more vnwor thy than this his exile?
More iuſt than this the mokull plaint he wrote?
Or who could ſhewe a playner proofe the whyle,
Of moſte falſe faithe, than they thus forgot
His great deſerts: that ſo deſerued not?
His cindres yet loe, doth he them deny,
That him denyed amongſt them for to dye.

Miltiades.

Miltiades, O happy hadst thou be,
And wel rewarded of thy countrymen,
If in the field when thou hadst foyst to flye
By thy prowes, three hundred thousand men,
Content they had bene to exile thee then:
And not to cast thee in depth of prison so,
Laden with gyues to end thy lyfe in woe.

Alas how hard and steely harts had they
That not contented there to haue the dye,
With fettred gyues in prison where thou lay,
Increast so far in hatefull cruelty,
That buriall to thy corps, they eke denye:
Ne will they graunt the same tyll thy some haue
Put on thy gyues to purchase thee a graue.

Loe Hanniball as long as fixed fate,
And brittle Fortune had ordayned so,
Who euermore aduaunst his countrey state
Then thou that liuedst for her and for no moe:
But when the stormy waues began to growe,
Without respect of thy deserts erwhile,
Art by thy countrey throwen into exile.

Unfrendly Fortune shall I the now blame?
Or shall I fault the fates that so ordayne?
Or art thou Ioue the causer of the same?
Or crueltie her selfe doth she constrayne?
Or on whome els alas shall I complayne?
O truthlesse world I can accusen none,
But fickle faith of commontie alone.

The Poli-

The Polipus nor the Chameleon straunge,
That tourne theimselues to euery hewe they see
Are not so full of vayne and fickle chaunge
As is this false vnstedfast commontye.
Loe I alas with myne aduersitye
Haue tryed it true, for they are fled and gone
And of an oast there is not left me one.

That I alas in this calamitie
Alone was left, and to my selfe mought playne
This treason, and this wretched cowardye,
And eke with teares beweepen and complayne
My hatefull hap, still loking to be slayne.
Wandring in woe and to the Gods on hye
Cleaping for vengeaunce of this treachery.

And as the turtle that hath lost her make,
Whome griping sorowe doth so sore attaint,
With dolefull voice and sound that she doth make
Mourning her losse fills all the groue with plaint,
So I alas forsaken, and forsayne,
With restlesse foote the wood rome vp and downe,
Which of my dole all shiuering doth resowne.

And being thus alone and all forsake,
Amyd the thicke, forwandred in despayer,
As one dismayed ne wist what way to take,
Until at last gan to my minde repayre,
A man of myne called Poumfrey Vauasaire
Wherwith me feeling much recomforted,
In hope of succour to his house I fled.

Who hee

Who bein g one whome erſt I had vp brought
Euen from his youth, and loued and lyked beſt,
To gentry ſtate auauncing him from nought,
And had in ſecret truſt aboue the reſt,
Of ſpeciall truſt now being thus diſtreſt
Full ſecretly to him I me conueyed
Not doubting there but I ſhould fynde ſome ayde.

But out alas on cruell trecherie,
When that this caytife once an inkling hard,
How that King Richard had proclaimde, that he
Which me deſcryed ſhould haue for his rewarde
A thouſand pounds, and farther be preferde,
His truth ſo turnde to treaſon, all diſtainde
That faith quite fled, and I by truſt was trainde.

For by this wretch I being ſtrait betrayed,
To one Iohn Pitton, ſhiriffe of Shropſhire then,
All ſodenly was taken, and conuayed
To Saliſburie, with rout of harneſt men,
Unto King Richard there encamped then:
Fall by the cittie with a mightye hoaſt
Withouten dome where head and lyfe I loſt.

And with theſe words as if the axe euen there
Diſmembred had his head and corps aparte,
Dead fell he downe: and we in wofull feare
Stoode mazed when he would to lyfe reuert:
But deadly griefs ſtill grewe about his hart,
That ſtill he lay, ſometyme reuyued with payne,
And with a ſigh becomming dead againe.

Midnight was come, when euery dicall thing
With swete sound slepe their weary lyms did rest,
The beasts were still, the litle byrds that syng,
Now sweetly slept beslyes their mothers brest:
The olde and all were shrowded in their nest.
The waters calme, the cruell Seas did cease,
The woods, thefyldes, and all things held their peace.

The golden stars were whyrld amyd their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light,
When ech thing nestled in his resting place,
Forgat dayes payne with plesure of the night:
The Hare had not the gredy hounds in sight,
The fearefull Deare of death stoode not in doubt,
The Partridge drept not of the Falcons foote.

The ougly Beare now mynded not the stake,
Nor how the cruell mastiues do him teare,
The stag lay still vnrousled from the brake,
The fomy Boare feard not the hunters speare:
All thing was still in desert, bush and breare.
With quyet hart now from their trauayles rest,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

When Buckingham amid his plaint oppressed,
With surging sorrowes and with pinching paines
In sort thus sowned, and with a sigh he ceast.
To tellen forth the trechery and the traynes,
Of Banastar, which him so sore distraines.
That from a sigh he falls into a sounde,
And from a sound lyeth raging on the ground,

So tway-

So twiching were the pangs that he assayed,
And he so sore with rufull rage distraught.
To thinke vpon the wretch that him betrayed,
Whome erst he made a gentilman of naught
That more and more agreued with this thought,
He stormes out sighes, and with redoubled sore,
Stroke with the furies, rageth more and more.

Who so hath seene the Bull chased with darts,
And with diepe wounds foregalde and gored so,
Tyll he oppressed with the deadly smarts,
Fall in a rage and run vpon his foe,
Let him I say, beholde the raging woe
Of Buckingham, that in these gripes of griefe
Rageth gainst him that hath betrayed his lyfe.

With bloud red yen he stareth here and there,
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as clout:
When lee my lyms were trembling all for feare,
And I amazde stoode still in dread and doubt,
While I mought see him throwe his armes about:
And gainst the ground him selfe plounge with such fo[illegible]
As if the lyfe forthwith should leaue the corps.

With smoke of sighs somtyme I might beholde
The p'ace all dimde, lyke to the morning mist:
And strait again the teares how they downrolde
Alongst his cheekes, as if the riuers hist:
Whose flowing streames ne were no soner whist,
But to the stars such dreadfull shoutes he sent,
As if the trone of mighty Ioue should rent.

And I the while with spites welny bereft,
Beheld the plight and panges that did him straine.
And how the bloud his deadly coulour left,
And strait returnde with flaming red agayne:
When sodaynly amyd his raging payne,
He gaue a sigh and with that sigh he sayed,
Oh Banastar, and strait agayne he stayed,

Dead lay his corps as dead as any stone,
Tyll swelling sighes storming within his brest
Uprayse his head, that downeward fell anone,
With lookes upcast, and sighes that neuer ceast:
Forth streamde the teares records of his vnrest,
When he with shrikes thus groueling on the ground,
Ybrayed these words with shrill and dolefull sounde.

Heauen and earth and ye eternall lamps
That in the heauens wrapt, wyll vs to rest,
Thou bright Phœbe, that cleerest the nights damps
Witnesse the plaints that in these pangs oppresst
I wofull wretch vnlade out of my brest.
And let me yeelde my last words ere I parte,
You, you, I call to record of my smart.

And thou Alecto feede me with thy foode
Let fall thy serpents from thy snaky heare,
For such relefe well sits me in this moode,
To feede my plaint with horrour and with feare,
While rage afresh thy venomde worme areare.
And thou Sibilla when thou seest me faynte,
Advresse thy selfe the gyde of my complaint.

And thou

And thou O Ioue, that with thy deepe foredome
Doest rule the earth, and rayghst aboue the skies,
That weakest wrongs, and greatest thou canst doome
Against the wretch that doth thy name despise,
Receiue these words and weake them in such wyse,
As heauen and earth may witnesse and beholde,
Thy heapes of wrath vpon this wretch vnfolde.

Thou Vannaster gainst the I clepe and call
Vnto the Gods, that they iust vengeaunce take
On thes, thy bloud, thy stayned stocke and all:
O Ioue to the aboue the rest I make
My humble plaint, graunt me that what I speake,
May be thy will vpon this wretch to fall,
On the Vanaster, wretch of wretches all.

O would to God the cruell dismall day,
That gaue me light first to beholde thy face,
With foule eclipse had reft my sight away:
The vnhappy howre, the tyme, and eke the day:
The Sonne and Moone, the sters, and all that was
In their aspects helping in ought to thes,
The earth and ayre, and all accursed dee.

And thou captyfe, that lyke a monster swarued,
From kinde and kindenes, hast thy maker borne,
Whome neither truth, nor trust wherin thou serued,
Ne his deserts, could moue, nor thy faith sworne,
How shall I curse, but with that thou vnborne
Had bene, or that the eat thy hand rent in twayne,
And swallowed them ere thou layst.

This sayde, he flong his restlesse armes abroade,
And groueling flat vpon the grounde he laye,
Which with his teeth he all to gnasht and gnawde:
Depe groanes he fet, as he that would awaye.
But loe in vayne hee did the death assaye:
Although I thinke was neuer man that knewe,
Such deadly payns where death did not ensue.

So stroue he thus a whyle as with the death,
Now pale as leade and colde as any stone.
Now still as calme, now stormíng forth a breath.
Of smoaky sighes, as breath and all were gone:
But euery thing hath end: so he anone
Came to himselfe when with a sigh outbrayed.
With wofull cheare these wofull wordes he sayde.

Ah where am I, what thing, or whence is this:
Who reft my wits: or how do I thus lye:
My lyms do quake, my thought agasted is,
Why sigh I so: or wherunto do I
Thus graule on the grounde: and by and by
Vprayse he stoode, and with a sigh hath stayde,
When to himselfe returned thus he sayde.

Suffiseth now this plaint and this regrete,
Wherof my hart his bottome hath vnfraught:
And of my death let piers and princes wete
The worlds vntrust, that they therby be taught.
And in her wealth, sith that such change is wrought,
Hope not to much, but in the mids of all
Thinke on my death, and what may them befall.

So long as fortune would permit the same.
I liued in rule and riches with the best:
And past my tyme in honour and in fame.
That of mishap no feare was in my brest:
But false Fortune when I suspected least,
Did tourne the wheele, and with a dolefull fall
Hath me bereft of honour life and all.

Loe what auayles in riches floods that flowes?
Though she so smylde as al the world were his?
Euen Kings and Kelars byden Fortunes throwes,
And simple sort must beare it as it is.
Take heede by mee that blithde in balefull blisse:
My rule, my riches, royall blood and all,
When Fortune frounde the feller made my fall.

For hard mishaps that happens vnto such,
Whose wretched state erst neuer fell no chaunge,
Agreue them not in any parte so much,
As their distresse to whome it is so straunge,
That all their liues nay passed pleasures raunge:
Their sodain woe that ay wielde welth at will,
Algates their harts more pearcingly must thrill.

For of my byrth, my blood was of the best,
First borne an Earle, then Duke by due discent:
To swinge the sway in court among the rest,
Dame Fortune me her rule most largely lent:
And kynde courage so my corps had blent,
That loe on whome but me did she most smyle?
And whome but me lo, did she most begyle?

Now

Now hast thou harue the whole of my vnhap
My chaunce, my chaunge, the cause of all my care:
In wealth and woe, how Fortune did me wap,
With worlde at will to winne to her snare.
Bid Kings, bid Kesars, by all states beware,
And tell them this from me that tryed it true:
Who reckelesse rules, right sone may hap to rue.

FINIS. T. S.

HOw like you this my maysters (quoth I) very well said one: the tragedy excelleth: ỳ inuention also of the induction, & the descriptions are notable. But where as hee fayneth to talke with the princes in hell, that I am sure will be misliked, because it is most certaine, ỳ some of their soules be in heauen. And although he herein do follow allowed Poets, in their descriptiõ of hell, yet it sauoreth so much of Purgatorie, whiche the Papists haue digged therout, that the ignorant may therby be deceiued. Not a whit I warrant you (saide I) for he meaneth not by his Hell the place eyther of damned soules, or of suche as lye for their fees, but rather the graue, wherin ỳ deade bodies of all sorts of people do rest tyll tyme of ỳ resurrection. And in this sence is hell taken often in ỳ scriptures, and in ỳ writings of learned christians. And so (as he himselfe hath tolde me) he meaneth, & so wold haue it taken. Tully (quoth another) what stand we here vppon? it is a poety and no deuinity,

and

and it is lawfull for Poets to fayne what they lyst, so it be appertinent to the matter: And therfore let it passe euen in such sort as you haue read it. Mary with a good will (quoth I) But whereas you say a poet may fayne what he list: In dede my thinke it should be so, and ought to be well taken of ỳ hearers: but it hath not at all tymes beene so allowed. Ye saye troth quoth the reader: For here followeth in the story, that after the death of this Duke, one called Collingbourn was cruelly put to death for making of a ryme I haue his tragedy here (said I) For the better perceiuing wherof, you muste ymagin ỳ you see him a marualous well fauoured man, holding in his hand, his owne hart, newly ripped out of his breast and smoaking forth the lyuely spiryt: & with his hand, beckeninge to and fro, as it were to warne vs to auoyde: and with his faint tong and voyce, saying as couragiously as hee may, these wordes that followe.

How Collingbourne was cruelly executed for makinge a foolishe ryme.

BEware, take heed, take heed, beware, beware
You Poets you, that purpose to rehearce
By any arte what tyrants doings are,
Erinnis rage is growen so fell and fearce
That vicious acts may not be touchte in verse:
The Muses freedome, graunted them of elde,
Is barde, sly reasons treasons hyd are helde.

Be rough

Be rough in ryme, and then they say you rayle,
As Iuuenal was, but that makes no matter:
With Ieremye you shall be had to iayle,
Or foyst with Martial, Cæsars faults to flatter,
Clarkes must be taught to clawe and not to clatter:
Free Hellicon and franke Pernassus dylls,
Are helly haunts, and ranke pernicious ylls.

Touch couertly in terms, and then you taunt.
Though prayse Poets, alway did the lyke,
Controll vs not, els traytour vyle auaunt,
What passe we what the learned do mislike:
Our eyes we see, wherin to swarme we seeke.
We passe not what the people say or thinke.
Their shittle hate maketh none but cowards shrinke.

We knowe (say they) the course of Fortunes wheele,
How constantly it whyrleth still about,
Arrearing now, while elder headlong reele.
How all the riders alway hang in doubt.
But what for that: we count him but a loute
That sticks to mount, and basely lyke a beast
Lyues temperately for feare of blockam feast.

In deede we would of all be deemed Gods
What euer we do: and therfore partely hate
Rude preachers that dare threaten vs plagues and rods,
And blase the blots wherby we stayne our state:
But nought we passe what any such do prate.
Of course and office they must say their pleasure,
And we of course must heare and mend at leasure.

But when

But when these pelting poets in their rymes
Shall taunt, or iest, or paint our wicked workes,
And cause the people knowe and curse our crymes,
This ougly fault, no tyrant lyues but vykes.
Wherfore we loth such taunters worse than Turks.
Whose meaning is to make vs knowe our mille,
And so to mend, but they but doate in this.

We knowe our faults as well as any other,
We also doubt the daungers for them due:
Yet still we trust so right to guyde the rother,
That scape wee shall the sourges that ensue.
We thinke we knowe moe shifes than other knewe.
In vayne therfore for vs are counsailes writ:
We knowe our faults and wil not mend a whit.

These are the feats of the vnhappy sort,
That preace for honours, wealth, and pleasure vayne.
Ceasse therfore Baldwin, ceasse I thee exhort,
Withdraw thy pen, for nothing shalt thou gayne
Saue hate, with losse of paper, ynke and payne.
Fewe hate their faults, all hate of them to heare
And fautles, from fault would seme most cleare.

Thy entent I knowe is honest, playne, and good,
To warne the wyse, to fray the fond from yll:
But wicked worldlings are to witles wood.
That to the worst they all things construe still.
With rygour oft they recompence good will:
They racke the wordes tyll tyme their sinewes burst,
In doubtfull sences, straining still the worst.

A paynfull

A painfull proofe taught me the truth of this,
Through tyrants rage, and Fortunes cruell tourne:
They murdred me, for metring things amisse.
For wotst thou what? I am that Collingbourne
Which made the ryme, wherof I may well mourne.
The Cat, the Rat, and Louell our Dog,
Do rule all England vnder a Hog.

Wherof the meaning was so plaine and true,
That euery foole perceyued it at furst:
Most lyked it, for moste that most things knewe,
In bugger mugger, muttred what they durst.
The tyrant prince, of most was held accurst,
Both for his owne, and for his counsails faults,
Of whom was three the naughtiest of all naughts.

Catesby was one whome I called a Cat,
A crafty lawer catching all he coulde.
The second Ratcliffe, whome I named a Rat,
A cruell beast to gnaw on whome he should.
Lord Louell harkt and bit whome Richard would,
Whom I therfore did rightly terme our Dog,
Wherwith to ryme I raised the Ring a Hog.

Tyll he the crowne had caught, he gaue the Boze,
In which estate would God he had perceased,
Than had the realme not ruined so sore:
His Nephewes raigne should not haue ceassed,
The noble bloud had not bene so decreased.
His Rat, his Cat, and Bloudhound had not moued
Such liegemen true, as after they destroyed.

Thrie-

Their lawlesse acts, good subiects did lament,
And so dyd I, and therfore made the rymes
To showe my wit how well I could inuent,
To warne withall the carelesse of their crymes,
I thought the fredome of the auncient tymes
Stoode still in force. Ridentem dicere verum
Quis vetat? Nay nay, Veritas est pessima rerum.

Belyke no tyrants were in Horace dayes,
And therfore Poets freely blamed vyce.
Witnesse their Satyrs sharpe, and tragicke playes,
With chiefest princes chiefly had in price.
They name no man, they mixe their gall with spice,
No more do I, I name no man outright,
But riddle wise, I meane them as I might.

When bruite had brough this to their gilty eares,
Whose right surnames were noted in the ryme,
They all conspyred lyke most gredy beares.
To charge me straight with this most greuous crymes:
And damned me the gallowe tre to clyme,
And then strangled, in quarters to be cut,
Which should on high ouer London gates be put.

This iudgement geuen so vehement and sore
Made me exclame against their tyranny.
Wherwith encenst, to make my pain the more,
They practised a shamefull vilany:
They cut me downe alyue and cruelly,
Ript vp my paunch and bulke to make me smart,
And lingered long ere they toake out my hart.

Here

Here tyrant Richard played the eager Dog,
His grashing tuskes my tender grissles shore:
His bloudhound Louell played the rauening Dog,
His wuluish teeth, my giltlesse carkasse tore:
His Rat, and Cat, did what they might, and more,
Cat Catesby clawed my guts to make me smart,
The Rat Ratcliffe gnawed me to the hart.

If Iewes had kilde the iustest King alyue,
If Turkes had burnt vp churches, Gods, and all,
What greater payne coulde cruell harts contryue,
Than that I suffred, for this trespas small?
I was no prince nor pier, but yet my fall
Is worthy to be thought vpon for this,
To see how cankard tyrants mallice is.

To teach also all subiects to take heede
They medle not with magistrates assayres,
But pray to God to mend them if it neede:
To warne also all Poets that be strayers,
To kepe them close in compasse of their chayers,
And whan they touch, that they would wish amended,
To sause them so, that fewe neede be offended.

And so to mixe their sharpe rebukes with mirth,
That they may pearce, not causing any payne,
Saue such as followeth euery kindely byrth,
Requited strait, with gladnesse of the gayne.
A Poet must be pleasaunt, not to playne,
Faults to controll, he yet to flatter vice
But sound and sweete, in all things ware and wise.

The Gre-

The Grekes do paynt a Poets office whole,
In Pegasus, their fayned horse with wings,
Whome shaped so Medusaes bloud did foale,
Who with his feete strake out the Muses springs
Fro flintie rockes to Helicon that clings.
And then flew vp into the starry skye,
And there abydes among the gods on hye.

For he that shall a perfect Poet be,
Must first be bred out of Medusaes bloud:
He must be chast and vertuous as was she,
Who to her power the Ocean God withstoode.
To th'ende also his dome be iust and good,
He must (as she) looke rightly with one eye
Truth to regarde and write nothing awrye.

In courage eke he must be lyke a horse,
He may not feare to register the right:
What though some frowne, therof he may not force,
No bit nor reyne his tender iawes may wight.
He must be armed with strength of wit and spite
To dash the rocks, darke causes and obscure,
Tyll he attayne the springs of truth most pure.

His hooues also must plyant be and strong,
To riue the rockes of lust and errors blynde,
In brayneliesse heades, that alway wander wrong:
These must he bryse with reasons playne and kynde,
Tyll springs of grace do gush out of the mynde,
For till affections from the fond be myned,
In vayne is truth tolde, or good counsayle geuen.

Like Pegasus a Poet must haue wings,
To fly to heauen or where him liketh best:
He must haue knowledge of eternall things,
Almighty Ioue must harber in his brest,
With worldly cares he may not be oppreſt,
The wings of wit and skill must heaue him hyer,
With greate delight to satisfye desyer.

He must also be lusty, fre, and swift
To trauayle far to vieuwe the traces of men,
Greate knowledge oft is goten by the shift:
Things that impare he must be quicke to pen,
Reproouing vices sharpely now and then.
He must be swift when touched tyrants chafe,
To gallop thence to kepe his tarkas safe.

If I had well these qualities considered,
Especially that which I touches last,
With speedy flyght my feete should haue deliuered
My feble body from a most boistous blast,
They should haue caught me, ere I had be cast,
But to much trust vnto a tyrants grace,
I neuer shronke, nor chaunged post or place.

I thought the Poets auncient liberties
For pleas had bene allowed at the bar.
I had forgot how newe founde tyrannies
With truth and freedome were at open warre,
That lust was lawe that might did make and marre
That among tyrants this is and euer was
Sic volo, sic iubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.

Where

Where lust is law it boteth not to pleade,
No priuelege nor liberties auaple.
But with the learnde whome law and wisdome leade:
Although through rashenes Poets hap to rayle,
A plea of dotage may all quarells quayle:
Their olde licence their writings to expounde,
Doth quit them clere from faults by Momus found.

This fredome olde ought not to be debard.
From any wight that speaketh ought, or writeth.
The authors meaning should of right be herd,
He knoweth best to what end he enditeth:
Words somtyme beare more then the hart behiteth.
Admit therfore the authors exposition.
If playne for truth: if forst, for his submission.

In case of sclaunder the lawes requyre no more
Saue to amend that seemed not well sayde:
Or to vnsay the slaunders sayd afore,
And aske forgeuenes for the hasty brayde:
To heretikes no greater payne is layde
Then to recant their errours or retract:
And worse than these can be no writers acte.

Yes (quoth the Cat) thy rayling words be treason
And treason is far worse then heresye.
Then must it follow by this awkwarde reason,
That Kings be more than God in maiestie,
And soules be lesse then bodies in degree.
For heretikes both soules and God offend,
Traytours but seeke to bring mans lyfe to end.

I speake not this to abate the haynous fault,
Of trayterous acts abhorde by God and man,
But to make playne their iudgement to be naught
That herelye for leller sin do ban,
I curse them both as depe as any can,
And alway did: yet through my foolish ryme,
They stayned me with that most hatefull crime.

I neuer ment the King or counsayle harme,
Unles to wish them safety were offence.
Agaynst their power I neuer lifted arme,
Neyther pen nor tongue for any ill pretence.
The ryme I made, though rude, was sound in sence,
For thei therin whome I so fondly named,
So ruled all that they were foule defamed.

This was no treason but the very troth.
They ruled all, none could deny the same:
What was the cause then why they were so wroth:
What, is it treason in a ryming frame
To clip, to stretch, to adde, or chaunge a name:
And this reserued, there is no ryme nor reason,
That any craft can clout to seeme a treason.

For where I meant the King by name of Hog,
I onely alluded to his badge the Boze:
To Louels name I added more our Dog,
Because most dogs haue borne that name of yore:
These metaphors I vse with other more,
As Cat, and Rat, the halfe names of the rest,
To hyde the sence which they so wrongly wrest.

I pray

I pray you now what treason kynde you heare
Enough: you rubbed the gilty on the gaule,
Both sence and names do note them very neare,
I graunt that was the chiefe cause of my faule,
Yet can you kynde therein no treason at all:
There is no word against the prince or state,
No harme to them whome all tha realme did hate.

But sith the gilty alwayes are suspicious,
And dread the ruine that must sewe by reason,
They cannot chose but count their counsayle vicious
That note their faults, and therfore call it treason:
All grace and goodnes with the lewde is geason.
This is the cause why they good things do wrest
Wher as the good take yll things to the best.

And therfore Baldwin boldly to the good
Rebuke their fault, so shalt thou purchase thankes
As for the bad, thou shalt but moue their moode,
Though pleasauntly thou touch their naughtynes:
Warne Poets all, no wyse to passe the banks
Of Hellicon, but kepe within the bound:
So shall their freedome vnto no harme redound.

Gods

FINIS.

GOds blessing on his hart that made this (sayd one) specially for reuiuing our auncient liberties. And I pray God it may take such place with the Magistrates, ỹ they may ratifye our olde fredome, Amen saide another For that shalbe a meane both to stay and vpholde themselues from fallyng: and also to preserue many kynde, true, zealous, & wel meaning myndes from slaughter and infamy. If kinge Richard and hys counsaylours had allowed, or at the leaste but wynked at some such wits, what great commodities might they haue taken thereby.

First, they should haue knowen what ỹ people misslyked and grudged at, (whiche no one of their flatterers either wolde or durst haue tolde them) and so mought haue found meane, eyther by amendment (which is best) or by some other polliey to haue staied the peoples grudge: the forerunner commenly of rulers destructions. Vox populi, vox dei. in this case is not so famous a prouerb, as true: The experiece of all tymes do approue it. They should also haue bene warned of their owne sinnes, whiche call continually for Gods vengeaunce, which neuer fayleth to fall on their necks sodainly and horribly, vnles it be stayed with harty repentaunce.

These weighty commodities mought they haue taken by Collingbourns vayne ryme. But as all thinges worke to the best in them that be good, so best things heape vp mischief in the wicked, and all to haste their vtter destruction. For after this poore

wretches

wretches lamentable persecution, (the common reward of best endeuours) straite folowed the fatall destruction both of this tyrant, and of his tormentours. Whiche I wilshe might be so set foorthe, that they might be a warning for euer, to all in authoritie to beware howe they vsurpe or abuse theyr offices. I haue here (quoth I) kinge Richards tragedy. Reade it we praye you (quoth they) with a good will quoth I) For the better vnderstanding wherof, ymagine that you see him tormented with Dines in the diepe pit of hel and thence howling this whiche followeth.

How Richard Plantagenet Duke of Gloceſter, murdred his brothers children, vsurping the crowne, and in the third yeare of his raigne was most worthely deprined of lyfe and kingdome in Bosworth plaine, by Henry Earle of Richmond after called kinge Henry the vii. the 22. of Auguſt. 1485.

What hart so harde, but wold abhorre to heare
The rufull raygne of me the third Richard?
King vnkindely cald though I ſ crowne did weare,
Who entred by rigour, but right did not regard,
By tyranny proceding in killing king Edward,
Fift of that name, right heir vnto the crowne,
With Richard his brother, Princes of renowne.

Of truſt they were committed vnto my gouernaunce,
But truſt turned to treaſon to truly it was tryed,
Both againſt nature dueti and allegiaunce,
For through my procurement moſt shamefully they dyed
Deſyre of a Kingdome forgetteth all kinred,
As after by diſcourſe it ſhalbe ſhewed here,
How cruelly theſe innocents in priſon murdered were.

The Lords and Commons all with one aſſent,
Protectour made me both of land and King,
But I therewith alas was not content:
For myndyng miſchiefe I meut another thing,
Which to confuſion in ſhort tyme did me bring,
For I deſyrous to rule and raygne alone,
Sought crowne and kingdome, yet title had I none.

To all piers and princes a preſident I may be.
The lyke to beware how they do enterpriſe,
And learne their wretched falles by my fact to foreſee,
Which rufull ſtand bewayling my chaunce before their eyes,
As one cleane bereft of all felicities:
For right through might I cruelly defaced,
But might helped right, and me agayne diſplaced.

Alas that euer prince ſhoulde thus his honour ſtaine
With the bloud of innocents moſt sham full to be tolde
For theſe two noble imps I cauſed to be ſlaine,
Of yeares not full rype as yet to rule and raygne.
For which I was abhorred both of yong and olde,
But as the deede was odious in ſight of God and man,
So ſhame and deſtruction in the end I wan.

Both

Both God, nature, dutye, allegiaunce all forgot,
This vile and haynous acte vnnaturally conspyred:
Which horrible deede done, alas, alas, God wot
Such terrours me tormented, and so my spyrites fired
As vnto such a murder and shamefull deede required,
Such broyle dayly felt I breding in my brest,
Wherby more and more, increased myne vnrest.

My brothers children were right heires vnto the crowne
Whome nature rather bound to defend than distroy,
But I not regarding their right nor my renowne
My whole care and study to this end did imploye,
The crowne to obtayne, and them both to put downe:
Wherein I God offended, prouoking iust his ire,
For this my attempt and most wicked desyre.

To cursed Cayn compare my carefull case,
Which did vniustly slay his brother iust Abel,
And did not I in rage make run that rufull race
My brother Duke of Clarence, whose death I shame to tell
For that so straunge it was, as it was horrible:
For sure he drenched was and yet no water neare,
Which straunge is to be tolde to all that shall it heare.

The but he was not whereat I did shoote,
But yet he stoode betwene the marke and me,
For had he liued, for me it was no boote
To tempt the thing that by no meanes could be,
For I third was then of my brethren three:
But yet I thought the elder being gone,
Then neues must I beare the stroke alone.

Desyr

Deſyre of rule made me alas to rewe,
My fatall fall I could it not foreſee,
Puft vp in pryde, to hawtye then I grewe,
That none my peare I thought now could be,
Diſdayning ſuch as were of high degree:
Thus dayly riſing and pulling other downe,
At laſt I ſhot how to win the crowne.

And dayly vruiſing which was the beſt way
And meane how I might my Nephewes both deuour:
I ſecretly then ſent without further delay
To Brackynburie then lieutenant of the tower,
Requeſting him by letters to helpe vnto his power,
For to accompliſh this my deſyre and will,
And that he would ſecretly my brothers children kill.

He aunſwered plainely with a flat nay,
Saying that to dy he would not do that deede:
But kynding then a proffer to my pray,
Well worth a frend (quoth I) yet in tyme of neede.
James Tyrrill hight his name, whome with all ſpede,
I ſent agayne to Brackinbury, as you heard before,
Commaunding him deliuer the keyes of euery dore.

The keyes he rendered but partaker would not be
Of that flagitious fact. O happy man I ſay,
As you haue heard before, he rather choſe to dye
Then on thoſe ſely lambes his violent hands to laye.
His conſcience him pricked, his prince to betray:
O conſtant mynde that would'ſt not conſiſtend,
Thee may I prayſe, and my ſelfe diſcommend.

What

¶ What though he refused, yet be sure you may,
That other were as ready to take in hand that thing,
¶ Which watched and wayted as duly for their pray,
As euer did the Cat for the Mouse taking,
And how they might their purpose best to passe bring:
¶ Where Tyrrell he thought good to haue no bloud shed,
Becaus them to kill by smothering in their bed.

The wolues at hand were ready to deuour
The sely lambes in bed wheras they laye
Abiding death and loking for the hower,
For well they wist, they could not scape away.
Ah woe is me, that I do them thus betray,
In assigning this vile dede to be done,
By Myles Forrest and wicked Jhon Dighton.

Who priuely into their chamber stale,
In secret wise somewhat before midnyght,
And gan the bed together tug and hale,
Bewrapping them alas in wofull plight,
Keping them downe, by force, by power, and might,
With haling, tugging, turmoyling, turnde and tost,
Tyll they of force were forced yeld the ghost.

Which when I heard, my hart I felt was eased
Of grudge, of griefe, and inward deadly payne,
But with this dede the Nobles were displeased,
And sayde: O God, shall such a tyrant raygne,
That hath so cruelly his brothers children slayne?
Which bruite once blowen in the peoples eares,
Their dolour was such, that they brast out in teares.

But

Last

But what thing may suffyse vnto the grevy man,
The more he bathes in bloud, the bloudier he is alwaye.
By proofe I do this speake, which best declare it can,
Which onely was the cause of this princes decaye.
The wolfe was neuer gredier than I was of my praye,
But who so vseth murder full well affirme I dare,
With murder shall be quit, ere he therof beware.

And marke the sequell of this begon mischief
Which shortly after was cause of my decay,
For high and low conceiued such a griefe
And hate against me, which sought day by day,
All wayes and meanes that possible they may,
On me to be reuenged for this sinne,
For cruell murdering vnaturally my kyn.

Not onely kin, but King the truth to saye
Whome vnkindely of kingdome I bereft,
His lyfe from him I also raught away,
With his brothers, which to my charge was left.
Of ambition beholde the worke and weft,
Prouoking me to do this haynous treason,
And murder them against all right and reason.

After whose death thus wrought by violence,
The Lords not lyking this vnnaturall deede,
Began on me to haue greate diffidence,
Such brinning hate gan in their harts to breede,
Which made me doubt and lose my daunger dreede:
Which doubt and dreede proued not in vayne,
By that ensued alas vnto my payne.

For I

For I supposing all things were as I wished,
When I had brought these sely babes to bane,
But yet in that my purpose far I missed:
For as the moone doth chaunge after the wane,
So chaunged the harts of such as I had tane
To be moste true, to troubles did me tourne,
Such rage and rancour in boyling breasts do burne.

And sodainly a bruite abroade was blowen,
That Buckingham the Duke both sterne and stout,
In field was ready, with diuers to me knowen,
To gyue me battaile if I durst come out:
Which daunted me and put me in great doubt,
For that I had no army then prepared,
But after that I litle for it cared.

But yet remembring, that oft a litle sparke
Suffered doth growe vnto a greate flame,
I thought yt wisdome wisely for to warke,
Muslered then men in euery place I came.
And marching forward dayly with the same,
Directly towards the towne of Salisburie,
Where I gat knowledge of the Dukes army.

And as I passed ouer Salisburie downe,
The rumour ran the Duke was fled and gone,
His host dispersed beside Shrewesburie towne,
And he dismayed was left therepost alone,
Bewayling his chaunce and making great moane:
Towards whome I hasted withall expedition,
Making due serch and diligent inquisition.

But as

But at the fyrst I coulde not of him heare,
For he was scaped by secrete bywapes,
Unto the house of Humfrey Banastar,
Whome he had much preferred in his dayes,
And was good lorde to him in all assayes:
Which he full euell requited in the end,
When he was driuen to seeke a trusty frend.

For it so happened to his mishap, alas,
When I no knowledge of the Duke could heare:
A proclamation by my commaundement was
Published and cryed throughout euery shyre,
That who so coulde tell where the Duke were,
A thousand marke should haue for his payne,
What thing so hard but money can obtayne?

But were it for mony, mede, or drede,
That Banastar thus betrayed his ghest,
Diuers haue diuersly deuined of this dede,
Some deme the worst, and some iudge the best,
The doubt not dissolued nor plainly expresst,
But of the Dukes death he doubtles was cause,
Which dyed without iudgement or order of lawes.

Lo this noble Duke I brought thus vnto bane,
Whose doings I doubted and had in greate dred,
At Banastars house I made him to be tane,
And without iudgement he was beheaded by the head,
By the shriue of Shropshyre to Salisbury led.
In the market place vpon the scaffolde newe
Where all the beholders did much his death rewe.

And after

And after this done I brake vp my hoste,
Greatly applauded with this heauy hap,
And forthwith I sent to euery sea coste
To foresee all mischieues and stop euery gap,
Before they should chaunce or light in my lap,
Geuing them in charge to haue good regarde
The sea coast to kepe with good watch and warde.

Dyrecting my lettres vnto euery shriue,
With strait commaundement vnder our name,
To suffer no man in their partes to aryue
Nor to passe forth out of the same,
As they tendered our fauour, and voyde would our blame,
Doing therein their payne and industry,
With diligent care and vigilant eye.

And thus setting things in ouer as you heare:
To preuent mischieues that might then betyde,
I thought my selfe sure, and out of all feare,
And for other thiugs began to prouide:
To Notingham castle strait did I ryde,
Where I was not very long space,
Straunge tydings came which did me sore amaze.

Reported it was, and that for certainty,
Th'erle of Richemond landed was in Wales
At Milford hauen, with an huge army,
Dismilling his nauy which were many sayles:
Which at the first I thought flying tales.
But in the end did otherwise proue,
Which not a litle did me vexe and moue.

Thus

Thus fawning Fortune gan on me to frowne,
And cast on me her scornefull lowryng looke:
Then gan I feare the fall of my renoune,
My hart it fainted, my sinowes sore they shooke,
This heauy hap a scourge for sin I tooke,
Yet did I not then vtterly dispayre,
Hopinge stormes past the weather shoulde be fayre.

And then with all spede possible I might,
I caused them muster throughout euery shyre,
Determining with the earle spedely to fyght,
Before that his power much encreased were,
By such as to him greate fauour did beare:
Which were no small number by true report made,
Dayly repayring him for to ayde.

Directing my letters to diuers noble men,
With earnest request their power to prepare,
To Nottingham castle whereas I lay then,
To ayde and assist me in this waighty affayre:
Where strait to my presence did then repayre,
Iohn Duke of Northfolke, his eldest son also,
With Th'erle of Northumberland and many other moe.

And thus being furnisht with men and munition,
Forwarde we marched in order of battayle ray,
Making by scouts euery way inquisition,
In what place the Earle with his campe lay:
Towards whome directly we tooke then our way,
Euermore mynding to seeke our most auayle,
In place conuenient to geue to him battaile.

So long we laboured, at last our armies met
Da Bosworth playne beſydes Leceſter towne,
Where ſure I thought the garland for to get,
And purchaſe peace, or els to loſe my crowne.
But fickle Fortune alas on me dyd frowne,
For when I was encamped in the fielde,
Where moſt I truſted I ſooneſt was begylde.

The brand of mallice thus kindling in my breſt
Of deadly hate which I to him dyd beare,
Pricked me forward, and bad me not deſiſt,
But boldly fight and take at all no feare,
To win the field, and the earle to conquere:
Thus hoping glory great to gayne and get,
Myne army then in order did I ſet.

Betyde me lyfe or death I deſperately ran,
And ioyned me in battayle with this Earle ſo ſtoute,
But Fortune ſo him fauoured that he the battayle wan
With force and greate power I was beſet about,
Which when I did beholde, in mids of the whole route
With dent of ſword I caſt me on him to be reuenged,
Wherein the midſt of them my wretched lyfe I ended.

My body was hurried and tugged lyke a dog,
On horſebacke all naked and bare as I was borne.
My head, hands, and feete, downe hanging lyke a hog,
With dirt and bloud beſprent, my corps all to torne,
Curſing the day that euer I was borne.
With greuous wounds bemangled moſte horrible to ſe
So fore they did abhorre this my vile crueltye.

Loe heare you may beholde the due and iuſt reward
Of tyranny and treaſon which God doth moſt deteſt,
For if vnto my duety I had taken regarde,
I might haue liued ſtill in honour with the beſt,
And had I not attempt the thing that I ought leſſe.
But deſyre to rule alas did me ſo blynde,
Which cauſed me to do againſt nature and kynde.

Ah curſed caytife why did I clymbe ſo hye,
Which was the cauſe of this my balefyll thrall.
For ſtill I thirſted for the regall dignitie,
But haſty riſing threatnthe ſodayne fall,
Content your ſelues with your eſtates all,
And ſeeke not right by wrong to ſuppreſſe,
For God hath promiſt ech wrong to redreſſe.

See here the fyne and fatall fall of me,
And guerdon due for this my wretched deede,
Which to all princes a myrrour now may be
That ſhall this tragicall ſtory after reede,
Wiſhing them all by me to take heede,
And ſuffer right to rule as it is reaſon,
For, tyme tryeth out both truth and alſo treaſon.

FINIS. F. Seg.

When I had read this, we had much talke about it. For it was thoughte not vehement enough for so violent a mā as king Richarde had beene. The matter was well ynoughe lyked of some, but the meetre was mislyked almoste of all.

And when diuers therfore woulde not allowe it, what (quoth one). You knowe not whereuppon you stycke: elles you woulde not so muche mislyke this because of the vncertaine Meetre. The cumlynes called by the Rhetoricians Decorum, is specially to be obserued in all thinges. Seyng than that king Richard neuer kept measure in any of his doinges, seyng also he speaketh in hell, whereas is no order: it were againste ỳ Decorum of hys personage to vse eyther good meeter or order.

And therfore if his oration were far woorse, in my opinion it were more fyt for him. Mars and the Muses dyd neuer agree. Neither is to be suffered that theyr mylde sacred arte should seeme to procede frō so cruell and prophane a mouth as his: seeinge they them selues do vtterly abhorre it.

And although we reade of Nero, that hee was excellent both in musycke, and in versifyinge, yet do not I remember that euer I sawe any songe or verse of his makinge: Minerua iustly prouiding that no monument shoulde remayne of any such vniuste vsurpation. And therefore let this passe euen as it is whiche the writer I knowe both could and would amend in many places, saue for keping the Decorū,

whych he purposely hath obserued herein.
In deede (quoth I) as you saye: It is not meete that so dysorderlye and vnnaturall a man as kynge Richarde was, shoulde obserue any metricall order in his talke: which not withstanding in many places of his oration is verye well kepte: it shall passe therefore euen as it is, though to good for so euell a person. Then they wylled me to reade the blacke Smith, With a good will (quoth I) but fyrst you must ymagin that you see hym standing on a ladder ouer shryned with the Tybourne, a meete stage for all such rebelles and traytoures: and there stoutlye saying as followeth.

The wilfull fall of blacke Smith, and the fooliſhe ende of the Lorde Awdeley in Iune anno. 1496.

WHo is more bould than is the blynde Beard?
Where is more craft than in the clowted ſhone?
Who catch more harme than ſuch as nothing feard?
Where is more guile then where miſtruſt is none?
No plaiſters helpe before the griefe be knowen,
So ſeemes by me who could no wiſdome lere,
Untill ſuch tyme I bought my wit to deare.

Who being boiſtous ſtout, and blaynleſſe bolde,
Puft vp with pryde, with fyer and furies fret,
Incenſt with tales ſo rude and plainely tolde,
Wherin deceit with double knot was knyt,
I trapped was as ſely fyſhe in net,
Who ſwift in ſwimming, not doubtfull of diſceit,
Is caught in gyn wherin is layde no bayt.

Such force and vertue hath this dolefull plaint,
Set forth with ſighes and teares of Crocodile,
Who ſemes in ſight as ſimple as a ſaynt,
Hath layde a bayte the wareles to begyle,
And as they weepe they worke diſceit the whyle,
Whoſe ruefull cheare the rulers ſo relent,
To worke in haſt that they at laſt repent.

Take heede therfore ye rulers of the land,
Be blynde in ſight and ſtop your other eare,
In ſentence ſlow tyll ſkill the truth hath ſcande,
In all your doomes both loue and hate forbeare,
So ſhall your iudgement iuſt and right appeare:
It was a ſouthfaſt ſentence long agoe,
That haſty men ſhall neuer lacke much woe.

Is it not truth: Baldwin what ſpeſt thou:
Say on thy mynde, I pray the muſe no moze,
We thinke thou ſtareſt and lokeſt I wote not howe,
As though thou neuer ſaweſt a man before:
By lyke thou muſeſt why I teach this lore.
Els what I am that here ſo boldly dare,
Among the preaſe of princes to compare.

Though I be bolde, I pray the blame not me,
Lyke as men ſowe, ſuch corne needes muſt they reape,
And nature hath ſo planted in eche degree,
That Crabs like Crabs will kindely crall and crepe:
The ſuttle Fox vnlyke the ſely ſhepe:
It is according to myne education,
Forward to preaſe in rout and congregation.

Beholde my cote burnt with the ſparkes of fyer,
My lether apron felde with the horſe ſhoe nayles,
Beholde my hammer and my pincers here,
Beholde my lookes a marke that ſeldome fayles:
My chekes declare I was not fed with quailes,
My face, my clothes, my tooles with all my faſhion,
Declare full well a prince of rude creation.

A prynce

A prince I sayde, a prince I say agayne,
Though not by byrth, by crafty vsurpation,
Who doubts but some men princehoode do obtayne,
By open force and wrongfull domination,
Yet while they rule are had in reputation:
Euen so by me, the whyle I wrought my feate,
I was a pri..ce at least in my conceyte.

I dare the bolder take on me the name,
Because of him whome here I leade in band,
Tychet Lord Awdley a Lorde of byrth and fame,
Which with his strenght and power serude in my band,
I was a prince while that I was so mande:
His Butterfly still vnderneath my shielde,
Displayed was from Wells to blackeheath fielde.

But now beholde he doth bewayle the same:
Thus after wits their rashnes do deprayue,
Beholde dismayde he dare not speake for shame,
He lookes lyke one that late came from the graue,
Or one that came forth of Trophonius caue,
For that in wit he had so litle pith,
As he a Lord to serue a traitour Smith.

Such is the courage of the noble hart,
Which doth despyse the vyle and baser sort,
He may not touch that sauers of the cart,
Hym listeth not with eche Jacke lout to sport,
He lets him passe for payring of his porte,
The iolly Egles catch not litle flees,
The courtly silkes match seeld with homely frees.

But surely Baldwyn if I were allowde
To say the trouth, I could somewhat declare:
But clarkes will say, this Smyth doth waxe to proude,
Thus in precepts of wisdome to compare,
But Smiths must speake that clarkes for feare ne dare.
It is a thing that all men may lament,
When clarkes kepe close the truth least they be shent.

The Hostler, Barber, Myller and the Smith,
Heare of the lawes of such as wisdom ken,
And learue some wit although they want the pith,
That clarkes pretend: and yet both now and then,
The greatest clarkes proue not the wisest men:
It is not right that men forbid should be,
To speake the truth all were he bond or free.

And for because I haue vsed to fret and fome,
Not passing greatly whome I should displease,
I dare be bolde a while to play the mome,
Out of my sacke some others faults to lease,
And let myne owne behynde my backe to peyse.
For he that hath his owne before his eye,
Shall not so quicke anothers fault espye.

I say was neuer no such wofull case,
As is when honour doth it selfe abuse:
The noble man that vertue doth imbrace,
Represseth pryde, and humblenes doth vse,
By wisdome workes, and rashnes doth refuse
His wanton will and lust that hydell can,
In deede is gentill both to God and man.

But where the nobles want both wit and grace,
Regarde no rede, care not but for their luſt,
Oppreſſe the poore, ſet will in reaſons place,
And in their words and domes be found vniuſt,
Wealth goeth to wracke tyll all lye in the duſt:
There Fortune frownes, and ſpite beginneth to growe,
Till high, and lowe, and all be ouerthrowe.

Then ſith that vertue hath ſo good rewarde,
And after vice ſo duly waiteth ſhame,
How happ that princes haue no more regarde,
Their tender youth with vertue to enflame?
For lacke whereof their wit and will is lame,
Infect with folly, prone to luſt and pryde,
Not knowing how themſelues or theirs to guyde.

Wherby it happneth to the wanton wight,
As to a ſhyppe vpon the ſtormy ſeas,
Which lacking ſterne to guide it ſelfe aright,
From ſhore to ſhore the wynde and tyde do teaſe,
Fynding no place to reſt or take his eaſe,
Tyll at the laſt it ſinke vpon the ſande:
So fare they all that haue not vertue cand

The plowman firſt his land doth dreſſe and tourne,
And makes it apter ere the ſeede be ſowe,
Wherby he is full like to reape good corne,
Where otherwiſe no ſeede but weede would growe:
By which enſample men may eaſely knowe,
When youth haue welth before they can well vſe it
It is no wonder though they do abuſe it.

How can he rule well in a common wealth,
Which knoweth not himselfe in rule to frame?
How should he rule himselfe in ghostly health,
Which never learnd one lesson for the same?
If such catch harme their parents are to blame:
For neades must they be blynde, and blyndly led,
Where no good lesson can be taught or read.

Some thinke their youth discret and wyssely taught,
That brag, and boast, and weare their fether braue,
Can roist, and rout, both lowre, and looke aloft,
Can swere and stare, and call their felowes knaue,
Can pyll and poll, and catch before they craue,
Can carue and dyce, both cog and foyst at fare,
Play on vnthrifty, tyll their purse be bare.

Some teach their youth to pype, to syng, and daunce,
To hauke, to hunt, to choose and kill their game,
To wynde their horne, and with their horse to praunce,
To play at tenis, set the lute in frame,
Run at the ring and vse such other game:
Which feates although they be not all vnfyt,
Yet cannot they the marke of vertue hit.

For noble youth, there is nothing so meete
As learning is, to knowe the good from yll:
To knowe the tounges and perfectly endyte,
And of the lawes to haue a perfect skill,
Things to reforme as right and iustice will:
For honour is ordeyned for no cause,
But see right maintained by the lawes,

It spytes my hart to heare when noble men
Cannot disclose their secrets to their frend,
In sauegarde sure with paper, inke, and pen,
But fir st they must a secretary fynde,
To whome they showe the bottome of their mynde:
And be he false or true, a blab or close.
To him they must their counsayle needes disclose.

And where they rule that haue of lawe no skill,
There is no boote, they needes must seeke for ayde:
Then ruled are they, and rule as others will:
As he that on a stage his parte hath playd:
But he was taught nought hath he done or sayde.
Such youth therfore seeke science of the sage,
As thinke to rule when that ye come to age.

Where youth is brought vp in feare and obedience,
Kept from yll company, vnpleasd of their lust,
Do serue God duely and know their allegiaunce,
Learne godly wisdome which tyme nor age can rust:
There prince, people, and piers needes prosper must:
For happy are the people and blessed is that land,
Where truth and vertue haue got the ouer hand.

I speake this Baldwyn of this rufull Lord,
Whome I perforce do here present to thee,
He sayns so sore he may not speake a worde:
I pleade his cause without reward or fee,
And am inforst to speake for him and mee:
If in his youth he had bene wysely taught,
He should not now his wit so dere haue bought.

For

For what is he that hath but halfe a wit,
But may well know that rebelles cannot spede:
Marke well my tale, and take good heede to it,
Recount it well and take it for good rede,
If it proue vntrue I will not trust my crede.
Was neuer rebell before the world, nor since,
That could or shall prevaile against his prince.

For ere the subiect beginneth to rebell,
Within himselfe let him consider well,
For see the daunger, and beat well in his brayne,
How hard it is his purpose to obtayne,
For if he once be entered to the brears,
He hath a raging wolfe fast by the ears.

And when he is once entred to rule the beastly rout:
Although he would he can no way get out:
He may be sure none will to him resorte,
But such as are the vile and rascall sorte:
All honest men, as well the most as lest,
To taste of treason will vtterly detest.

Then let him way how long he can be sure,
Where faith nor frendship may no while endure:
He whome he trusteth most, to gayne a grote
Will fall him from and assay to cut his throte,
Among the knaues and slaues where vice is rooted,
There is no other frendship to be loked.

With flashers, slaues, and snuffers so falshod is in price
The simple faith is deadly sinne, and vertue counted vice.
And where the quarrell is so vyle and bad,

What:

What hope of ayde then is there to be had?
Thinks he that men will run at this or that,
To do a thing they knowe not how or what?

Nor yet what daunger may thereof betyde,
Where wisdome would they should at home abyde,
Rather then seeke and knowe not what to fynde.
Wise men will first debate this in their mynde:
Full sure they are if that they go to wrecke,
Without all grace they loose both head and necke.

They lose their lands and goods, their childe and wife
With sorrow and shame shall leade a wofull lyfe,
If he be slayne in field he dyeth accurst,
Which of all wrecks we should accompt the worst:
And he that dyeth defending his liege Lord,
Is blist and blist agayne by Gods owne worde.

And where the souldiers wages is unpayde,
There is the Captaine slenderly obayde,
And where the souldier is out of feare and dreade,
He will be lacke whenethat there is most neede,
And priuately he seekes his ease and leasure,
And wil be ruled but at his will and pleasure.

And where some drawe forth, and other do drawe backe,
There in the end must needes be woe and wracke:
To hope for ayde of Lords it is but vayne,
Whose foretaught wit of treason knoweth the payne,
They knowe what power a prince hath in his land,
And what it is with rebells for to stand.

They

They knowe by treason honour is defaced,
Their offspringe and their progeny disgraced,
They knowe to honour is not so worthy a thing,
As to be true and faithfull to their king,
Aboue cognisaunce or armes, or pedigrewe a far,
An vnspotted cote is lyke a blasing star:

Therfore the rebell is accurst and mad,
That hopeth for that which rebell neuer had:
Who trusting still to tales doth hang in hope,
Till at the last he hang fast by the rope,
For though that tales be tolde that hope might keepe,
Such foolish hope hath still vnhappy speede.

It is a custome that neuer will be broken,
In broyles the bag of lyes is euer open,
Such lying newes men dayly will inuent,
As can the hearers fancy best content,
And as the newes do run and neuer cease,
So more and more they dayly do encrease.

And as they encrease they multiply as fast,
That ten is ten hundred, ten thousand at the last.
And though the rebell had once got the fielde,
Thinkes he therby to make his prince to yelde:
A princes power within his owne region,
Is not so sone brought vnto confusion.

For Kings by God are strong and stoutly harted,
That they of subiects will not be subuerted:
If Kings would yeld, yet God would them restrayn,

Of

Of whome the prince hath grace and power to raygne:
Who straitly chargeth vs aboue all thing,
That no man shoulde resist against his king.

Who that resisteth his dreade soueraigne Lorde,
Doth dampne his soule by Gods owne very worde.
A christen subiect shoold with honour due,
Obey his soueraigne though he were a Iewe:
Wherby assured when subiects do rebell,
Gods wrath is kindled and threatneth fyre and hell.

It is soone knowen when Gods wrath is kyndled,
How they shall spede with whome he is offended:
If God geue victory to whome he lyketh best,
Why looke they for it whome God doth most detest:
For treason is hatefull and abhord in Gods sight,
Example of Iudas that most wicked wight:

Which is the chiefe cause no treason preuayles,
For yll must he spede whome Gods wrath assayles:
Let traitours and rebels looke to speede then,
When Gods mighty power is subiect to men.
Much might be sayde that goeth more nere the pith,
But this suffiseth for a rurall Smith.

Baldwin when thou hearest my reason in this case,
Belyke thou thinkest I was not very wyse,
And that I was accurst, or els lacked grace,
Which knowing the end of my fond enterprise,
Would thus presume against my prince to ryse:
But as there is a cause that moueth euery woe,
Somewhat there was wherof this sore did growe. And

And to be playne and simple in this case,
The cause why I such matter tooke in hand,
Was nothing els but pryde and lacke of grace,
Vayne hope of helpe, and tales both false and fond:
By meane wherof I did my prince withstand,
Denyed the taxe assest by conuocation
To maintaine war against the scottish nation.

Whereat the Cornishe men did much repyne,
For they of Golde and Siluer were full bare,
And liued hardly digging in the Myne,
They sayde they had no money for to spare:
Began first to grudge and then to sweare and stare,
Forgot their due obeysaunce and rashly fell to rauing,
And sayde they would not beare such polling and such shauing.

They first accusde the King as authour of their griefe,
And then the Bishop Morton, and sir Reinold Bray.
For they then were about the King most chief,
Because they thought the hole fault in them lay:
They did protest to rid them out of the way.
Such thanke haue they that rule about a prince,
They beare the blame of other mens offence.

When I perceiued the commons in a roare,
Then I and Flamoke consulted both together,
To whome the people resorted more and more,
Lamenting and crying, helpe vs now or neuer,
Breake this yoake of bondage then are we free for euer:
Wherat we inflamed in hope to haue a fame,
To be their capitaines tooke on vs the name.

Then

Then might you heare the people make a shoute,
And crye, God saue the Captaines, and send vs all good spede
Then he that fainted was counted but a lout,
The ruffians ran abroade to sowe seditious seede:
To call for companie then there was no nede
For euery man laboured another to entyce,
To be partaker of his wicked vice.

Then all such newes as made for our auayle,
Was brought to me, but such as sounded ill,
Was none so bolde to speake or yet bewayle:
Euerich was so wedded vnto his will,
That foorth they cryed with bowes, sword, and byll.
And what the ruffler speake the loute tooke for a verdite,
For there the best was worst, the worst was best regarded.

For when men go amadding, there still the viler part
Conspyre together and will haue all the swaye,
And be it well or yll they must haue all the porte,
As they will do, the rest must neues obay,
They prattle and prate as doth the Popingaye:
They crye and commaund the rest to kepe th'array,
Whiles they may range and rob for spoyle and pray.

And when we had prepared euery thing,
We went to Tawnton with all our prouision,
And there we slewe the prouost of Penryn,
For that on the subsedy he sate in commission:
He was not wyse, nor yet of greate discretion,
That durst approche his enemies in their rage,
When wit nor reason coulde their yre asswage.

From thence we went to Wels, where we were receiued
Of this Lorde Awdeley as of our chief captaine,
And so had the name, but yet he was deceiued,
For I in dede did rule the clubbish trayne,
Wy cartly knights true honour did disdaine:
For like doth loue his like, it will be none other,
A chorle will loue a chorle before he will his brother.

Then from Wels to Winchester, and so to Blackheath field,
And there we encamped looking for more ayde,
But when none came, we thought our selues begilde,
Such Cornyshmen as knew they were betrayde,
From their fellowes by nyght away they strayde:
There myght we learne how payne it is to trust,
Our fayned frends in quarrels so vniust.

But we the sturdy captaines ỳ thought our power was strõg,
Were bent to try our Fortune what euer should betyde
We were the bolder, for that the King so long
Deferred battaile: which so increast our pryde,
That sure we thought the King himselfe did byde
Within the citty, therfore with courage hault,
We did determyne the citty to assault.

But he working contrary to our expectation,
Was fully mynded to let vs run our race,
Tyll we were from our domesticall habitation,
Where that of ayde or succour was no place,
And then to be plaged as it should please his grace,
But all doubtfull plaints, how euer they did sound,
To our best payle we alway did expound.

When

When that the King sawe tyme, with courage bolde
He sent a power to circumuent vs all:
Where we enclosed as simple shepe in folde,
Were slaine and murdred as beasts in butchers stall,
The King himselfe, what euer chaunce might fall,
Was strongly encamped within sayne Georges field,
And there abode tyll that he hard vs yelde.

Then downe we kneled, and cryed to saue our lyfe,
It was to late our folly to bewayle,
There were we spoiled of armour, cote, and knyfe:
And we which thought with pryde the citye to assaile,
Were led in pryson naked as my naile,
But of vs two thousand they had slaine before,
And we of them three hundred and nompas.

This my Lord and we the captaines of the West,
Tooke our Inne at Newgate, fast in fetters tyde,
Where after tryall we had but litle rest,
My Lord throw London was drawen on a slyde,
To Tower hill where with an axe he dyed,
Clad in his cote armour painted all in paper,
Torne and reuersed in spite of his behauer.

And I with Thomas Flamoke, and other of our bent,
As traytours at Tyborne our iudgement dill obay:
The people looked I should my fault lament,
To whome I boldly spake that for my fond assaye,
I was sure of fame that neuer should decays:
Wherby ye may perceiue bayne glory doth enflame
As well the meaner sort as men of greater name.

But as the sickle patient, sometyme hath desyre
To tast the things that phisicke hath denied,
And hath both paine and sorrowe for his hyre,
The same to me right well may be applied,
Which while I raught for fame on shame did slyde.
And seeking fame, brought forth my bitter bane,
As he that fyred the temple of Diane.

I tell the Baldwin, I muse right oft, to see
How euery man for wealth and honour gapeth,
How euery man would climbe aboue the skye,
How euery man th'allured meane so hateth,
How froward Fortune oft their purpose mateth:
And if they hap their purpose to obtaine,
Their wealth is woe, their honour care and paine.

We see the seruaunt more happy than his Lord,
We see him lyue when that his Lord is dead,
He slepeth sound, is mery at his boorde,
No sorrow in his hart doth vexe his head:
Happy then is he that pouerty can wed,
What gaine the mighty conquerours when they be dead
By all the spoile and bloud that they haue shed:

The terrible tower where honour hath his seate,
Is hye on rockes more slipper than the yse,
Where still the whorling wynde doth roare and beate,
Where sodain qualmes and perles still aryse,
And is beset with many sundry vice,
So straunge to men when first they come thereat,
They be amased, and do they wote not what,

By

He that preuailes and to the tower can clyme,
With trouble and care must needes abridge his dayes,
And he that slydes may curse the hower and tyme,
He did attempt to geue so fond assaies,
And al his lyfe to sorrowe and shame obayes.
Thus slyde he downe or to the top ascend,
Assure himselfe repentaunce is the end.

Wherfore good Baldwyne do thou record my name,
To be ensample to such as credit lyes,
Or thirst to sucke the sugred cup of fame,
Or do attempt against their prince to ryse,
And charge them all to kepe within their syse:
Who doth assay to wyell beyond his strength,
Let him be sure he shall repent at length.

And at my request admonish thou all men,
To spend well the talent which God to them hath lent,
And he that hath but one, let him not toile for ten,
For one is to much, vnlesse it be well spent:
I haue had the proofe, therfore I now repent,
And happy are those men, and blist and blist is he,
As can be well content to serue in his degree.

FINIS. Maister Cauyll.

IT is pity (quoth one) that the meeter is no better seing ỳ matter is so good: you maye do very well to helpe it, and a lytle fylinge would make it formall. The authour him selfe (quoth I) coulde haue done that, but he woulde not, and hath desyred me that it maye passe in suche rude sorte as you haue hearde it: for hee obserueth therein a dowble Decorum both of the Smith, and of hymselfe: for he thynketh it not meete for the Smyth to speake, nor for himselfe to wryte in any exact kynde of meter. Well sayde another: the matter is notable to teach al people as wel officers as subiects to cõsider their estates and to lyue in loue and obedyence to the hyeste powers, what so euer they be, whom God eyther by byrth, lawe, succession, or vniuersall election, doth or shall authorise in his owne rowme to execute his lawes and iustice, among any people or nacion: For by all these meanes God placeth his deputies. And in my iudgement there is no meane so good eyther for the common quiet of the people, or for gods free choise, as the naturall order of enheritaunce by lineall dyscent: for so it is left in Godes handes, to create in the wombe what prince he thinketh meetest for his purposes: The people also knowe their princes, and therfore the more gladly and willyngly receiue and obay them. And although some realmes more carefull than wyse, haue entailed their crown to th'eir male thinking it not mete for the feminine sexe to beare the royall office: yet if they consider all circum-

circumstaunces, and the chiefest vses of a prince in a realme, they shall see how they are deceiued: For princes are Gods lieutenauntes or deputyes, to see Gods lawes executed among their subiectes, not to rule according to their own lusts or deuises, but by the prescript of Gods lawes: so ỳ the chiefest poynt of a Princes office consistethe in obedience to God and to his ordinaunces, and what shoulde let but ỳ a woman may be as obedient vnto god as a man? The second point of a princes office is to prouide for the impotent, nedy, and helples, as widowes, orphanes, lame, and decrepite persõs: and seing women are by nature tender harted, mylde, and pitty-full, who may better then they discharge this duty? Yea but a woman lacketh courage, boldnesse, and stomacke, to withstand the aduersarye, and so are her subiects an open spoile to their enemies. Debora, Iaell, Iudith, Thomiris, and other do proue ỳ contrary. But graunt it were so: what harme were that seing victory consisteth not in witte or force, but in Gods pleasure. I am sure that whatsoeuer prince doth his duty in obaying God, and causinge iustice to be ministred according to Gods lawes, shall not onely lacke warre (be he man woman or childe) but also be a terrour to all other princes. And if god suffer any at any tyme to be assailed, it is for ỳ destruction of the assailer, whether he be rebell or forreyne foe, & to the honour & profite of ỳ vertuous prince, in whose behalfe rather then he shall miscary God himselfe will fight with enfections & earthquakes

from the lande and waters, and with stormes and lyghtenings from the ayre and skies. Moe warres haue bene sought through the wilfull & hautye courages of kinges, and greater destructions happened to realmes therby, than by any other meanes. And as for wisdome and pollicy, seing it consisteth in following the counsaile of many godly, learned, & long experienced heades, it were better to haue a woman, who consyderinge her owne weakenes and inabilyty, should be ruled therby, thā a man which presuming vpon his owne fond brayne, will heare no aduise saue his owne. You muse peraduenture wherfore I saye this. The frantike heades whyche disable our Quene, because she is a woman, & oure kinge because he is a straunger, to be our princes & chiefgouernours, hath caused me to say thus much For what so euer man, woman, or chylde, is by the consent of the whole realme established in the royall seate, so it haue not bene iniuriously procured by rygour of swoorde and open force, but quietly by tytle, eyther of enheritaunce, succession, lawful bequeste, common consent, or election, is vndoubtedly chosē by God to be his deputye: and whosoeuer resisteth any suche, resisteth againste God him selfe, and is a ranke traitour and rebell, and shalbe sure to prosper as well as the Blacke Smith and other suche haue done. All ceasse that wilfully breake any lawe, not being against Gods lawe, made by common consēt for the wealthe of the realme, and commaunded to be kept by the authority of the prince: or ye denie to

paye

paye such duties, as by consent of the high court of parliament, are appointed to the Prince for the defence and preseruation of the realme. You haue saide very truely herein, (quoth I) and I trust this terrible example of the blacke Smithe, will put all men in mynde of their duties and teach them to bee obediente to all good lawes, and lawfull contributions. The scriptures do forbid vs to rebell, or forcibly to withstand Princes, though they commaũd vniust things: yet in any case we may not do them but receiue quietly at the princes hand whatsoeuer punishement God shall suffer to be layd vpon vs for our refusall, God will suffer none of his to be tempted aboue their strẽgth. But because these two persons last before rehersed were thoughte not onelye obscure in ỹ matter but also crabbed in the meeter, (I haue here redy to supply that which lacked in thẽ) Shores wyfe, an eloquẽt wench, which shall fynish out both in meter & matter, that which could not comlily be said in their persons. Marke I praye you what shee sayth and tell me how you lyke it.

Howe Shorès wyfe, Kinge Edwarde the fowerths Concubine, was by Kinge Richarde despoyled of all her goods, and forced to do open penaunce.

AMong the rest by Foztune ouerthzowen,
I am not least, that most may wayle her fate:
My fame and bzuite abzoade the wozld is blowen,
Who can fozget a thing thus done so late?
My greate mischaunce, my fall, and heauy state,
Is such a marke wherat ech tounge doth shote,
That my good name is pluct vp by the roote.

This wandzing wozld bewitched me with wyles,
And won my wits with wanton engred ioyes,
In Foztunes frekes who trustes her when she smiles,
Shall fynde her false, and full of fickle toyes,
Her triumphes all but fil our eares with noyse,
Her flattring gifts are pleasures mixt with payne.
Yea all her woozds are thunders threatning rayne.

The fond desyze that we in glozy set,
Doth thirle our harts to hope in slipper hap,
A blast of pompe is all the fruite we get,
And vnder that lies hid a sodaine clap:
In seeking rest vnwares we fall in trap.
In groping flowers with nettles stong we are,
In labouring long, we reape the crop of care.

Of

Oh darke diſceite with painted face for ſhowe,
Oh poyſoned bayte that makes vs eger ſtill,
Oh fayned frend deceiuing people ſo,
Oh world of the we cannot ſpeake to yll,
Yet foeles we are that ben ſo to thy ſkill,
The plague and ſcourge that thouſands dayly feele,
Should warne the wiſe to ſhun thy whirling whele.

But who can ſtop the ſtreame that runnes full ſwift?
Or quench the fyer that is crept in the ſtrawe?
The thirſty drinkes, there is no other ſhift,
Perforce is ſuch, that nede obeyes no lawe,
Thus bound we are in worldly pokes to drawe,
And can not ſtay, nor turne againe in tyme,
Nor learne of thoſe that ſought to high to clyme.

My ſelfe for proofe, loe here I now appeare,
In womans weede with weping watred eyes,
That bought her youth and her delights full deare,
Whoſe lowde reproch doth ſound vnto the ſkies
And bids my corſe out of the graue to ryſe,
As one that may no longer hyde her face,
But nedes muſt come and ſhow her piteous caſe.

The ſhete of ſhame wherein I ſhrowded was
Did moue me oft to playne before this daye,
And in myne eares did ring the trumpe of braſſe,
Which is defame that doth ech vice bewraye.
Yea though full dead and lowe in earth I laye,
I heard the voice of me what people ſayde,
But then to ſpeake alas I was afrayde.

And now a tyme for me I see prepard,
I heare the liues and falles of many wights:
My tale therfore the better may be heard,
For at the torch the litle candell lights.
Where pageants be, small things fill out the sights,
Wherefore geue eare, good Baldwin do thy best,
My tragedy to place among the rest.

Because the truth shall witnes wel with thee,
I will rehearce in order as it fell,
My lyfe, my death, my dolefull destenie,
My wealth, my woe, my doing euery deale,
My bitter blisse, wherein I long did dwell:
A whole discourse by me Shores wyfe by name,
Now shalt thou heare as thou hadst seene the same.

Of noble bloud I cannot boast my byrth,
For I was made out of the meanest molde,
Myne heritage but seuen foote of the earth,
Fortune ne gaue to me the gifts of golde:
But I could brag of nature if I would,
Who filde my face with fauour fresh and fayre,
Whose beauty shone lyke Phœbus in the ayre.

My shape some sayde was seemly to each sight,
My countinaunce did showe a sober grace,
Myne eyes in lookes were neuer proued light,
My tongue in words were chast in euery case,
Myne eares were deafe, and would no louers place,
Saue that (alas) a prince did blot my browe,
Loe, there the strong did make the weake to bowe.

The

The maiesty that Kings to people beare,
The stately port, the awfull cheare they showe,
Doth make the meane to shrinke and couch for feare,
Lyke as the hound, that doth his maister knowe:
What then, since I was made vnto the bowe:
There is no cloake, can serue to hyde my fault,
For I agreed the fort he should assault.

The Eagles force subdues ech bird that flies,
What mettall may resist the flaming fyre:
Doth not the sonne, dasill the clearest eyes,
And melt the yse, and make the frost retyre:
Who can withstand a puissaunt Kings desyre:
The stiffest stones are perced through with tooles,
The wisest are with princes made but fooles.

Yf kynde had wrought my forme in common frames,
And set me foorth in coulours blacke and browne,
Or beauty had bene perched in Phœbus flames,
Or shamefast wayes had plucte my fethers downe.
Then had I kept my fame and good renowne:
For natures gifts was cause of all my griefe.
A pleasaunt pray entyseth many a thiefe.

Thus woe to the that wrought my peacocks pryde
By clothing me with natures tapistrye,
Wo worth the hewe wherin my face was dyed,
Which made me thinke I pleased euery eye:
Lyke as the sterrs make men beholde the skye,
So beauties showe doth make the wyse full fond.
And byngs free harts full oft to endlesse bond.

But

But cleare from blame my frends cannot be founde,
Before my tyme my youth they did abuse:
In mariage, a prentise was I bounde.
Then that meere loue I knewe not how to vse.
But welaway, that cannot me excuse,
The harme is myne though they deuised my care,
And I must smart and sit in slaundrous snare.

Yet geue me leaue to pleade my cause at large,
If that the horse do runne beyond his race,
Or any thing that kepers haue in charge
Do breake their course, where rulers may take place,
Or meate be set before the hungries face,
Who is in fault: the offender yea or no,
Or they that are the cause of all this woe?

Note well what stryfe this forced mariage makes,
What lothed lyues do come where loue doth lacke,
What scratching breers do growe vpon such brakes,
What common weales by it are brought to wracke,
What heauy loade is put on pacients backe,
What straunge delights this braunch of vice doth breede
And marke what graine springs out of such a seede.

Compell the hauke to sit that is vnmande,
Or make the hound vntaught to drawe the dere,
Or bring the free against his will in band,
Or moue the sad a pleasaunt tale to heare,
Your tyme is lost and you are neuer the neare:
So loue ne learnes of force the knot to knit,
She serues but those that feele swete fancies fit.

The

The leſſe defame redounds to my diſpraiſe,
I was entyſed by traynes, and trapt by truſt:
Though in my power remayned yeas and nayes,
Unto my frendes yet nedes conſent I muſt,
In euery thing, yee lawfull or vniuſt.
They brake the bowes and ſhakte the tree by ſleight,
And bent the wand that mought haue growen full ſtreight.

What helpe is this, the pale thus broken downe,
The deere muſt nedes in daunger run aſtray:
At me therfore why ſhould the world ſo frowne,
My weakenes made my youth a princes pray.
Though wiſdome ſhould the courſe of nature ſtay,
Yet try my caſe who liſt, and they ſhall proue,
The ripeſt wits are ſooneſt thralles to loue.

What nede I more to clere my ſelfe to much?
A King me wan, and had me at his call:
His royall ſtate his princely grace was ſuch,
The hope of will (that women ſeeke for all,)
The eaſe and wealth, the gifts which were not ſmall,
Beſieged me ſo ſtrongly round about,
My power was weake I could not holde him out.

Duke Hanniball in all his conqueſt greate.
Or Cæſar yet, whoſe triumphes did exceede,
Of all their ſpoiles which made them toyle and ſweate,
Were not ſo glad to haue ſo rich a meede.
As was this prince when I to him agreed.
And yelded me a priſoner willingly,
As one that knewe no way away to flye.

The

The Nightingale for all his mery voice
Nor yet the Larke that still delights to sing,
Did neuer make the hearers so reioyce,
As I with words haue made this worthy King:
I neuer iarde in tune was euery string,
I tempered so my tong to please his eare,
That what I sayde was currant euery where.

I ioynde my talke, my iestures, and my grace
In witty frames that long might last and stand,
So that I brought the King is such a case,
That to his death I was his chiefest hand.
I gouerned him that ruled all this land:
I bare the sword though he did weare the crowne,
I strake the stroke that threwe the mighty downe:

Yf iustice sayde that iudgement was but death,
With my sweete words I could the King perswade,
And make him pause and take therin a breath,
Tyll I with suite the fautors peace had made:
I knewe what way to vse him is his trade,
I had the arte to make the Lyon meeke,
There was no point wherein I was to seeke.

Yf I did frowne, who then did looke awrye?
Yf I did smyle, who would not laugh outright?
Yf I but spake, who durst my words denye?
Yf I pursued, who would forsake the flight?
I meane my power was knowen to euery wight.
On such a height good hap had built my bower,
As though my sweete should neuer haue turnde to sower.

My husband then as one that knewe his good,
Refused to kepe a princes Concubine,
Forseing the end and mischiefe as it stoode,
Against the King did neuer much repine,
He sawe the grape whereof he dranke the wyne,
Though inward thought his hart did still torment,
Yet outwardly he semde he was content.

To purchase praise and win the peoples zeale,
Yea rather bent of kynde to do some good,
I euer did vpholde the common weale,
I had delight to saue the giltlesse blood:
Ech suters cause when that I vnderstoode,
I did prefer as it had bene myne owne,
And helpe them vp that might haue bene orethrowne.

My power was prest to right the poore mans wrong,
My hands were free to geue where neede required,
To watch for grace I neuer thought it long,
To do men good I neede not be desyred.
Nor yet with gyfts my hart was neuer hyred.
But when the ball was at my foote to guyde,
I playde to those that Fortune did abyde.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at will,
My robes were rich and brauer than the sonne:
My Fortune then was far aboue my skill,
My state was great, my glasse did euer runne,
My fatall threede, so happely was sponne,
That then I sate in earthly pleasures clad,
And for the tyme a Goddesse place I had.

But I had not so lone this lyfe possest,
But my good hap began to slyp aside.
And Fortune then did me so sore molest,
That vnto plaints was tourned all my pryde.
It booted not to rowe against the tyde:
Wyne oares were weake my hart and strength did faile,
The wynde was rough I durst not beare a saile.

What steps of stryfe belong to high estate:
The climing vp is doubtfull to endure,
The seate it selfe doth purchase priuy hate,
And honours fame is fickle and vnsure,
And all the bryngs, is flowers that be vnpure:
Which fall as fast as they do sprout and spring,
And cannot last they are so vayne a thing.

We count no care to catch that we do wishe,
But what we win is long to vs vnknowen,
Till present paine be serued in our dish,
We scarce perceiue wheron our grief hath growen:
What graine proues well that is so rashly sowen:
Yf that a meane did measure all our deedes,
In stede of corne we should not gather weedes.

The setled mynde is free from Fortunes power,
They neede not feare who looke not vp aloft,
But they that clyme are carefull euery hower,
For when they fall they light not very softe:
Examples hath the wisest warned oft,
That where the trees the smallest braunches bere,
The stormes do blowe and haue most rygoure there.

Where

Where is it strong but nere the ground and roote?
Where is it weake but on the highest spraies?
Where may a man so surely set his foote,
But on those bowes that groweth lowe alwayes?
The little twygs are but vnstedfast stayes,
Yf they breake not they bend with euery blast,
Who trusts to them shall neuer stand full fast.

The wynde is greate vpon the highest hylles,
The quiet lyfe is in the dale belowe,
Who treades our yse shall slyde against their wills,
They want not cares that curious artes would know.
Who lyues at ease and can content him so,
Is perfect wise, and sets vs all to schole,
Who hates this loze may well be called a foole.

What greater griefe may come to any lyfe,
Than after sweete to tast the bitter sower?
Or after peace to fall at war and stryfe,
Or after myrth to haue a cause to lower?
Under such propps false Fortune buildes her bower,
On sodaine chaunge her flittring frames be set,
Where is no way for to escape her net.

The hasty smart that Fortune sends in spite
Is hard to brooke where gladnes we imbrace,
She threatens not, but sodainly doth smyte,
Where ioy is most there doth she sorrow place.
But sure I thinke, this is to straunge a case,
For vs to feele such griefe amyd our game,
And knowe not why vntill we tast the same.

As earst I sayde, my blisse was turnde to bale,
I had good cause to wepe and wring my handes,
And showe sad cheare with countinaunce full pale,
For I was brought in sorrow wofull bandes:
A pirry came and set my shyp on sandes,
What should I hyde, or couloure care and noy?
King Edward dyed in whome was all my ioye.

And when the earth receiued had his coyse,
And that in tombe, this worthy prince was layde,
The world on me began to showe his force,
Of troubles then my part I long assayed:
For they, of whome I neuer was afrayde,
Undid me most, and wrought me such dispyte,
That they bereft me from my pleasure quite.

As long as lyfe remaynde in Edwards brest,
Who was but I? who had such frends at call?
His body was no sooner put in chest,
But well was he that could procure my fall:
His brother was myne enemy most of all
Protectour then, whose vice did still abound,
From yll to worse tyll death did him confound.

He falsely fayned, that I of counsaile was
To poyson him which thing I neuer ment,
But he could set theron a face of brasse,
To bring to passe his lewde and false entent,
To such mischiefe this Tyrants hart was bent.
To God, ne man, he neuer stoode in awe,
For in his wrath he made his will a lawe.

Loyde

Lord Hastings bloud for vengeaunce on him cryes,
And many moe, that were to long to name:
But most of all: and in most wofull wyse
I had good cause this wretched man to blame.
Before the worlde I suffered open shame,
Where people were as thicke as is the sand,
I penaunce tooke with taper in my hand.

Ech eye did stare, and looke me in the face,
As I past by the rumours on me ran,
But patience then had lent me such a grace,
My quiet lookes were praysed of euery man:
The shamefast bloud brought me such coulour than,
That thousands saide, which sawe my sorye chere,
It is great ruth to see this woman here.

But what preuailde the peoples pitie there?
This raging wolfe would spare no giltles bloud.
Oh wicked wombe that such ill fruite did beare,
Oh cursed earth that yeldeth forth such mud,
The hell consume all thinges that did the good,
The heauens shut their gates against thy spite,
The worlde tread downe thy glory vnder feete,

I aske of god a vengeaunce on thy bones,
Thy stinking corps corrupts the ayre I knowe:
Thy shamefull death no earthly wight bemones,
For in thy lyfe thy workes were hated so,
That euery man did wish thy ouerthrowe:
Wherfore I may, though perciall now I am,
Curse euery cause whereof thy body came.

Wo worth the man that fathered such a chylde:
Wo worth the bower wherin thou wast begate,
Wo worth the brests that haue the world begylde,
To norrish thee that all the world did hate,
Wo worth the Gods that gaue the such a fate,
To lyue so long, that death deserued so oft.
Wo worth the chaunce that set the vp aloft.

Ye prynces all, and rulers euerychone,
In punishment beware of hatreds yre.
Before ye scourge, take heede, looke well thereon:
In wrothes ill wyll if mallice kindle fyre,
Your harts wyll burne in suche a hote desyre,
That in those flames the smoake shall dym your sight,
Ye shall forget to ioyne your iustice right.

You should not iudge till things be well discerned,
Your charge is still to maintain vpright lawes,
In conscience rules ye should be throughly learned,
Where clemency bids wath and rashnes pause,
And further saith strike not without a cause,
And when ye smyte do it for iustice sake,
Then in good parte eche man your scourge will take.

Yf that such zeale had moued this tyrants myndes,
To make my plague a warrant for the rest,
I had small cause such fault in him to fynde,
Such punishment is vsed for the best:
But by yll will and power I was opprest,
He spoyled my goodes and left me bare and pore,
And caused me to beg from dore to dore.

What

What fall was this, to come from ỹnces fare,
To watch for crums among the blynde and lame?
When almes were delt I had an hungry share,
Because I knew not how to aske for shame,
Tyll force and neede hand brought me in such frame,
That starue I must, or learne to beg an almes,
With booke in hand to say S. Dauids Psalmes.

Where I was wont the golden chaynes to weare,
A paire of beades about my necke was wound,
A lynnen cloth was lapt about my heare,
A ragged goune that trayled on the ground,
A dish that clapt and gaue a heauy sound,
A staying staffe and wallet therewithall,
I beare about as witnesse of my fall.

I had no house wherein to hyde my head,
The open strete my lodging was perforce,
Full oft I went all hungry to my bed,
My flesh consumed, I loked lyke a corse,
Yet in that plight who had on me remorse?
O God thou knowest my frends forsooke me than,
Not one holpe me that suckred many a man.

They frowned on me that fawned on me before,
And fled from me that followed me full fast,
They hated me, by whome I set much store,
They knew full well my fortune did not last,
In euery place I was condemned and cast:
To pleade my cause at bar it was no boote,
For euery man did treade me vnder foote.

Thus long I liued all weary of my lyfe,
Tyll death approcht and rid me from that woe:
Example take by me both maide and wyfe,
Beware, take heede, fall not to folly so,
A mirrour make by my greate ouerthrowe:
Defye this world, and all his wanton wayes,
Beware by me that spent so yll her dayes.

FINIS.

Tho. Churcheyarde.

IMPRINTED AT LONdon by Thomas Marsh, dwelling in Fleetstrete, neare vnto Sainte Dunstanes Churche.
1571.